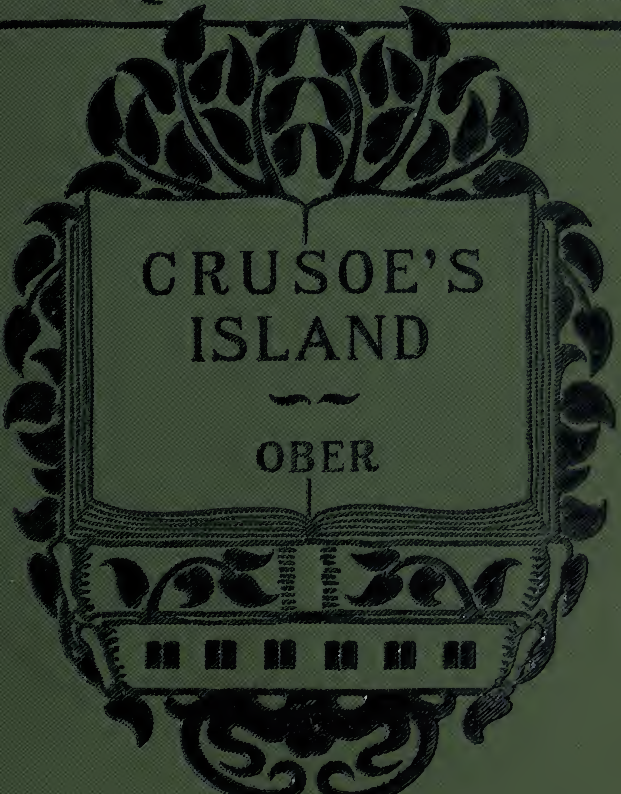
APPLETONS' HOME READING BOOKS



CRUSOE'S ISLAND

OBER

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Appletons' Home Reading Books

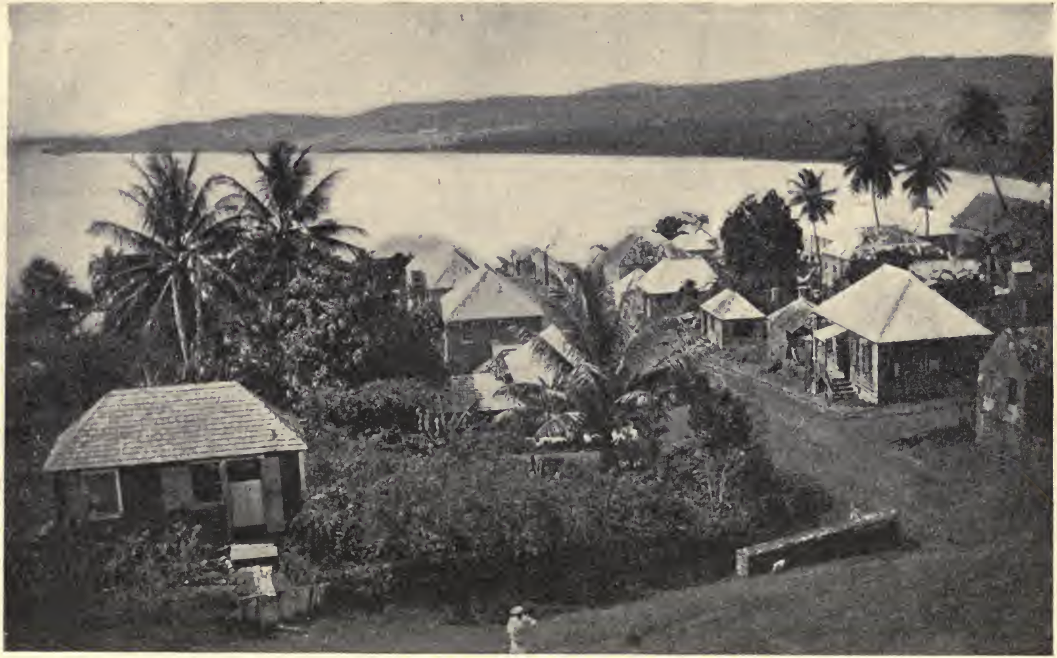
EDITED BY

WILLIAM T. HARRIS, A. M., LL. D.

UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION

DIVISION I

NATURAL HISTORY



Scarborough, Capital of Tobago.

APPLETONS' HOME READING BOOKS

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

CRUSOE'S ISLAND

A BIRD-HUNTER'S STORY

BY

FREDERICK A. OBER

AUTHOR OF CAMPS IN THE CARIBBEES, TRAVELS
IN MEXICO, IN THE WAKE OF COLUMBUS,
A LIFE OF JOSEPHINE, ETC.

NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
1898

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GIFT

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To
the Memory of
my Father.

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[redacted]

INTRODUCTION TO THE HOME READING BOOK SERIES BY THE EDITOR.

The new education takes two important directions—one of these is toward original observation, requiring the pupil to test and verify what is taught him at school by his own experiments. The information that he learns from books or hears from his teacher's lips must be assimilated by incorporating it with his own experience.

The other direction pointed out by the new education is systematic home reading. It forms a part of school extension of all kinds. The so-called "University Extension" that originated at Cambridge and Oxford has as its chief feature the aid of home reading by lectures and round-table discussions, led or conducted by experts who also lay out the course of reading. The Chautauquan movement in this country prescribes a series of excellent books and furnishes for a goodly number of its readers annual courses of lectures. The teachers' reading circles that exist in many States prescribe the books to be read, and publish some analysis, commentary, or catechism to aid the members.

Home reading, it seems, furnishes the essential basis of this great movement to extend education beyond the school and to make self-culture a habit of life.

Looking more carefully at the difference between the two directions of the new education we can see what each accomplishes. There is first an effort to train the original powers of the individual and make him self-active, quick at observation, and free in his thinking. Next, the new education endeavors, by the reading of books and the study of the wisdom of the race, to make the child or youth a participator in the results of experience of all mankind.

These two movements may be made antagonistic by poor teaching. The book knowledge, containing as it does the precious lesson of human experience, may be so taught as to bring with it only dead rules of conduct, only dead scraps of information, and no stimulant to original thinking. Its contents may be memorized without being understood. On the other hand, the self-activity of the child may be stimulated at the expense of his social well-being—his originality may be cultivated at the expense of his rationality. If he is taught persistently to have his own way, to trust only his own senses, to cling to his own opinions heedless of the experience of his fellows, he is preparing for an unsuccessful, misanthropic career, and is likely enough to end his life in a madhouse.

It is admitted that a too exclusive study of the knowledge found in books, the knowledge which is aggregated from the experience and thought of other people, may result in loading the mind of the pupil with material which he can not use to advantage.

Some minds are so full of lumber that there is no space left to set up a workshop. The necessity of uniting both of these directions of intellectual activity in the schools is therefore obvious, but we must not, in this place, fall into the error of supposing that it is the oral instruction in school and the personal influence of the teacher alone that excites the pupil to activity. Book instruction is not always dry and theoretical. The very persons who declaim against the book, and praise in such strong terms the self-activity of the pupil and original research, are mostly persons who have received their practical impulse from reading the writings of educational reformers. Very few persons have received an impulse from personal contact with inspiring teachers compared with the number that have received an impulse from such books as Herbert Spencer's Treatise on Education, Rousseau's Émile, Pestalozzi's Leonard and Gertrude, Francis W. Parker's Talks about Teaching, G. Stanley Hall's Pedagogical Seminary. Think in this connection, too, of the impulse to observation in natural science produced by such books as those of Hugh Miller, Faraday, Tyndall, Huxley, Agassiz, and Darwin.

The new scientific book is different from the old. The old style book of science gave dead results where the new one gives not only the results, but a minute account of the method employed in reaching those results. An insight into the method employed in discovery trains the reader into a naturalist, an historian, a sociologist. The books of the writers above named have done more to stimulate original research on the part of their readers than all other influences combined.

It is therefore much more a matter of importance to get the right kind of book than to get a living teacher. The book which teaches results, and at the same time gives in an intelligible manner the steps of discovery and the methods employed, is a book which will stimulate the student to repeat the experiments described and get beyond these into fields of original research himself. Every one remembers the published lectures of Faraday on chemistry, which exercised a wide influence in changing the style of books on natural science, causing them to deal with method more than results, and thus to train the reader's power of conducting original research. Robinson Crusoe for nearly two hundred years has stimulated adventure and prompted young men to resort to the border lands of civilization. A library of home reading should contain books that stimulate to self-activity and arouse the spirit of inquiry. The books should treat of methods of discovery and evolution. All nature is unified by the discovery of the law of evolution. Each and every being in the world is now explained by the process of development to which it belongs. Every fact now throws light on all the others by illustrating the process of growth in which each has its end and aim.

The Home Reading Books are to be classed as follows:

First Division. Natural history, including popular scientific treatises on plants and animals, and also descriptions of geographical localities. The branch of study in the district school course which corresponds to this is geography. Travels and sojourns in distant lands; special writings which treat of this or that animal or plant, or family of animals or plants; anything that relates to organic nature or to meteorology, or descriptive astronomy may be placed in this class.

Second Division. Whatever relates to physics or natural philosophy, to the statics or dynamics of air or water or light or electricity, or to the properties of matter; whatever relates to chemistry, either organic or inorganic—books on these subjects belong to the class that relates to what is inorganic. Even the so-called organic chemistry relates to the analysis of organic bodies into their inorganic compounds.

Third Division. History and biography and ethnology. Books relating to the lives of individuals, and especially to the social life of the nation, and to the collisions of nations in war, as well as to the aid that one gives to another through commerce in times of peace; books on ethnology relating to the manners and customs of savage or civilized peoples; books on the primitive manners and customs which belong to the earliest human beings—books on these subjects belong to the third class, relating particularly to the human will, not merely the individual will but the social will, the will of the tribe or nation; and to this third class belong also books on ethics and morals, and on forms of government and laws, and what is included under the term civics or the duties of citizenship.

Fourth Division. The fourth class of books includes more especially literature and works that make known the beautiful in such departments as sculpture, painting, architecture and music. Literature and art show human nature in the form of feelings, emotions, and aspirations, and they show how these feelings lead over to deeds and to clear thoughts. This department of books is perhaps more important than any other in our home reading, inasmuch as it teaches a knowledge of human nature and enables us to understand the motives that lead our fellow-men to action.

To each book is added an analysis in order to aid the reader in separating the essential points from the unessential, and give each its proper share of attention.

W. T. Harris.

Washington, D. C., *November 16, 1896.*

PREFACE.

THE various haps and mishaps herein related occurred at a time so remote that now, in retrospection, they appear to me like the doings of some one else, or at least of my own in another state of existence; for I was then nineteen years younger than at the moment of penning these lines. The world was all before me, mine but to conquer, and alluring Hope was ever beckoning me on from one achievement to another.

My exploration of Crusoe's isle was not altogether fortuitous, since I had it in mind for many years and had already equipped myself for the attempt by previous endeavor in related fields. Sent out to make an ornithological investigation of the Lesser Antilles, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, I found myself at the termination of my labors craving new worlds to conquer and a wider range of observation. Then occurred to me the dream of my youth, my determination to search out the truth respecting a hero of my earlier years, one Robinson Crusoe, mariner, who, it appeared to me, had long lain under a cloud of misrepresentation—that is, he had been confounded with one Alexander Selkirk, and the scenes of their respective adventures somehow most woefully mixed.

It was not from a desire, whether laudable or otherwise, to rehabilitate either one of these worthies, nor to set myself up as a meddlesome iconoclast, that I undertook to disentangle the woof of fiction from the warp of truth. It was, in fact, nothing less than a love of adventure and an excuse for indulging in it, that led me to dwell alone in an island, remote from home and friends. The love for adventure was born in me; the excuse was necessary to placate the outraged sensibilities of the staid community in which my boyhood had been passed, where any departure from prescribed custom was frowned upon and any yielding to sentiment severely reprobated.

However that may have been, and however ready others will be to proscribe me for having invaded the sacred precincts of the past, I would call attention to the fact that I have not sought to destroy any preconceived idol of the popular mind, only to restore it to its proper niche!

In a word, ever since Defoe gave to the world his inimitable creation, Robinson Crusoe, his readers (and there have been millions of them) have persisted in locating the chief character of the immortal work in a different part of the world from that which the author intended.

Not that it makes any great difference; but since I happened to have discovered the truth (or in common with a few others to have perceived it), I deem it desirable to publish the fact. As proof of my statement that Crusoe's island lies north of the equator, instead of to the south of it, the following pages are offered in evidence.

And in these pages I proffer a description of the veritable island in which Robinson Crusoe lived his lonely life, the scene of his wreck, his cave, his bower, his Man Friday; the birds and trees he saw or ought to have seen, together with a narrative of the author's own experience in the wilderness of Tobago.

Various quotations from Crusoe have been used, which, together with the internal evidence of the book itself, seem to show conclusively that the island of his exile was *not* Juan Fernandez in the Pacific Ocean, but Tobago in the Caribbean Sea, not far distant from the north coast of South America.

In very truth, if the vessel in which Crusoe was wrecked had sailed only a little farther to the northward, and if he himself had but lived a little later (say a century or so), he might have been claimed as a fellow-citizen, by the inhabitants of our great commonwealth, the prototype of which he founded on his island, in his latter years.

FREDERICK A. OBER.

NEW YORK, *October, 1897.*

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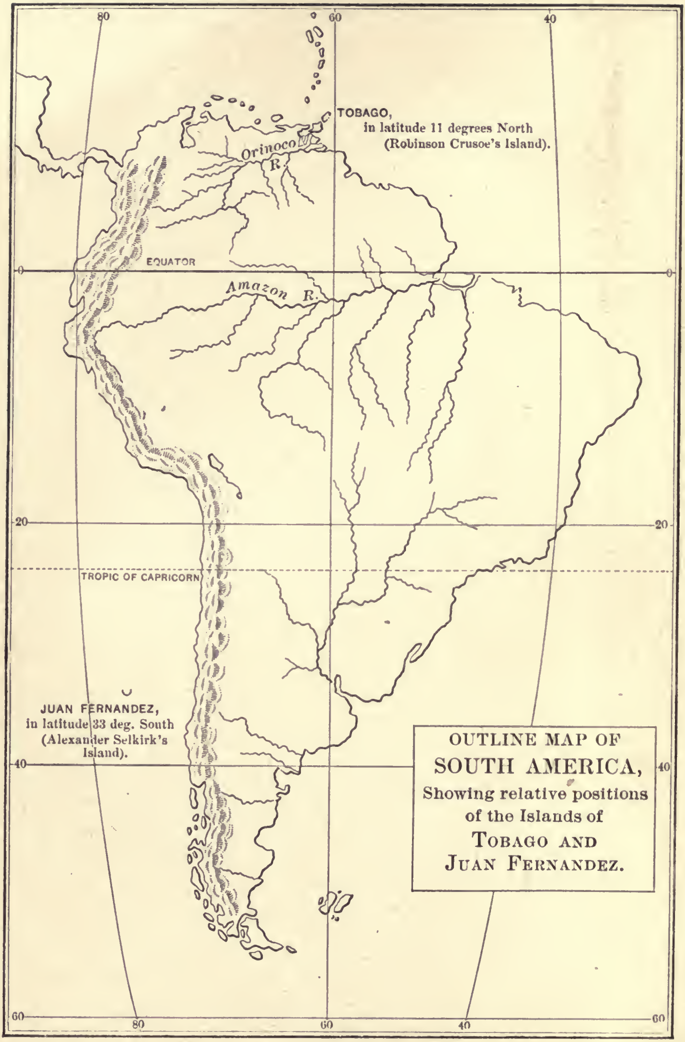


OUTLINE MAP OF
SOUTH AMERICA,
Showing relative positions
of the Islands of
TOBAGO AND
JUAN FERNANDEZ.

80
60
40
TOBAGO,
in latitude 11 degrees North
(Robinson Crusoe's Island).
Orinoco
R.
EQUATOR
0
Amazon R.
20
TROPIC OF CAPRICORN
JUAN FERNANDEZ,
in latitude 33 deg. South
(Alexander Selkirk's
Island).
40
60
80
60
40

CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

CHAPTER I.

HOW I FOUND THE ISLAND.

A statement of the case—Where Crusoe was wrecked—Cradled on a reef—The coast of Tobago—Left alone on shore.

There is one period of my life which I call my "Crusoe year," because it was owing to suggestions from Robinson Crusoe that I enjoyed its rich and varied experiences. It all came about through my desire to know more of the island in which Crusoe had his wonderful adventures. That was something which the author of the book seemed to have left out —just where it was situated; yet it was the very thing that interested me most.

And when I was a boy I resolved that if I ever grew up to be a man, and had as much as fifty or a hundred dollars, I would make a voyage and determine for myself where he was located after the shipwreck; where he made his bower, and his cave, and kept his flocks of goats; and above all, where he first met "Man Friday," and who Man Friday was.

It came to pass that, after I had attained to man's estate, I found myself possessed of somewhat more than a hundred dollars; and then I concluded to make my voyage, and see where all those interesting things took place; even though the events narrated occurred more than two hundred years ago. That doesn't matter; the world has always had boys in it, and, I fancy, they have always been pretty much the same. That is, they liked good, hearty adventure, liked to be out of doors, and wanted to see a bit of the world.

Well, to cut short a story that otherwise might be made very long, I finally found myself aboard a small schooner, bound for the islands of Barbados and Trinidad. The master of the vessel was an old friend of mine, Captain Larcom, who in his youth used to sail from Salem to the East Indies, when our commercial marine was more flourishing than it is at the present. He had amassed a little fortune through his long years at sea, and was virtually on the retired list; but he now and then took a sea trip, just to keep his hand in, as he expressed it.

He and I used to play checkers together during the long winter evenings at home, and in the intervals of the game we would discuss his voyages and adventures. I at last ventured to tell him of my strong desire to visit Crusoe's island, and he was much interested.

"But, you know," he said, "it will be a long and expensive voyage, away round the Horn to the coast of Chili, and the island of Juan Fernandez; it will take a lot of time and money."

"Yes," I replied rather dubiously; "but I don't want to go to Juan Fernandez, but to Tobago, in the Caribbean Sea."

"You do? What do you want to go there for?"

"Because that is Crusoe's island."

"Nonsense, boy; Crusoe's island is Juan Fernandez, in latitude 30° and some minutes south of the equator; while Tobago is only 11° north—right at our doors, as one might say."

"Well, captain, I don't want to contradict you, but you are making the same mistake everybody else has made for nearly two hundred years. You have confounded Robinson Crusoe with Alexander Selkirk, when they are two entirely different individuals, no more alike than you and I are."

"Do you mean to say that Defoe didn't steal his story from Selkirk? I was always told that he did. If he didn't where did he get it?"

"Where did he get it? Perhaps from the old navigators who had lived before him, and had published accounts of their voyages, such as Drake the Sea King, Sir Walter Raleigh, and many others, who sailed to the West Indies and coasted the Spanish Main."

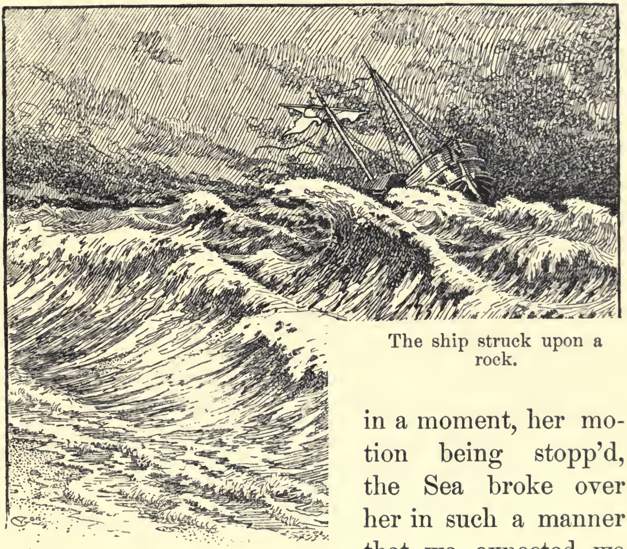
"That sounds all right; but it'll take pretty strong evidence to make me believe that Tobago is the island, even if Juan Fernandez isn't. I'll tell you what I'll do: I'm going down to Trinidad next month, after a cargo of asphalt, and if you'll prove to me that Tobago was the island Crusoe lived on, I'll take you there for nothing."

I was overjoyed at this, for I had made my position secure, and knew that I could convince the captain of the truth of it. And I did it from the Crusoe book itself, as follows: "You will remember that Crusoe, when a young man, ran away to sea, was shipwrecked, captured by the savage Moors, with whom he lived as a captive two years or so on the coast of Africa, and then escaped and finally arrived at the Brazils. Here he lived about four years as a planter, at the end of which time he set out for Africa again in quest of slaves. It is with this latter voyage that his real adventures begin, for it ended in shipwreck and led to his long period of seclusion on the island in question.

"They had not been out long when, the storm abating a little—to quote directly from Crusoe's own journal—'The Master made an observation as well as he could, and found that he was in about 11° of north Latitude, so that we were gotten beyond the coast of Guiana, and beyond the river Amazones, towards the River Oroonoque (Orinoco) commonly called the Great River.'"

"Bless my stars!" said the captain, when I read this to him, "that does look like Tobago. But go on; I'm anxious to see where he fetched up."

"'So we chang'd our course, and steer'd away N. W. by W., in order to reach some of the English Islands; but a second Storm came upon us and drove us so out of the way of all humane Commerce, that, had all our lives been saved, as to the Sea, we were rather in danger of being devour'd by the Salvages, than of ever returning to our own country. In this distress, one of our Men, early in the Morning, cry'd "Land!" and we had no sooner ran out of the Cabbin to look, in the hopes of seeing whereabouts in the World we were, but the Ship struck upon a Rock, and in a moment, her motion being stopp'd, the Sea broke over her in such a manner that we expected we should all have perish'd immediately.'"


The ship struck upon a rock.

"That is clever enough," assented the captain, "and the latitude they were in leaves Juan Fernandez out of the question, for it lies more than 40° to the southward of their last position."

Passing over the events attendant upon the landing of Crusoe, and his dismal moralizings, I turned to the page where we find him, after having in a measure recovered from his disaster, setting out on a tour of exploration.

"'When I pass'd the Vale where my Bower stood, I came within view of the Sea, and, it being a clear Day, I fairly descried Land—whether an Island or a Continent, I could not tell; but it lay very high, at a very great distance.'

"And later, when he had a companion in the faithful 'Friday,' he says: 'I ask'd him how far it was from our Island to the Shore, and whether Canoes were not often lost. And he told me there was no danger,—no Canoes ever lost; but that a little way out to Sea there was a Wind and a Current, always one way in the Morning, and another in the Afternoon. This I understood to be no more than the sets of the Tyde, as going out and coming in; but I afterwards understood it to be occasion'd by the great draught and reflux of the mighty River Oroonoque, in the mouth or gulph of which our Island lay. And the Land which I perceiv'd was the great Island of Trinidad, on the north point of the mouth of the River.'"

"That's enough, my boy," said the kind old captain, "you needn't read any more, for your case is proven. You've convinced me that the island is really Tobago, for there isn't any other in that latitude, off the mouth of the Orinoco, from which the island of Trinidad can be seen. I'll take you there, as I said. I would have done so, anyway, as it won't be much out of my way; only, the currents along Tobago coast are very strong, and may cause me trouble."

Thus it was that we made the voyage together, starting in the month of January, crossing the Gulf Stream and the Sargasso Sea, touching at the island of Barbados, and finally bringing in sight the object of my quest one evening, just as the sun went down.

The first officer pointed out to me a long black cloud, which he said was Tobago, promising to be close upon it in the morning, adding that he envied me the fun I'd have when I got on shore. And that night I could not sleep, thinking of "the fun I'd have" on the morrow.

And it was as well I could not, for a little after midnight a sudden and terrible shock threw me out of my bunk and upon the floor, where for a time I lay bewildered. Another still heavier blow, which thrilled the good schooner through from stem to stern, brought back my scattered senses, and I groped my way out of the cabin and scrambled to the deck. There I saw my dear old captain clinging to the wheel, maintaining his post nobly, though dashed from port to starboard every time a wave came in. Looking over the side, I saw that we were surrounded by breakers, with great white-crested rollers hurrying upon us from every direction.

A great crash announced a new disaster; a tremendous wave rolled over the stern, unshipped the rudder, and knocked the helmsman flat on deck, where for a moment he lay groaning. I ran, raised him in my arms, and supported him; he was so dazed that he reeled like a drunken man. But, notwithstanding the severe shock he had received, as soon as he looked about him he uttered a cry of joy. For that last great wave had thrown the vessel over the reef of coral and into a sheltered harbor. We were floating in calm water, for the moment as safe as though tied up to the dock at home. An anchor was let go and the pumps tried, which soon showed that no leak had started, the only damage being to the unshipped rudder.

The captain consulted with his officers, and it was decided that the rudder could be rigged with chains until Trinidad was reached, where the vessel could be overhauled. It was then explained to me that the vessel had been caught by one of those strong currents from the Orinoco, which had drifted her in upon Tobago shore before the helmsman and the watch were aware of their peril.

Daylight revealed our position, close under the shadow of a high promontory, right abreast a deep bay with white, sandy beach. An exclamation of delight burst from me as I saw the beauties of that tropic strand unfolded in the brightening dawn. This was the island I had sought; more beautiful than any dream of mine, at last it lay before me!

At first the captain would not hear of my going ashore alone, for there was no house in sight, no evidence whatever of the presence of human beings. But I finally convinced him that this was the very thing I desired; that I had come here to live a life of seclusion; to dwell apart from men after the manner of my great predecessor, Crusoe. So he finally yielded, gathered together my "traps," added to my scant stores a barrel of beef and "hard tack," put them all in the boat, and himself accompanied me to the little beach lying between the great cliffs which broke out of the dense forest.

Then he took me aside for a little talk. It does not matter what he said; but our eyes were a trifle moist as he turned to go, and the pressure of his big hand remained in mine long after he had disappeared. Then I sat down beneath a palm and tried to get familiar with a new feeling of loneliness, as a last farewell was shouted to me, and a projecting promontory hid the last flock of sail from sight.

I had been taken at my word, and left alone. At length my dream was realized, and my feet pressed the soil of Tobago, the island of Crusoe's adventures.

CHAPTER II.

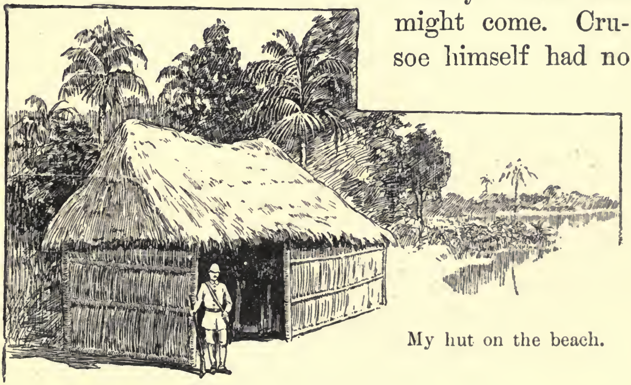
ENEMIES ASHORE AND AFLOAT.

My hut of palm spathes—The deadly manchineels—How I caught fish without hook or net—The morning bath in the bay—Approaching danger—The great gray ghost of a shark.

After the ship had disappeared behind the point, it was a long while before I could collect my thoughts and prepare for action. But as I had no shelter for the coming night, I had no time to lose, if I did not wish to sleep exposed upon the sands. Material for shelter was close at hand, for I found a lot of straight poles, cast up by the waves, and these served as uprights for the support of a thatch of palm leaves, with which the beach was strewn.

Selecting a spot beneath the palms on the bank of a stream, I drove the poles into the sand, and soon had the four sides of my hut in place. Over this skeleton I tacked strips of canvas, covering them with the palm leaves. Above them I placed a layer of the great spathes of the mountain palm, some of which were from six to eight feet long and two feet broad; they were curved like Spanish tiles, and formed excellent roofing material. I connected the poles by crosspieces, and covered them with leaves; and in a few hours I had a shelter sufficient for protection from the night air and from the sun by day.

Out of some rough boards which I found on the beach I made a floor. Into one corner of my hut I then rolled a barrel of beef, into another one of pork, while the cracker and ammunition boxes formed good substitutes for chairs and tables. Bracing the corner posts of two ends of the hut with stakes, I swung my hammock from the eaves; and there I was, prepared for any fortune that might come. Crusoe himself had no better couch, for he says in his journal, "Now I lay no more for a while in a Bed, but in a Hamak."



My hut on the beach.

I awoke next morning at daybreak. At first I gazed bewildered at the brown thatch above me; then, as a slender green-and-golden lizard rustled the dry palm leaves close to my face, I recalled the queer events of the day before, and realized that I was no longer passenger on a slow-sailing schooner, but a lonely dweller in a hut of poles and palm leaves. I leaped from the hammock, drew aside the blanket that served as a door, and stepped out into open air. The little bay was all alight with the glories of approaching morn. The wall of woods behind me hid the rising sun; in truth, its rays did not reach this spot till late, so that the beach still lay in cool, sweet shadow.

Nearly a week I lived here quietly, gathering my strength and measuring the difficulties before me when I should invade the forest. There was no necessity for hurry, as it was then but the beginning of the dry season, which lasts through the winter well into May and June. By the time the rainy season should arrive I hoped to have a better habitation and to be prepared for a long period of seclusion.

While my hut was in the shadow and the air was cool, I resolved to go about with as little clothing as possible, and stripped myself of nearly everything; but when the sun had crept over the trees, and showered me with his scorching rays, I was glad enough to put on my clothes again. It may be remembered that Crusoe had a similar experience in playing savage, for, after having tried the same experiment, he says quite plaintively, " I could not bear the Heat of the Sun so well when quite naked as with some Cloathes on; nay, the very Heat frequently blister'd my Skin." But I did not further follow his example and make myself garments of goatskin; that would have been a most ridiculous and unnecessary labor.

I hope I was not such an arrant coward as Crusoe, who, though he recovered "great store" of arms and ammunition from the wreck, never felt quite at ease, but always took his walks abroad loaded down with guns and pistols. "For," said he, "I was afraid to lie down on the Ground, not knowing but some wild Beast might devour me; tho', as I afterward found, there was really no need for those Fears. . . . I found no ravenous Beast, no furious Wolves or Tygers to threaten my Life; no venemous Creatures; nor Poisons which I might feed on to my hurt; no Salvages to murther and devour me."

Neither was there anything of the sort to bother me; and I had this advantage over poor Crusoe: that I knew, in a general way, what were the resources of my island.

But one day—I think it was the second of my stay—in wandering over my beach, I found a clump of trees that made me pause a moment and reflect upon the possible dangers of hunting through these woods alone.

They had smooth and shining stems, green and glossy leaves, and threw a most inviting shade over the snowy sand, which was strewn with yellow apples, fallen from the boughs above. Fortunately for me, I did not seek to recline beneath the shade of these trees nor try to eat any of the tempting apples, for these were the dreaded manchineels—the West Indian upas trees—which have poisoned many a shipwrecked sailor who has been deceived by their fine appearance. They should especially be avoided when the dew or rain is falling, as a drop of water from the leaves causes the skin to blister; the fruit is poisonous.

But they served me well, just the same, knowing them as I did; and this is how: Over behind the sand bank was a deep pond filled with fish. The fish were fair and tempting, but I had with me no hook nor line. So I carefully cut away some of the branches with their shining leaves, and cast them into the pool. Soon up came a small fish gasping for breath; then another larger, and another, until the surface was covered, and I had only to wade into the water and throw them out on the sand.

Although the fish seem to be poisoned, their flesh is not injured, as the sole effect of the manchineel appears to be to deprive the water temporarily of its oxygen, causing the denizens therein to come to the surface to breathe. They must be quickly taken, or they will soon recover and again dive below the surface.

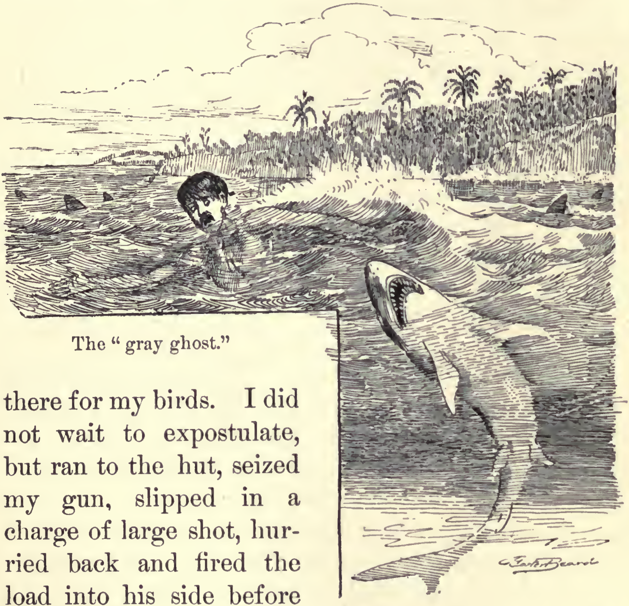
The fun of fishing, as any boy will understand, consists in being able to catch the fish—and plenty of them—without any risk to the fisher. But when the fish turn the tables and undertake to hunt the fisher—that is altogether another matter! Yet that is what they did to me on one occasion; and the recollection of the adventure makes me shudder whenever I think of it.

It was my custom, every morning, to run down from my hut over the smooth sand into the water, and there paddle about for half an hour or more in perfect ecstasy. I had become so accustomed to looking upon this little harbor as my own peculiar property, perfectly safe, secluded from the world, that I no more thought of taking any precautions than I would have done in a bath tub. But danger is always lurking in our paths, ready to take us unawares, especially in a strange country. This particular danger was the result of my own carelessness, too; I had nobody but myself to blame. That is one of the worst phases of a solitary life; you don't have any one else to blame for your misfortunes.

Well, it had become a habit with me, whenever I cleaned a fish, to leave the refuse on the beach for the gulls and sea swallows to eat. By this means I had made them so tame that they came flying over whenever they saw me approach the water, saluting me with joyous screams. This was very delightful to me in my solitude; but the presence of the fish bait and the noise of the birds attracted other denizens of the water, and came near being my destruction.

One morning, while I was floating placidly on the water, my face upturned to the sky, I felt the approach of danger. Quickly raising my head, I saw a great gray ghost approaching—an immense shark, swimming swiftly and silently, his erect back fin hardly making a ripple on the surface of the water! Then there was a sudden swirl in the water as he turned half over to seize my extended arm. A thrill of terror shot through me.

He missed me by scarcely a handbreadth as I scrambled for the shore; but fortunately I was in shallow water, and so evaded him and regained the beach. He followed me right into the surf, and with a snap of his great jaws, thick set with rows of pointed teeth, gathered in a mouthful of the fish I had left there for my birds. I did not wait to expostulate, but ran to the hut, seized my gun, slipped in a charge of large shot, hurried back and fired the load into his side before he could get away. It was in vain that he splashed about and gnashed his cruel teeth; I soon had him out of the water and his head cut off, and it was not long before my gulls and terns were feasting on his carcase.



The "gray ghost."

There must be another shark, I knew, for these man-eaters always swim in pairs; so I kept my eyes open for its mate. It did not come that morning, nor the next, and I was regaining my feeling of careless security, when it was suddenly dispelled by the second intruder. I had not discontinued my baths; but I always took a big stick into the water with me, and swam very near the surf.

At last the other shark came in, but fortunately I saw her before she reached me. She shied off to deep water as I ran for my gun, returning later and sweeping up near the fish bait. I gave her a shot in the back, which only infuriated her; but another in a vital part quieted her forever. So I killed my enemies—that is, the first ones—and I found this shark to be nearly nine feet in length—six inches shorter than her mate.

My peaceful life had now been invaded by real terrors; at the end of my beach grew the odious manchineels; in front of it swam the man-eaters. Only the day before I had found an immense centipede in my hammock, which had dropped from the thatch while I was absent; but it might as easily have fallen on my face while I lay asleep! So, altogether, I was restless and not so satisfied with my lot as I might have been. I resolved to leave the seaside and explore the great forest, where, perchance, I might find a retreat less liable to invasion.

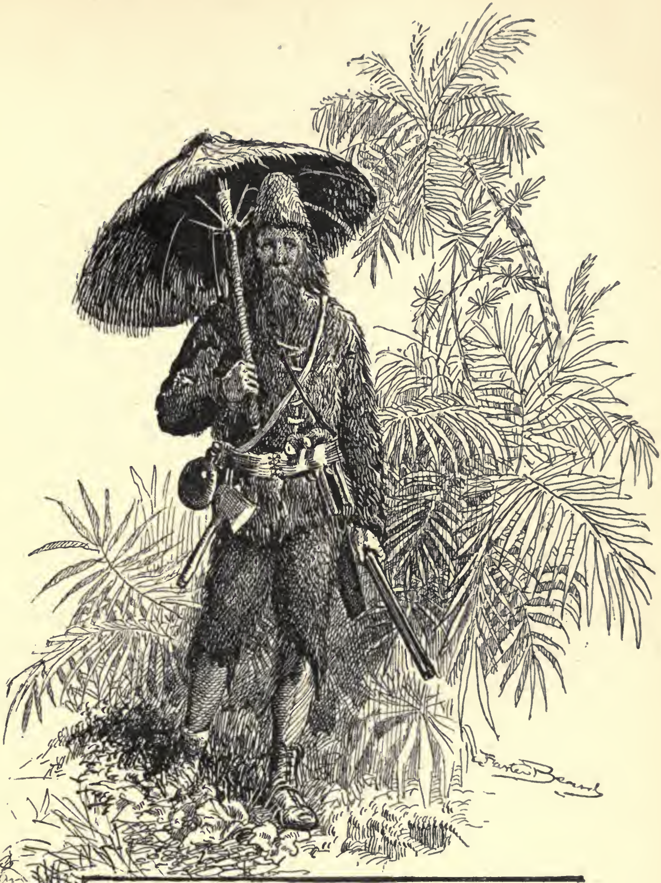
CHAPTER III.

FIRST DAY IN THE FOREST.

What I wore and carried—Crusoe's accoutrements—A wrestle with razor grass—Under the parrot-apple tree—Creepers and crawlers—The crested cassican—A bird's nest five feet long.

I WAS not, perhaps, quite the "formidable Fellow" that our old friend Robinson Crusoe was when he set out for his walks abroad; but I was equally well equipped for a fight, if need be. To tell the truth, I never could understand how he managed to carry that cumbersome broadsword through the tangled thickets; not to mention his hatchet, pistols, and heavy fowling piece. And then, again, he was so heavily laden with clothing and accoutrements, in a tropical climate, with the thermometer (if he had one) indicating somewhere near a hundred degrees in the shade.

Now, my costume was the result of many months of experience with the hot sun of tropical regions, and I always dressed with an eye to comfort. In the first place, on my head a helmet made of papyrus pith, which was imported from the East Indies—the favorite head gear of all tropical explorers, because it is so light, and at the same time absolutely imper-



Crusoe, as described by himself.

vious to the rays of the hottest sun. My coat and trousers were of dun-colored duck, shirt of coarse linen, and all three as full of pockets as they could be. Slung over my shoulder was a broad strap, attached to a willow trout basket, which is better than a game bag, as the birds you carry in it can not be crushed. My pockets were filled with shells loaded with shot of different sizes, and in one hand I carried a light breech-loading shotgun.

Having slept well the night before, breakfasted well that morning, and having washed away my cares in the sea with my bath at daylight, I felt as free and buoyant as the forest birds whose acquaintance I was then about to seek.

The sun hadn't been long above the waves when he might have seen me on the edge of the great forest, which I had noted the very first day of my arrival here, but which I had not hitherto made an attempt to penetrate. But, as if to warn me from the woods, on the very edge of it I had a tussle with an enemy, who nearly succeeded in cutting my throat: I got entangled in a thicket of razor grass, that awful pest of southern lowlands, and which has disabled many a poor West Indian negro by cutting his naked feet and slashing his legs and arms.

After disentangling myself I was quite out of breath, and out of sorts as well, and had more than half a mind to return to my hut on the beach. But, having seated myself beneath a parrot-apple tree to recover breath, I soon perceived that I had, unwittingly, halted in just the right place to get a lot of birds without any trouble whatever. I was then reminded of what my experience had long ago taught me, but which I had forgotten: that it is often better to sit still and wait for game to come to you, than to roam about aimlessly in search of it.

The parrot apple is a tree resembling a wild fig, and throws out and down to the ground, from stem and branches, shoots like those of the banyan and mangrove. Some of these "adventitious roots" at touch of earth spring up again, like the fabled Antæus who wrestled with Hercules, climb up into the tree, and join themselves to limbs and branches. It is a peculiarity of some species of the family to which this tree belongs to attach itself to whatever it meets, like the barnacle to a ship, and sometimes specimens may be found completely inclosing another tree in a deadly embrace, growing completely around it, the bark visible only through the meshes in a ligneous net. The leaves are large, round, and glossy green; the fruit is fig-shaped, and contains seeds that will burn like a wax taper. When the fruit is ripe the negroes say, "The parrot apple am bus'," and, like the birds and wood rats, seek it out for its precious seeds.

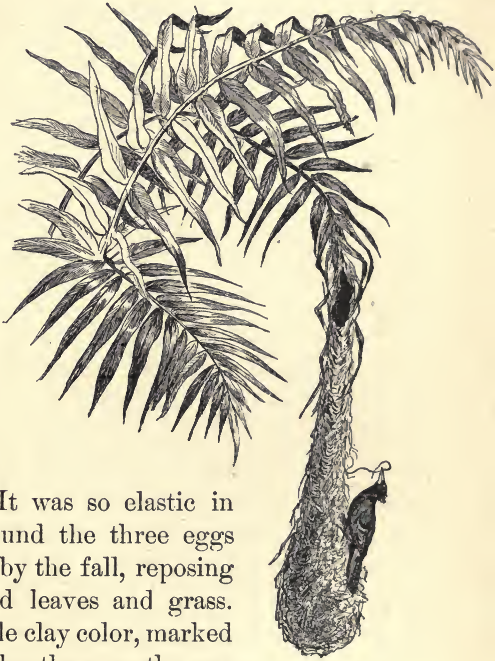
The treetop was alive with birds, the most beautiful of which were the little creepers, with their backs of velvet blue, head cerulean green, under parts azure, and feet coral red. Their dried skins may be found in all the bird sellers' stores in cities, for there is a great demand for them with which to "ornament" the hats and bonnets of thoughtless women.

The farther I proceeded into the forest the denser became the vegetation; but at last I found a secluded dell, where the tall trees had prevented the undergrowth from forming and covering the ground, and the view was comparatively open. In the midst of this dell I saw a tall palm standing, with a trunk perhaps a hundred feet high, and broad leaves spreading around it on every side. I knew it at once to be the great mountain palm, called by the botanists *Oreodoxa;* but I had never seen one exactly like this before, for, from the terminal tip of every immense leaf hung a curious structure, woven of grass and palm fiber. It was as if a vast umbrella had been stuck upon a big tree trunk, and from the end of every rib a long silken purse had been hung.

While I was wondering what these strange things could be, out from one of them scrambled a big black and yellow bird, which, after circling above my head, alighted on a limb and began to scold me for intruding into this private parlor of his family. He was soon joined by dozens of others, and shortly there was such a noise that I could hardly "hear myself think."

There must be some reason for all this fuss, I thought, and so narrowly examined those funny affairs at the tips of the leaves, and after a while made them out to be birds' nests! Yes, every one was the dwelling place of a pair of birds, and probably held some of their eggs. Of course I was very anxious to see what they looked like close at hand and to secure the eggs; but how to get them puzzled me greatly. They hung too far above the earth to be reached by poles or stones, and the shafts of the palms were too straight and smooth to be "shinned," even by a monkey.

At last it occurred to me to try to shoot them down by firing charges of shot at the juncture of the leaf with the nest. At first I was unsuccessful, for the material of which the nest was composed was carried up and woven around the leaf for quite a distance, and it was next to impossible to cut it away. But after firing several shots I had the satisfaction of seeing one of the nests twirl around in the air, and then come swirling down to the ground. It was so elastic in texture that I found the three eggs within unharmed by the fall, reposing on a bed of dried leaves and grass. They were of a pale clay color, marked with characters like those on the egg of our northern grackle.


Nest of the Cassican.

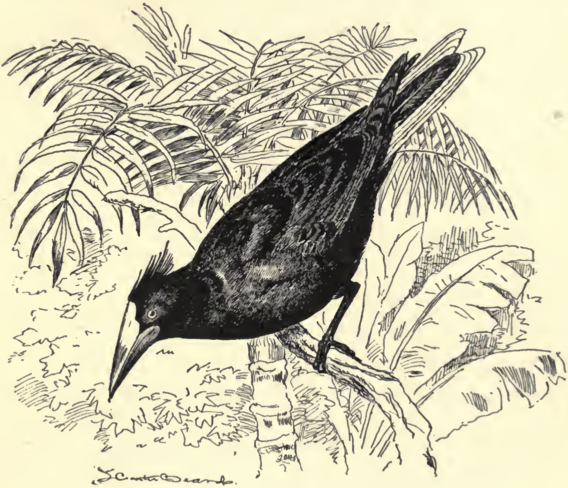
As to the nest itself, when I had examined it closely I found it to be made of long grasses, intermixed with fibrous strips of palm leaf, and as closely woven as if the work of human hands. It resembled the nest of our Baltimore oriole, but was many times as large and as long, the largest that I saw being five feet from one end to the other! Inside this aërial cradle, suspended from the high-hung palm leaf, the eggs and young of its builders would be safe from prowling monkeys and predatory boys. No gale could shake it loose from its attachments, not even the hurricane; and, as the entrance to the nest was high up, near its throat, its occupants might with safety stay within it and laugh in the face of the storm.

And its builders? They are called yellowtails, in the island where I found them and their nests; but the naturalists have named them the crested cassican (in Latin, *Icteros cassicus*), owing to their helmet-like crest and yellow color.

Having secured some more nests, and also specimens of the birds, I pushed on into the forest until I reached a deep ravine, where the rocks and trees combined almost hid the sun and sky. It was very dark and gloomy there, and before I had explored the place well the shades of night were gathering; for time passes quickly, as we all know, when we are constantly employed. I saw a great hawk sitting on the topmost branch of a high tree, and fired my gun, with the intention of bringing it to the ground. Until the moment that I fired the woods had been almost as silent as a tomb, but at that instant there broke out a perfect storm of strange cries, as though all the animals of the forest had awakened from deep sleep.

I was startled, but in the midst of the confusion I could not but recall the experience of Crusoe in a similar situation to mine:

"I believe that it was the first Gun that had ever been fir'd there since the creation of the World; for I had no sooner fir'd, but from all parts of the Wood there arose an innumerable number of Fowls of many sorts, making a confus'd screaming and crying, every one according to his Kind."



The crested Cassican.

And after the great noise had somewhat subsided, I heard what seemed to me was a human voice, saying, "Who? who? who are you?"

This voice startled me more than all the rest, for I had not heard the sound of human speech since the departure of my friends on the vessel. As the darkness deepened, out of the denser woods came muffled noises, strange and fearsome; but above them all rose the hollow voice, like the wail of a lost spirit, "Who? who? who are you?"

I had laughed to myself at the causeless fears of Crusoe, when I had read of his immense preparations for defense, as narrated in his book; but if he could have revisited the scene of his own terrors, he would have had the satisfaction of seeing me trembling and quaking at the mere sound of a ghostly voice!

I will confess that I did not breathe freely until I had reached the bluff above the beach where my hut stood, and saw the glimmer of the stars in the placid water of the little bay.

I had seen nobody, but all the while I felt that something or somebody was following me, for that unearthly voice mocked me all along the trail through the thick woods, and left me only at the verge of the clearing.

And this was the termination of my first day in the forest, which had opened so blithely in the morning—had seen me go forth so full of hopeful anticipations, only to return disturbed by dismal fears.

CHAPTER IV.

THE KING OF THE WOODS.

The attractive ravine—A sanctuary of the birds—I hear a spirit voice—An old acquaintance—Toh, the bird left out of the ark—How its tail became attenuated—How it kills serpents.

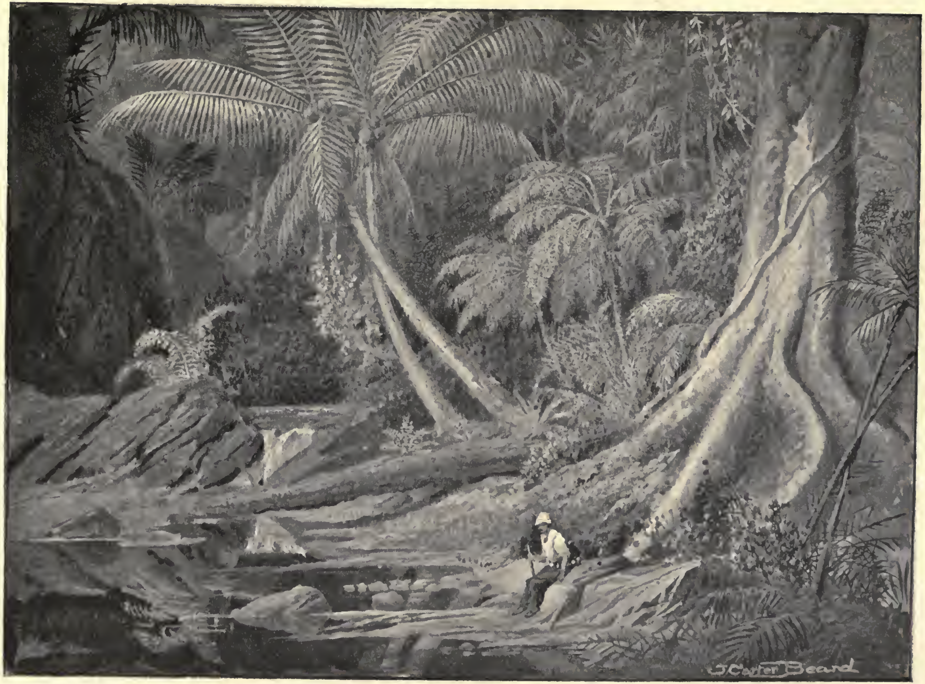
A WEEK passed away before I took to the woods again—a week of work, of quiet labor and modest delights. It had been my intention to make a foray into the forest every day, if possible; but, so long as my time was occupied, there was no immediate necessity for hunting. I had, I knew, four months of the dry season to explore in, and even in the so-called rainy season it was not impossible to go out. I dated my advent here from the middle of December, when the autumn rains were over and the best of the winter season ahead of me. As I had hardly expected to get settled before the first of January, but had been favored by fortune so unexpectedly, I counted all of this month saved as so much clear gain.

I contemplated a garden, of course; but the time for its preparation had not quite arrived, and there was nothing to be gained by haste. Although I had no snow and frost to contend with there, and could raise several crops in a season, still due regard must be paid to the seasons of rains and drought. To have the best results, I must prepare my soil and plant the seed just before the rains commenced, or at least so that the growing plants should receive the benefits of the watering when most needed. I had, then, at least two months for hunting and the leisurely preparation of my farm.

I will also confess to you, reader, that another reason operated against a hasty resumption of my forest rambles. You may recall that on my first trip, as narrated in the previous chapter, I was frightened—yes, I was startled and made quite uneasy—by that mysterious interrogator in the deep woods, who hooted in my ears and himself remained unseen. The more I thought upon it the deeper became the mystery; but I could not allow him, whoever he was, to drive me from my purpose; and, at all events, he had not pursued me beyond the forest verge, and had made no other hostile demonstration. So I determined to venture again, but to keep on the alert as soon as the deep woods were gained.

Descending the river bed between great rocks that seemed to have been rent apart for the passage of a torrent in bygone ages, I entered a gloomy gorge where the sun was almost shut out. Here the stream ran from basin to basin in the ledge, now with low murmur and again with noisy fall. It was overhung by a dense canopy of vines and trees, which intensified the gloom beneath.

A drift of sand lay at the base of a cliff, clean and yellow, beneath which was a deep pool of quiet


J. Carter Beard

The forest pool.

water—a delightful place for a bath, though the huge crayfish crawling over its bottom looked formidable. In the rainy season this little stream must rise to the dignity of a roaring torrent, as evidence of it could be seen in scattered trees and branches lodged among the rocks.

A little kingfisher dashed by like a meteor, leaving behind him a shrill rattling cry, which rang through the gorge like the shriek of a locomotive. Up under the sheer wall of a precipice sat unconcerned a green and golden jacamar; brilliant humming birds darted from flower to vine and from liane to lialine, halting now and then, suspended in mid-air before my face, as though questioning me as to the reason for my intrusion.

That I was an intruder I could not but feel convinced, for this spot seemed sacred to the birds, who retreated here for shelter in storm and shade at heat of noon.

Above the sand-drift a roof was formed of the lianes, stretched like the cordage of a ship and like a netted hammock. Against the walls of rock great green leaves were plastered, and across the pool huge fallen tree trunks lay prostrate, heaped with a wealth of parasitic plants and gay with flowers. All the birds here found refuge, and appeared to meet as on common ground—woodpeckers, thrushes, flycatchers, trogons with emerald coats, doves in sober drab, humming birds in iridescent plumage—all gathered here as the heat outside became oppressive.

They regarded me curiously as I lay prone upon my bed of sand, and many fluttered about uneasily; but not one seemed to entertain a doubt of the integrity of my intentions. This confidence robbed me of whatever evil motive I had in coming here, and my gun rested against the rock, while I noted the movements of my companions.

Never had naturalist a better opportunity for studying animated Nature at his ease, nor for near acquaintance with the little folk with feathers on them. I welcomed this chance with joy, and was alert to their every motion, for it was what I had long desired: a peep into the private affairs of the bird family. With as little disturbance as possible, I drew out my notebook and set my pencil in motion, and for hours I was intent on recording the many strange things I that day saw.

At last I wearied of the work, and the heat of high noon penetrating here, I fell asleep. When I awoke the whole gorge was in deep shadow, for the sun had nearly performed his diurnal journey; a dove was drinking at the pool, and the jacamar was still sitting under the cliff; but nearly all the others had gone to their haunts of the night. I arose and stretched myself, gathered up my scattered belongings, and prepared to depart. As I did so a sound saluted my ears that made me start; in the words of Crusoe, "If I had had a Hat on my Head, I will not answer for it that my Hair might not have lifted it off!"

It was the same spirit voice, asking me why I was here and what I was doing: "Who? who?"

This time I felt that the spirit, the "jumbie," or whatever it was, had me at a disadvantage; for I could only retreat slowly, and would require all my attention to get out of the gorge. So I rashly turned at bay; finding I was "in for it," I determined to make the best of the situation and present a bold front. Setting my back against the rock (for a man always feels less nervous with something solid at his back) I grasped my gun and peered anxiously into the gathering darkness of the chasm.

Suddenly the hollow voice sounded right over my head: "Who?" There was a rift in the network of vines that gave me a view of the projecting branch of a tree, and on this branch sat a strange bird: strange at the moment, and yet I felt that I had seen it somewhere before. All at once it broke upon me, and I sat down on the sand again and burst into laughter; for I then recalled the cry as one I had heard years ago, in a cave in Yucatan.

"Why," I said to myself, "it is Toh, dear old Toh; and instead of intending me harm he only meant to greet me."

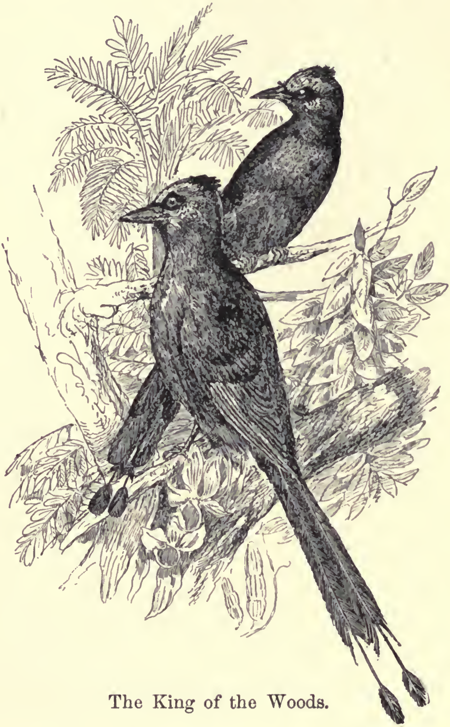
Now Toh, you must know, dear reader, was the only bird left out of the ark at the time of universal deluge, the Yucatecans told me. He sat upon a tree and scoffed at Noah, while the patriarch was building, and after the ark was finished he refused to enter along with the rest of the passengers. The elephant and the giraffe and other tall animals that could reach up to his perch urged him to go in, and emphasized their remarks by tearing out some of Toh's tail feathers; but he only laughed at them and said "Toh!" which is the Maya word for "go along."

And this was the Tobago representative of the Mexican bird who had scared me so badly, and whose near relative I had often seen in the *çenotes* of Yucatan! He bore a different name here, and a more dignified, being known as the King of the Woods. He sat upon the branch and gave out at intervals his sepulchral cry; but I feared him no longer, my ghost was laid, the dread jumbie had resolved itself into a phantom—as all our fears may do if we will but fight them and drive them to the wall.

This King of the Woods is a curious bird, known to the naturalists as the *Prionites Bahammensis.* It is about seventeen inches in length, with eighteen inches stretch of wing, and has a soft, silky plumage of green and chestnut. It has a crimson iris, a very pretty crest, and is altogether an attractive but modest-appearing bird.

Its peculiar feature is the tail, which consists of two long feathers, the shafts or barbs of which are entirely divested of their laminæ or barbules, except at the tips, where a spatulate inch or so only remains. Some naturalists hold that the bird comes honestly by this peculiar feather in a natural way, and others that it strips the barbules away after it has got its growth.

Its plumage is at its best in the springtime, when the spatulate feathers are perfect; but after the summer molting these disappear, and can not be seen from October to March. It digs a hole in a marl bank from five to ten feet deep, and there lays three or four round white eggs, its breeding season being April and May, when also it is in finest feather.



The King of the Woods.

This bird feeds on berries, snakes, beetles and other insects, but never seizes its prey on the wing. When it has captured a snake it never lets go to get a better hold, but dashes it against the branch on which it is perched, for it never remains on the ground after catching its prey.

The peculiar cry of this bird, its mournful, melancholy call-note, has given rise to many stories among the negroes, who are very superstitious, and think that the bird itself is the embodied spirit of some departed friend.

It soon became quite dark in the gorge, the cry of the night hawk sounding overhead, and from the woods came strange and muffled noises. Slowly out of the gloom came a great moth, flapping its broad wings with measured sweeps, impressing me with its immense size as it calmly beat the air, sailing first to one side then to the other. Its wings above were the purest azure; below they were darker, with large eyes, or beauty spots; gleaming blue and gorgeously, as the wings beat up and down. It came toward me, but evaded the pass I made at it, and disappeared in the gloom of the somber trees.

It was then late, the lamps of night were alight in the sky, while the earth lamps (the glowworms and *elaters*) sparkled and twinkled around me. They danced and gleamed through the gorge, and even lighted up my pathway along the stream, as I stumbled homeward in the darkness.

CHAPTER V.

JACAMARS, PARROTS, AND TROGONS.

Another exploring trip—Wild bananas and plantains—The little bronze bird and his nest—The beautiful hill—Wing tipping a parrot—A bird that showed fight.

I HAD made several excursions into the woods before I essayed an exploration of the stream that flowed past my very door. Streams are the natural highways of the aboriginal inhabitants of any land. They fix their first residences near and on the coast; thence they make forays, and extend their knowledge of the region by means of the streams and river valleys. Nowhere is this so prominent as in North America, where for many years the great mountain ranges shut the first settlers from Europe out of the fertile territories beyond the Alleghanies and the Rockies.

When the Pilgrim Fathers came to the shore of what they afterward named New England, they found the coast Indians of one sort and the dwellers along the Merrimac another. Different tribes lived in the different river valleys, as the St. Lawrence, the Connecticut, the Hudson, and the Ohio. The mountains bounding the valleys also separated the dwellers there from those along the rivers beyond, and narrow trails only communicated, if indeed there were any connection whatever.

It was most natural that I should desire to explore the bed of my river. Where it met the sea, near my door, a little cove was formed, sheltered and still, where I might have floated a canoe, if I had owned one. Opposite Bamboo Bank, as I called my dwelling-place, it was noisy and restless, though shallower than at the cove, and here flowed over smooth stones and around large rocks, which served me as stepping-stones.

Above and during its course through the savanna there was more sand at the bottom than stones, and there it was shaded by grugru palms and clumps of vines, but as it emerged from the forest growth an arch of bananas and wild plantains met above its rippling waters.

I had, in a desultory way, made the acquaintance of the inhabitants of the lower basin, such as crayfish, water scorpions, and mullets, and had caught many of the crayfish, which I boiled and served up at my table in delicious salad. But one bright morning, soon after the sun had begun his daily rounds, I entered the stream beneath the banana arch, determined to follow it to its source in the deep wood.

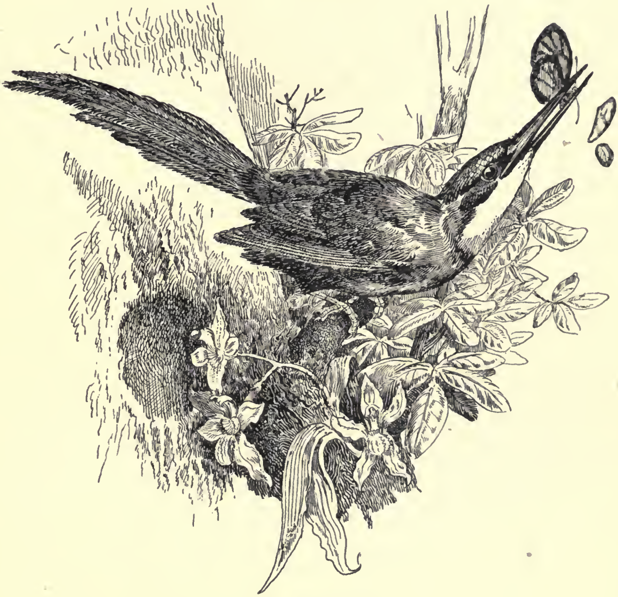
Birds of every sort were flying across the little valley through which ran my stream, and they all seemed ready to burst with melody. I halted near the bananas only long enough to see if there were any ripening bunches of fruit, and noted one large cluster, which I cut off and hung on a tree, against my return.

Plantains there were, and enough of them, big for cooking, and as these are boiled, and never ripened before being eaten, I left them there for another day. It was comforting to have this assurance of plentiful supply for the larder at my very door, for my stock of provisions was running low. I must now look out supplies of meat and farinaceous food, and draw upon the resources of nature.

So many birds claimed my attention here that I knew not which way to turn: doves in the thickets, water wagtails among the rocks in the water, humming birds darting through the air in every direction, pigeons dropping seeds from the trees overhead, and parrots flying through the treetops, screaming in noisy chorus. As I climbed the brook bed the tree ferns met overhead, the banks approached so near together, steep and slippery.

The light filtered through the fern leaves in a golden shower, the water fell from rock to rock with metallic melody, to which responded the birds above in strains antiphonal. One might wander here, fancying Orpheus himself had returned from the Plutonian shades; and as if to confirm the illusion, the trees and shrubs began to nod their heads and toss their branches, in response to the salutation of the morning breeze.

Perched upon a dry stick projecting from the bank, a bird in garb of golden bronze, with inordinately large bill and weak little feet, sat regarding me. He must have known I was out hunting for birds with pretty plumage, but doubtless his modesty did not allow him to imagine that he belonged to that class, for he sat there quite indifferent to my presence.



The Jacamar.

Near the stick on which he roosted was a small round hole in the bank, and this was the entrance to his domicile, where his little wife kept house and home, a couple of feet within the entrance, brooding over two or three eggs of purest white.

This bird, with iridescent coppery hues, who sat lazily sunning himself on the stick, was the jacamar (*Galbula viridis*), a name probably derived from the Brazilian rendering of his cry of "*jacamari.*"

He is about ten inches in length, and his wings stretch eleven, when they are spread in his short flights after insects in the air. He is a sweet-tempered, unsuspicious dweller by the sides of shady paths and river banks, doing harm to nobody; but because he has a pretty coat of feathers, and vain woman desires those feathers in her bonnets, poor jacamar's life has been placed in jeopardy, and I doubt if the barbarous bird hunters have left a dozen of his tribe in the island.

A little waterfall trickled down a broad stair of rock and formed a small basin of quiet water at its foot, above which hung the lacelike leaves of the tree ferns.

Halting here a moment, I heard the faint hoot of the King of the Woods, and imitating his cry I soon brought him to the stream, where he perched on a tree near an immense palm. He looked about stupidly, snapped rather viciously at a second King who had also responded to my call, and replied every time I asked the question, "Who?"

"Who?" I said, and "Who?" solemnly answered King Prion.

After bandying words awhile, and thoroughly mystifying the wondering birds, I went on up the stream, where the surroundings were more open. A kingfisher dashed past me with a whiz and a whirr, cleaving the air like a flashing topaz, and sending the water flying in spray when he dipped toward a pool, above which he suddenly arrested his flight, and sat alertly upon a dead limb watching me. He was a perfect gem, brighter in colors, and smaller than his American cousin, being about eight inches long and eleven across his wings.

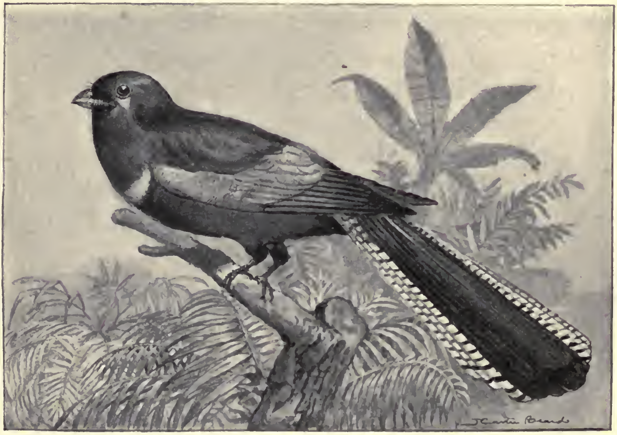
Plashing through the pools, climbing over slippery rocks, and dodging overhanging branches, I did not notice at first that I had reached a higher level, where the stream spread out into a placid little pond, sand-rimmed, and nestling within a wall of ferns and mountain palms.

The scene delighted me, for looking up I beheld a hill slope studded with tree ferns and green hearts, cedars and bamboos, on the crown of which was a group of tall palmistes. It was a conical hill, sloping gradually to the apex, rising like an artificial earthwork above the dense forest growth around it.

Beneath the trees was a turf of finest grass, interspersed with the waving plumes of a taller variety, the light and vivid green of which contrasted brightly with the somberness of the circumjacent forest. My heart went out to that spot at once, and as I climbed the hill I determined that this should be the site of my summer residence; for during the heat of the approaching rainy season the seaside hut would be intolerable, lying so low and near the heated sands.

Arrived at the palm-crowned summit, I gazed upon the scene spread around me with great delight, for it included a goodly portion of the north end of the island. I could see the outlying islets and the foam-flecked promontories that guarded my seaside home, as well as vast areas of forest, covering swelling hills and deepening valleys.

Among the palm trunks there was space sufficient for the erection of a small house, and I then and there marked out the plan of it. Then, refreshing myself with the glorious view again, and inhaling deep draughts of the sweet, pure air, I descended to the stream. Like Crusoe, after he had made his famous excursion to the other side of his island, "I found that side of the Island where I now was much pleasanter than mine; the open or savanna Fields sweet and adorned with Flowers and Grass, and full of very fine Woods. I saw abundance of Parrots,


The Tobago Trogon.

and fain would have caught one, if possible, to have kept it to be tame and taught it to speak to me."

Halfway down the slope I heard voices in the air, apparently over the forest, but approaching the hill. "Quite right, quite right," screamed a shrill voice, to which another responded, "Right, quite right." Looking around, I saw a pair of parrots swiftly flying toward me, quite high in the air. As they got about overhead I aimed my gun well ahead of them and fired.

One of them screamed, faltered in its flight a bit, then whirled over and over toward the forest beneath. Its mate followed it a few yards, but soon recovered its course and flew on, screaming "Quite right, quite right," though evidently it was altogether wrong. Marking down the wounded parrot, I tore my way through the undergrowth on the other side of the pond, and finally came upon him on his back in a tangle of vines.

He was only wing tipped, and as savage as a bear; he threw himself back in posture of defense and invited me to come on. I went, but a moment later I retreated with lacerated hands, while the parrot fairly yelled in his fury and struggled to get at me again. He couldn't retreat, and he knew it; but he was full of fight, and it was a busy half hour before I had secured him by wrapping him round and round with lengths of lialine cord. His eyes glared, and he muttered threats of vengeance through his beak; but he was helpless, and I hoped to get him home in safety.

He was fifteen inches in length, with twenty-six spread of wing, bright green and yellow as to his plumage, and a very robust and handsome bird. I found, upon later investigation, that this species breeds in April and May, making the nest in a cavity in the broken shaft of a tall palm, and returning every year, digging it deeper and deeper. Here two round white eggs are laid, and two young are reared. If caught very young the birds are easily taught to speak, and even the old ones; but there is as much difference in parrots as in individuals. They feed on the seeds of the milk wood, soap wood, wild cashew, clammy cherry, pigeon peas, *pomme de lianne*, etc., according to the season.

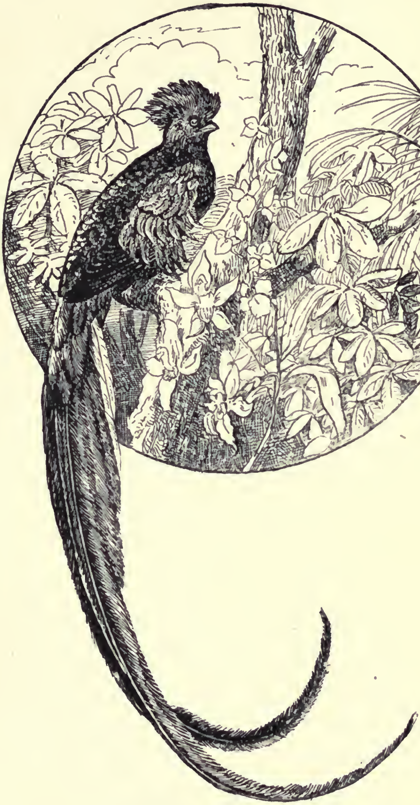
Depositing my belligerent bird in a safe place, securely bound, I carefully searched the woods for other captures, bringing them to me by a call the Caribs had taught me years before. I have found that in deep woods it is better to call the birds to you, than to go out hunting blindly for them. Sitting down upon a rock I endeavored to attract whatever of bird life the woods contained within reach of my voice. The first to respond were the manakins and thrushes, who seemed quite indignant that I paid no attention to them, and almost flirted their tails in my face, in their attempts to convince me that they were there.

At last I heard a subdued whistle, a muffled cry, that told me of the presence of trogons. I whistled in reply, and soon had the satisfaction of hearing another; but it ceased, and I had given it up when, glancing my eye upward, I saw the gleam of warm carmine and made out the figure of a bird sitting on a branch. He fell a victim to his curiosity, and others also, who came about in numbers, giving me a good chance to study their motions.

They are very inquisitive birds, and can be attracted by imitating their whistles at any time, answering promptly until they are near the person calling them, when they do not fly away, but sometimes sit still, stupidly staring.

Their note is in four distinct sentences—"koo-koo-koo-koo"—their flights are short and frequent, and, from the softness of their plumage, silent and spiritlike are their approaches. The trogons are peculiar chiefly to the tropical Americas, the most beautiful of the family being found in Mexico and Central America—the *Trogon resplendens*—the *Quetzal* of the Aztecs, or the royal bird of the Montezumas.

The species found in Tobago is the *Trogon colaris*, a very beautiful bird, and one much sought after by the hunters for the millinery markets. The male is ten inches in length, and fifteen across his wings, has a yellow bill, small black feet, dark eye, pink eyelid, with a bare space of white beneath the lower lid. The whole under surface of his body is rich carmine, with a crescent of white across the breast, and beneath is a gorget of green. The upper parts are a golden green, and the entire aspect of the bird in the woods is that of a creature especially fitted for glowing and tropical surroundings. The female has soberer colors than the male, but is a fit consort for her beautiful spouse.



Royal Trogon of Mexico.

It does not take long in the telling; but the tale of a day is soon over. By the time the trogons had ceased to engage my attention the woods were getting dusky again, and the night birds were stirring. It was perhaps two miles back to camp, but I had come by a circuitous course, and resolved to open up a more direct path between the two places without delay.

Psittacus, the parrot (for that was his name—*Psittacus festivus* *), was still undaunted, and showed me what he meant to do when once he had regained his freedom. I made a soft bed of moss for him in my game basket, carried him carefully to camp, and that night constructed a temporary cage out of a biscuit box. He raged like a fury, at first, when let loose, but finally accepted the situation, ate the cracker I gave him, and settled down quietly for the night.

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* The *Psittacus festivus*, or "festive parrot," inhabits the north part of South America—Guiana, Cayenne, the Brazils, and particularly the lower Amazons. . . . It is docile and easily tamed, and being of an imitative disposition, readily learns to pronounce words and sentences with great clearness and precision.—Naturalist's Library.

CHAPTER VI.

SOME QUEER AND TROUBLESOME NEIGHBORS.

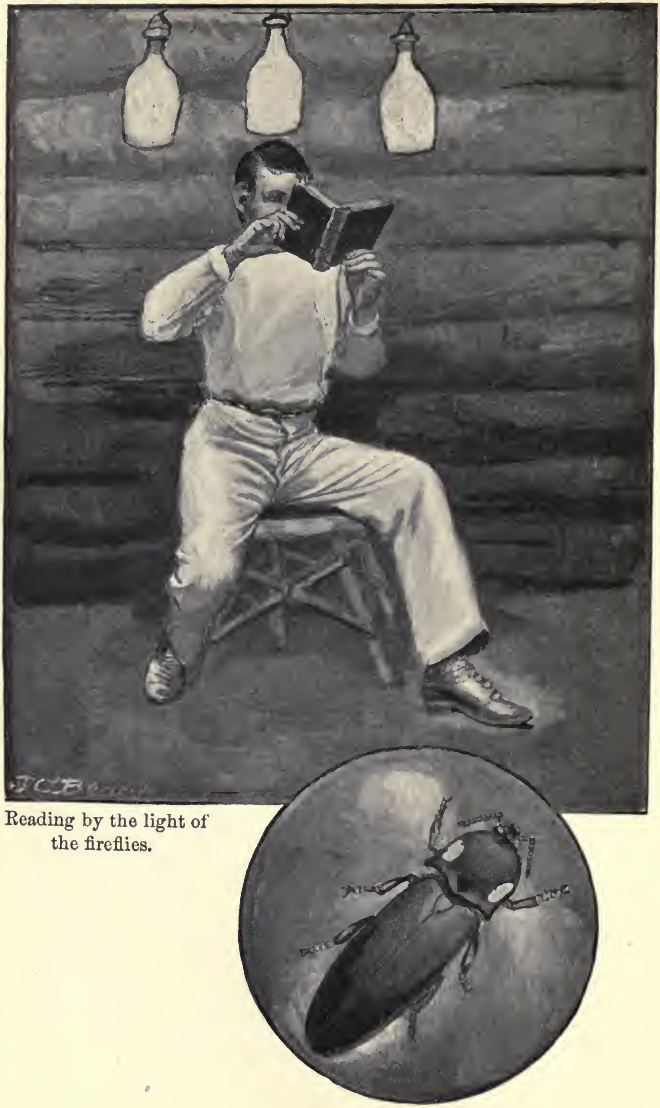
Fireflies and fire beetles—Centipedes, chigoes, and scorpions—Edible grubs from the palm—Processions of ants with umbrellas.

My solitary life became so attractive that my only fear was that it might be broken in upon—at any moment my retreat might be invaded. With this fear upon me, I did nothing that would attract the attention of passing boats, such as keeping a bright fire burning at night, or creating a smoke by day. The little food that I needed to have cooked was prepared with a very small fire, which the heat of the climate rendered unnecessary for warmth.

I had some books, but managed to read them mainly by daylight; or if at night, I resorted to a simple device. My meadow was always alive with fire beetles, glorious great insects, which sported there in myriads, and gleamed among the trees of the adjacent forest as well. In size they were superior to our northern fireflies, some of them being nearly two inches in length. Their luminous spots were on their shoulders, one on each side of the head, like lamps on a carriage, and from these they flashed a mild though steady radiance; quite unlike our firefly, which gives out only a feeble, intermittent light. This species is the *Pyrophorus noctilucus*, or the nocturnal light bearer, and is peculiar, as the naturalists say, to the tropics. In Cuba and Puerto Rico they are called *cucujos*, and the ladies of those islands attach them to their dresses, as bright ornaments, where they flash and gleam like costliest gems.

Well, in short, I caught and bottled a lot of those fire beetles, and used them as substitutes for candles. The imprisoned beetles emitted a pale, greenish light, and by holding a bottle full near a printed page, I was enabled to read quite readily. They even served to illuminate my hut, for I caught a great many, and putting them in white flasks, the mouths of which were covered with muslin, I hung them around the walls. I released them every morning, and at night imprisoned a fresh supply, feeding them on sweets, of which they partook with evident pleasure.

These insects were really very serviceable; but there were others, some of which had made their appearance in my hut, not so pleasant to contemplate. Probably the worst pests of the tropics are the centipede, tarantula, and scorpion. All of them like to hide beneath the thatch of the hut, and all are hideous in appearance. The stings of all three are poisonous, sometimes fatally so, especially to young children. Of the three, the centipede, I think, is the most to be feared, as it moves almost with the rapidity of light, leaving behind it—if it traverses the limb



Reading by the light of the fireflies.

or body of a human being—a venomous track, punctured in the skin.

Its poisonous punctures are made by the front pair of feet, which are supplied with poisonous ducts or glands; but its sting is even worse, and sufficient to cause fever in a grown person. The natives fear it far more than they do the scorpion or the tarantula, and have a superstitious dread of it. With its flat, glistening body, its scores of legs twinkling, and its rapid motions, it appears the very embodiment of evil —as it is.

As to the tarantulas, I saw but few of them; but one leaped at my hand one morning, and came so near seizing it with its horrible hairy legs that I was very much shocked. I killed it, and then instituted a search for others of its kind, finding but one, its mate, which I sent to join the first.

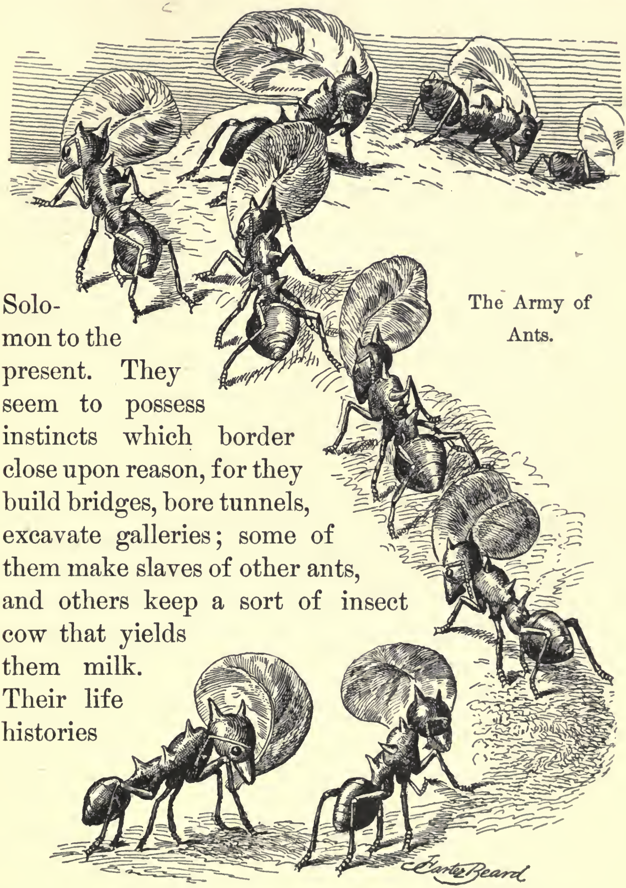
A more insidious foe is the chigoe, or jigger, a species of flea, which burrows beneath the skin of one's toes, unless one is constantly on the watch, and there lays eggs which develop into festering sores.

Being constantly on the alert, knowing my defenseless condition, so far from all human help, I fortunately escaped every kind of insect inimical to me, and was not bitten even by an ant, though this minute insect was abundant and sometimes annoying. Indeed, I got more pleasure from watching the various species of ants at work than I experienced annoyance from all together. That was a momentous occasion, for instance, when I first saw the marching millions of them in the forest. I had taken the trail leading from my hut on the beach into the deep forest —a path over which I had walked at least a score of times before—and I presently reached a spot where the shade was so dense that it made a sort of twilight.

Suddenly there appeared to my astonished eyes something that caused me to rub them in doubt whether I were not dreaming; for right in front of me, crossing the path, was a band of green, stretching across the dun-colored earth. And as my eyes became accustomed to the dim light, so that I could observe it more particularly, I saw that this green ribbon was moving regularly along, like the belt over a factory wheel. At first it seemed to be solid and unbroken, but soon I detected many divisions in the line, and saw that it was composed of thousands of bits of leaves, each about half an inch in diameter. Upon turning over some of these leaf-fragments, I found that the motive power of each one was a big red ant, who clung to it desperately, and as soon as released took its place in the ranks again. For many minutes I watched the verdant procession, but it seemed no nearer the end than when I first saw it.

Out of the dusky woods on one side the path it emerged, and into the depths on the other it disappeared, traveling tirelessly onward to some destination unknown to me. I could not very well trace its course, the forest being so dense; but there must have been millions of ants in the column, all marching in perfect order, and evidently with some definite end in view.

We know that these insects have excited the wonder and admiration of all observers, from the time of Solomon to the present. They seem to possess instincts which border close upon reason, for they build bridges, bore tunnels, excavate galleries; some of them make slaves of other ants, and others keep a sort of insect cow that yields them milk. Their life histories have been carefully studied by some of the most eminent naturalists.



The Army of Ants.

The very species that I had the good fortune to find crossing my path, that morning in the forest, is described by Mr. Alfred Wallace, who found it in the Amazons region of Brazil. It seems to prefer a district where red earth is abundant, and there it builds great mounds, sometimes twenty feet across and three or four feet in height. "These hillocks," says the famous naturalist just mentioned, "are riddled with holes in every direction, and into them the ants may be seen dragging little circular pieces of leaf, which they cut off from particular trees preferred by them. Orange trees and leguminous shrubs suffer most from their ravages, and these they sometimes entirely strip of their foliage in a night or two. Young plants, too, suffer very much, and can not be grown in some places on account of them. They remain in one locality for a long time; for, on my observing to a gentleman at a cattle estate near Para how remarkably the track of these ants was worn across the pathway and through the grass, he informed me that he had observed them marching along that very track for fifteen or twenty years."

This, then, was the explanation of the green ribbon across the trail: It was composed of ants carrying to their nests leaves with which to line their cells. Those that do this work are what is known in the ant world as "neuters"; they are very strong and have tremendous jaws. It would be next to impossible to depict this band of ants under their leaf shelters with any degree of accuracy. In fact, a picture of that green strip, with no hint of the ants which carried it along, would remind one of the Dutch artist's celebrated picture. When he delivered it to his patron, who had ordered a painting of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea, there was nothing visible but a broad expanse of water.

"But where are the Israelites?" demanded the astonished purchaser.

"Oh, they are all gone over."

"But the Egyptians, where are they?"

"Why, they are all drowned! Only the sea is left, and that is before you."

These insects, which are known as the great-headed red ants, not only use their powerful scissors-jaws upon the leaves of trees and plants, but should they find a tablecloth or handkerchief, or anything of that kind on the ground, will cut out of it neat little semicircular holes, taking the pieces away to their nests. Whether or not they use these bits of cloth for lining their nests, or put them to their proper use as napkins and handkerchiefs, I can not say.

At certain seasons of the year, however, the Indians of Brazil make barbarous reprisals for all their devastations. "Then," says Mr. Wallace, "the female ants come out of their holes in great numbers, and are caught by the Indians by the basketful. The insects are very sluggish, and never fly, though furnished at the time with wings. When they come out there is great excitement in the Indian village, all the young men, women, and children setting themselves to the catching of the 'saubas,' as they call them. They are kept in calabashes and bottle-shaped baskets, the mouths of which are stopped up with a few leaves.

"It is a rather singular sight to see for the first time an Indian taking his breakfast in the 'sauba' season. The insects are actually eaten alive, the ant being held by its head, as we would hold a strawberry by its stem, and the abdomen bitten off. The only part eaten is the abdomen, which is very rich and fatty, from the mass of undeveloped eggs. Having secured the edible part of the ant, the head and thorax, with the wings and legs attached, are thrown to the ground, where the wretched insect crawls about as though unaware of the loss of its posterior extremities. The Indians not only eat them fresh, but also smoke and salt them for future use, regarding them as the choicest of their dainties."

I was not aware of all the uses to which these ants could be put, when they crossed my trail in the woods; but if I had been, I doubt greatly that I should have considered them available as articles of diet, even though my larder was not always well supplied.

I did not suffer from lack of sustenance, to be sure, but I craved greater variety; so one day I cut down a tall "palmiste," or cabbage palm, in order to obtain its terminal bud, which is most delicious boiled and served as cabbage or cauliflower. It might seem an act of vandalism, this cutting down a tree over a hundred feet in height; but as there were thousands of those palms, and no one had a better claim to them than myself, I felt that it would not be very much missed.

It was within this palm, I was going to say, that I found a grub or beetle larva of the so-called palm worm, which is considered a great delicacy by the natives. They roast it and fry it, as well; but though it might be palatable, I could not bring myself to eat it, and can not testify as to its excellence.

To one who can find company as I did in bird, beast, and insect, and to whom all the "lower orders" have stories to relate, the time will never seem to lag. My chief concern was, that so much appealed to me, I felt the days were not half long enough; and so much arises now in retrospect that I am unable to describe all I saw and found most interesting.

What suits one person, to be sure, may not suit another, and if my story fails to interest those for whom it is written, I can only plead that it is the account of my doings, such as they were, and I have nothing else to relate.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW I CAUGHT A TARTAR.

Psittacus, the wild parrot, surprises me by speaking French. Not like Crusoe's parrot, but a very bad boy indeed—He finds a mate and rears a little family.

In the chapter next preceding the last I told of my capture of a parrot, but I have not related how the parrot captured me. He was placed in a wooden box, and after I had eaten my supper and made everything snug for the night I went to sleep, as usual, in my hammock. Shortly after daybreak the next morning I was awakened by a gentle agitation of my hammock, and peering out, saw in the gloom something clinging to the lower end. Looking up quickly, I said, "*Hola!* Who's there?" There was an answering chuckle, and a gruff voice replied, "Hullo! hullo, massa!"

A reply was certainly more than I had expected, and I leaped out of the hammock in alarm, kicking the door open to let in the light. Then I saw my prisoner of the night before hanging to the netting, in which he had torn a large hole, and swinging gleefully from side to side. He was master of the situation, for he resisted with beak and claw every effort

I made to capture him, and so I left him in possession while I took my bath and prepared my breakfast.

During breakfast, and long after, I speculated upon the strange fact that this wild parrot should be able to speak, and in my own tongue. My desire to make his further acquaintance overcame my fear of his formidable beak, and so, taking a banana and a cracker as peace offerings, I looked into the hut. A sorrowful sight rewarded me, for the bird had wreaked his wrath on the hammock to such an extent that a portion of it was hanging in strings, and he was now beginning on the palm thatch overhead. He desisted as I appeared, and dropped to the floor, where he with difficulty waddled to a perch on a barrel, and held out his foot for the banana. His aspect was still fierce, but not wholly resentful, and under cover of the food offering I began to talk to him. Having his mouth full, at first he refused to talk, only muttering unintelligibly, but when the banana was gone he cocked up his head and said in French, "Give me another!"

This was another surprise, for the nearest island in which French is spoken is Granada, nearly a hundred miles distant. But this was not the only phrase he could utter in that language, for he rolled out quite a string of epithets in the French *patois* spoken by the common people of the Antilles. I was amazed and grieved—amazed at his knowledge, and grieved that he should prove such a sad sinner. I had hoped for a good little bird like Crusoe's, who would be a decent companion to me and talk decorously; but instead I had got a regular land pirate, a swaggering swashbuckler of a fellow, full of wickedness and strange words.

Psittacus was watching my face, and seemed to take notice of every change, for he held his head over to one side and actually leered at me. Disappointed as I was and vexed, I could not but laugh at this worldly-wise old bird. After all, it was not his fault that he was here. If I had not so unceremoniously stopped his flight that morning, when he was winging his way westward in company with his mate, he would now be rejoicing in his freedom, instead of sitting here a wounded prisoner.

It was my own fault; no one else was to blame, least of all poor Psittacus, and I resolved to do all in my power to make amends for my brutal treatment of him, and to endure his vagaries patiently. So in this spirit I approached him, and he was quick to perceive the change. He climed up my outstretched arm at once and nestled up against my ear, purling to himself and murmuring, "*Bon comrade, bon comrade.*" This cheered me, though I was rather uneasy at his proximity to my face; but he had not, evidently, connected me with the man who had brought his troubles upon him, and appeared to have made up his mind to accept both me and the new conditions without further ado.

From that time forth a spirit of camaraderie existed between us that nothing could impair. Instead of regarding me as the author of all his woes, he rather looked upon me as his great and good friend and purveyor. He had the utmost confidence in me; having accepted me through intuition, nothing whatever could make him distrust his judgment.

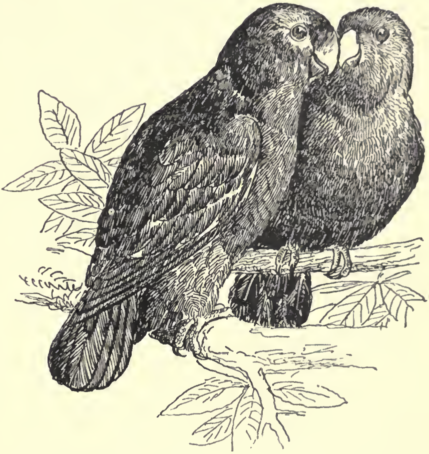
His manners did not mend, though, I grieve to say —not through any fault of his, but because he had no doubt about it that they were the best manners in the world. Like his speech, they had been acquired probably by contact with some member or members of my own family, and his perception was not fine enough to note the distinctions between the different strata composing human society.

He was like a child in this respect, accepting everybody and everything at its face value, without question. I resolved to teach him, if possible, by my example, as it was impossible to reach his intelligence by precept; but I must confess that Conscience had a laugh at my expense. "What right had a would-be murderer to set himself up as the moral instructor of one who had only escaped his deadly aims by accident?"

That was a blunt question, but a sharp thrust, nevertheless, and I had to confess that Conscience had the best of it. Luckily, Psittacus could not see what a struggle was going on in my mind, or else he, sharp old rascal that he was, would have taken great advantage of it. At it was, he escaped many a reprimand on account of my qualms, and though he doubtless attributed the tenderness and consideration with which I treated him to his own personal attractions, yet he got the benefit, just the same.

I did want to thrash him soundly when he tore my hammock and made holes through the roof, destroyed my bird skins and threw pebbles into my flour; but I restrained myself, and punished him in a different way. Seeing that he was indeed incorrigible, or appeared to be, I fastened him to one of the palm trees by means of a long slender chain. It was arranged so that he could climb up and down the smooth bole at will and perch in the lower leaves; and he at first took great delight in walking along the smooth midribs and sliding down. But this at last palled upon him, and one day, after sitting long in deep meditation, he hobbled up to me and said, with a decided shake of his head, "Lora good." I took this to mean that he would not tear things to pieces any more, but I was doubtful, and I glanced from my possessions to him and back again inquiringly, at which he repeated, "Good, Lora good." I set him loose again, and he really seemed to feel on honor, and behaved so prettily that I feared his end was near and death would deprive me of him just as he had come to be so companionable. For after that he sat at table with me, conversing gravely in his polyglot dialect, and tried to accompany me wherever I went. If I left him to go on a hunt, he would perch on the ridgepole of the hut and await my return with great anxiety, hailing me at sight with loud cries of joy.

His wings soon healed, and after the first molting the wing feathers grew out again, and he could fly at will; but he preferred my company to the old forest life, and if he made long excursions during the day, it was only to return at night and nestle against my shoulder. He was afraid of the report of my gun, fortunately for me, for the fear was always haunting me that he would surely recollect the circumstances of our first meeting, if he ever saw me shoot another bird. In fact, after he had been gravely watching me one day engaged in skinning and preparing some birds I had shot, he suddenly broke a long period of silence with a piercing shriek, and sidled off to a distance, where he regarded me with looks of horror, or so it seemed to me. I felt so guilty that I hardly dared look him in the face; but that flash of recollection soon faded, apparently, or his great heart resolved on abnegation, for he came back eventually to his post on my shoulder.



Parrots of Tobago.

We had long talks together, and I tried to set before him the many virtues of "Polly Crusoe," who lived with her master "no less than six and twenty Years"; but Psittacus, though he would listen with all gravity and attention, evidently didn't approve of Polly Crusoe, for he would jabber a long protest in *patois*, to the effect that he thought her a prig, and one who didn't know how to have a good time.

At the close of one long spring day, after having been absent from early morning, Psittacus came flying back to camp with another parrot in his company, evidently a female, whom he had chosen as his mate. They circled around the bay a few times, probably in order to allow me to get acquainted, and then both alighted on the palm nearest my door.

The new bird remained in the palm while Psittacus made for me, with his most rakish and swashbuckler air, and tried to engage my attention. To tease him a bit I pretended not to be aware of the presence of his charmer in the tree, and busied myself about my birds. This was resented, as I knew it would be, and he gave me a tweak of the ear that drew blood. I then looked around and gazed into the tree, at which he flew back and took up a position by her side, where he sat billing and cooing, after the most approved fashion.

I placed a double allowance of his favorite food at his end of the table and did the best I could to signify to them that both were welcome, and after some urging on his part his sweetheart joined us. She was at first coy and rather suspicious of me, but behaved well, and made herself very agreeable. As for Psittacus, he could not eat from great delight, and alternately bobbed his head from her to me, all the time. I knew from his actions that this could not be his old mate, for they did not behave like a couple long married, but more like the newly wed. I taxed Psittacus with infidelity and inconstancy in seeking a maiden, when the old one was probably weeping her heart out at his absence. He did not deny the accusation, and rather seemed proud of the fact that he still retained charms enough of his youth to fascinate such a "dear little duck" as the one before us.

But it came with bad grace from me to chide my *protégé*, when it was I who had made of the former Mrs. Psittacus a widow, or at least a "grass widow." So I did not pursue the subject, seeing that it was no matter of mine whether he were wed to the damsel or not. She was adopted into the family, became greatly attached to me, and I loved her for her sweet nature and gentle manner. They fed at my table when the fancy took them, but established their own household in the hollow of a dead palmiste on the edge of the wood. Here they dwelt very happily, and the young they reared, from the pretty eggs Mrs. Psittacus the second deposited on the dry chips at the bottom of the hollow, were taught to look upon me as a friend and protector.

I have gone ahead of my story somewhat, in this sketch of one of my feathered friends, but I couldn't consistently abandon him, after giving him such a bad character at the beginning. As Crusoe himself says: "How long he might live afterwards I know not; though I know they have a Notion in the Brasils that they live a hundred Years; perhaps poor Poll may be alive there still, calling after 'poor Robin Crusoe' to this Day!"

CHAPTER VIII.

MY HAPPY FAMILY.

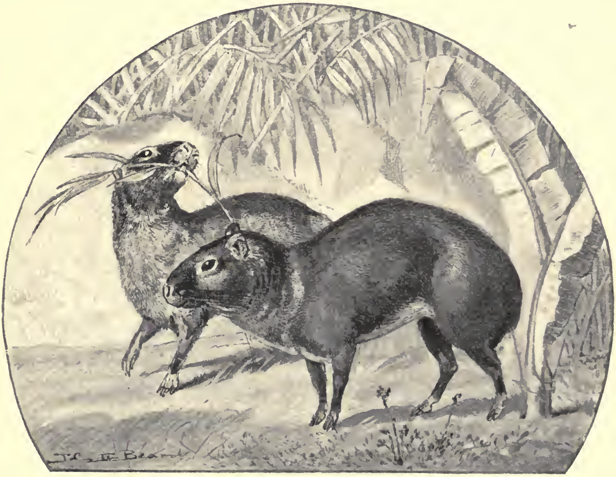
I capture a coon—Some agoutis also—Mocking birds and doves—Sea swallows and pelicans—Tropic birds and men-o'-war.

It was more through accident than by design that I became the possessor of a "happy family"; but gradually there gathered about me a little group of animals that seemed to look up to me as their master and their protector.

It is pleasant, when one has no human companion, to feel that he is not altogether deserted, and I welcomed with feelings of joy these members of the lower classes in feathers and fur.

Although I had made excursions into the woods, still I had not fully investigated the open level and the beautiful meadow back of my hut and between it and the forest. In truth, you know, one is rarely acquainted with his nearest neighbors. We are prone to overlook most interesting things near at hand in our search for other things, perhaps not so valuable, far away. So I resolved to become better acquainted with the animals to be found in the section immediately contiguous to my bay, and with that purpose set about examining my surroundings.

The first addition to my household was what the natives of the West Indies call the "wild dog," which I captured as I was hunting one afternoon along the banks of my river. Seeing a strange animal shuffling along ahead of me, looking for crabs and crayfish, I gave chase and seized it by the tail, just as it was about to plunge over the river bank. It snapped at me, scratched, spit, and growled horribly, but at last I succeeded in binding it with lianes, and getting it to the hut, where I found it to be a raccoon, about two thirds grown.



A pair of Agoutis.

At first it gave me much trouble, but eventually became attached to me, and watched for my coming as anxiously as did the parrot.

Finding that something was devouring the tubers I had planted in the garden, I watched awhile and soon discovered the enemy in a squad of agoutis, small, harelike animals of a golden-brown color. Setting my ingenuity to match theirs, the result was that three sleek, slender "'goutis" became my prisoners. They were mild of disposition, quickly became reconciled to captivity, and expected me to caress them every time I approached their cage. They have somewhat the habit of rabbits, are perpetually sniffing the air with their sensitive nostrils, feed upon tender leaves and vegetables, are shy and nervous, but affectionate and responsive.

I do not like to see wild animals captive, and would have let them go if it had not been for the damage they would have done my garden; but they seemed to enjoy their imprisonment, and I made all amends possible by giving them choice things to eat and roomy quarters.

In the first three months of my stay I had gathered about me these agoutis, the coon, the parrots, a tame trogon, and other friends among the smaller tribes. Mocking birds and doves lived constantly about my door, and a flock of terns, or sea swallows, made the river basin their rendezvous, fluttering above and around me when at work on the beach, and walking about unconcernedly at all times.

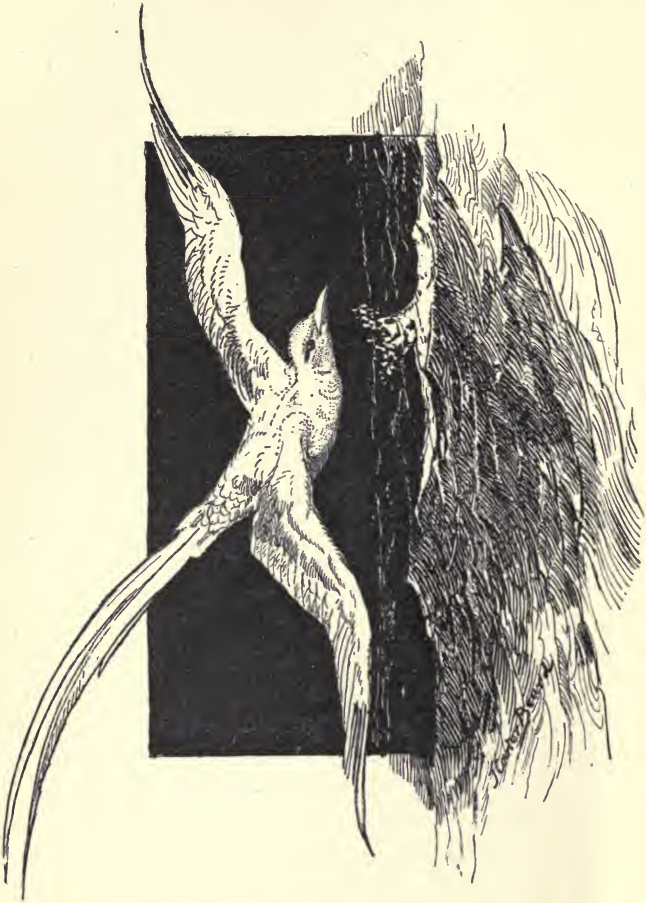
I cultivated the best of relations with my feathered friends, never doing anything to disturb them, and constantly having them in mind, especially when I had something they liked to eat, or for the building of their nests. In this manner I lived so happily that I even forgot to ask myself if I was happy, and I have learned this as the result of my lonely cogitations: That happiness is an article that can not be made to order. It must be the outgrowth of labors devoted to some other end, and must come to you, as it will, unsought. If you have a purpose that fills your soul, that engages your affections—whether it be charity or study, travel or agriculture—whatever it be, if pursued with ardor, it is quite likely to bring you happiness.

Crusoe says that he "found a kind of wild Pidgeons, who built not as wood Pidgeons, in a Tree; but rather as house Pidgeons, in holes in the Rocks." These may have been the great blue pigeons, which are now rare in the island; but I am inclined to think they were not pigeons at all, but birds altogether different. For Crusoe's knowledge of natural history was extremely limited, and he hardly "knew a hawk from a hernshaw."

Breeding in holes in the great cliffs, were the birds which, I think, he mistook for pigeons—the graceful Tropic Birds, trimmest and handsomest of sea fowl.

The generic name of the "Tropic," *Phaethon*, is that of the audacious young man, who (as narrated in the Greek mythology) undertook to guide the chariot of the sun, and having nearly set the world on fire, was hurled by Jupiter into the sea.

The name is well bestowed upon this sun-loving bird, but it is found nearer the sea than the heavens. It is very conspicuous at sea, in the tropical waters,



The Tropic Bird.

and may always be identified by the long feathers in its tail. These are two in number and are filiform, or cylindrical, having somewhat the appearance of straws, from which it is sometimes called the "straw bird," as by the sailors it is denominated the "bo'sen," from its shrill cries, like a boatswain's whistle.

Another strange bird, never seen out of tropic latitudes, is the great frigate bird, the *Fregata aquila*, its specific name probably derived from the Latin for an eagle. Though the frigate bird delights in the neighborhood of high cliffs, where its eggs are deposited and the young are reared in the breeding season, it may nearly always be seen sailing high.

It is more truly a sun lover, more an explorer of the upper atmosphere, than the eagle himself. It sails on scarce-moving wings for hours at a time, circling higher and higher, until finally a mere speck in the sky, then lost to sight entirely.

These man-o'-war birds, as the sailors call them, are seldom seen to alight, except in the height of the breeding season, during the period of incubation, or at night as they return to their roosting places. They leave the cliffs at early dawn and fly far out at sea, returning at evening in great numbers. The black hunters shoot them as they soar above the headlands or fly along the shore and at the mouths of rivers, where they sometimes come to drink and fish.

The tropic birds sailed high in air or darted athwart the sky, rarely visiting the bay, making their resting places in the rocks on either side; but the water was always enlivened by the presence of the terns, or sea swallows. They flew screaming over the surface, dove into the water after small fry, and after fishing busily for hours, alighted on the reefs and rocks and preened their feathers.

There was one species of gull—a laughing gull (*Larus atricilla*)—which awoke the echoes with its harsh cries and annoyed the clumsy pelicans by stealing their fish away, after they had secured their pouches full. The solemn pelicans always fished industriously, when not pursuing their lumbering flight along the shore. Scanning the water as they flew, they would suddenly drop upon a shoal of fish, seize several in their bills, and then elevate their heads and endeavor to throw the fish into their pouches.

This was the moment the gulls had been awaiting, and they would dart forward before the pelicans had shaken the water from their eyes, seize the fish from their very mouths, and fly off, laughing heartily at the victims of their cunning. The stupid pelicans would pay no attention to this robbery, but go on with their fishing as though nothing had happened.

These pelicans were, doubtless, the birds which Crusoe thought to be "penguins," the great, gray species; they sometimes floated in my bay in front of the hut for hours, like so many clumsy Dutch vessels at anchor. Morning and evening they were always actively fishing, and I watched them with interest, wondering whence they drew those inexhaustible supplies of fish, which had supported so many thousands of them for countless years.

The birds of the sea were engaging, introducing agreeable action into my otherwise solitary harbor; but the land birds were most dear to me, on account of their greater friendliness and intelligence. Perhaps, as some have said, a fish diet promotes intellectual activity in human beings, but it certainly is not so with birds.

My mocking birds, who had established their home quite close to the hut, were most precious to me. It may indicate a degree of false pride, perhaps, for me to assume that the "mockers" took delight in my society; but their actions seemed to show it, and that's all I had to judge by.

All the day long and far into the night, they poured forth their delightful songs. As their nest was built in a low tree close to my hut, I watched the progress of their domestic arrangements, and I am sure I was as glad as they when their first brood was successfully hatched and launched in air.

From this account it will be seen that I was favored with the best of company, and I used to think, with Crusoe, that "it would have made a Stoick smile to have seen me and my little Family."

CHAPTER IX.

JUMBO-JOCKO AND THE COCKERRICOS.

The biggest birds in Tobago—Those curious cockerricos—Lost in the woods—Saved from a serpent—A snake fourteen feet long—The hidden enemy in the bamboo clump.

Two days of rain kept me within doors and confined to the beach, where I cultivated the acquaintance of my feathered neighbors. But the morning of the third day brought me release, and with gun in hand I plunged into the forest. With the coming of the rainy season the woods began to ring with the cries of those noisy birds called by the natives "cockerricos," and it was to procure a few of them, if possible, that I went into the forest.

They are the noisiest, but at the same time the shyest, of all the birds in these woods. Their loud cries in the morning reminded me of a passage in that fascinating book written by the famous botanist Bartram, who hunted in Florida over a hundred years ago, when it was mainly a wilderness, inhabited only by Indians. He says: "I was awakened every morning early by the cheerful converse of the wild turkey cocks saluting each other from the sun-brightened tops of the cypress and magnolia. They begin at dawn and continue till sunrise, and the high forests ring with the noise of the rival sentinels, the watchword being caught and repeated from one to another for hundreds of miles around, insomuch that the whole country is for an hour or more in an universal shout."

I followed in Bartram's footsteps in Florida, one hundred years later, but the wild turkeys had nearly disappeared; though one memorable morning I shot four noble birds, the only ones I ever secured. There are no wild turkeys in Tobago, and the cockerricos are the largest bird to be found there, being about two feet in length and little more in extent of wing.

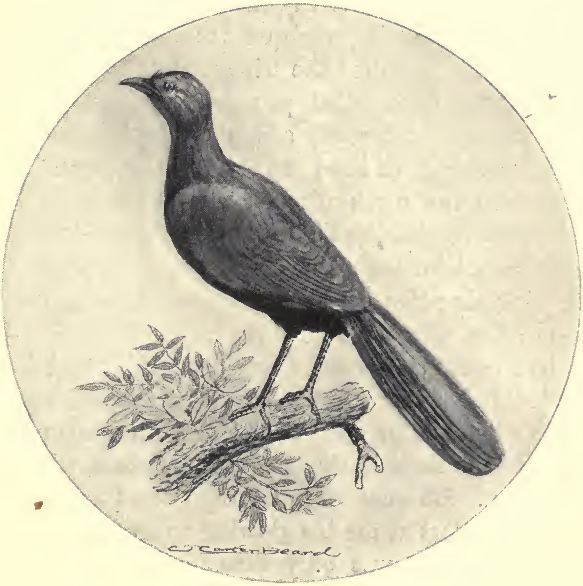
It is never safe to venture far in the rainy season, but I was so glad to get out into the woods once more that I tramped for two hours before halting. Then down came the rain, and I sought shelter beneath a big tree, in which I had reason to believe some cockerricos were feeding. But as I tried to look aloft the great drops of water splashed into my eyes, from orchids and wild pines, and at the same time the birds were hushed by the rainfall, and I had no guide to their position.

The woods were as quiet as a graveyard, the only sounds to be heard being the pattering of the raindrops on the leaves; but I felt sure that the birds were warily watching me. And at last, when, in sheer desperation, I walked out into the open, immediately there was a great shouting and cackling in the treetops, and a wild dash of frightened cockerricos in the opposite direction. Quickly throwing up my gun and sighting almost at random, I pulled trigger, and one of the birds fell crashing through the branches to the ground. Picking it up, I retreated to the shelter of the tree, where the mass of parasitic plants on bole and branches shunted off the rain, and was pleased to find that I had shot a full-grown male.

This bird, which is locally named from its loud and harsh cry, belongs to the family *Cracidæ*, which contains among others that strange bird, the "cha-cha-la-ka" of Mexico. There I shot one, in the ruins of Uxmal, years before, and found it as wary as this species, and possessed of as strange a cry. This "shout" of the cockerrico can be heard for miles, and is produced by a specially-arranged apparatus, for its larynx is very long, being fastened to the lower end of the sternum and reflexed upon itself, passing back and entering the thoracic cavity. It is curved like a French horn, and it is little wonder that its possessor can make himself heard for miles distant from his place of feeding.

It is almost omnivorous in its appetite, but feeds chiefly upon the seeds and buds of trees and vines, such as the milkweed, fiddle wood, clammy cherry, wild grapes, sugar apple, sapadillo, cabbage palm, etc. The name given to this bird by the naturalists is *Ortalis ruficauda*, and the family to which it belongs is confined to the tropical forests of the New World, ranging from Mexico to Paraguay, in the West Indies representatives being found only in Trinidad and Tobago.

That was a day of disaster, and I should have accepted the downpour of rain, coming as it did so unexpectedly and unwarrantably, as an omen of ill luck, and have returned to my house at once. But I did not wish to retire from the field so early in the day, and though a long distance away, farther than I had wandered before, I took advantage of whatever lulls there were in the storm to push my way yet farther into the forest.



The Cockerrico.

With head bent over to avoid the rain as much as possible, hat pulled over my eyes, and gun held under my arm to keep the breech dry, I was plodding up a steep hillside, when I heard a *whirr* of warning, and looking up saw a vicious snake gazing directly into my eyes. The hill was so steep that, the snake being about four or five feet away only, and above me, he was then on a level with my head.

Without removing my gun from its position beneath my arm, I pulled the trigger at once, so excited was I at the unexpected prospect of close quarters with a serpent, with every advantage on his side. Instead of blowing his head to pieces, as I expected, the charge tore the earth directly over it, and the serpent, after brandishing the head which I had intended to demolish, threateningly in my face, and darting out with lightning-like rapidity a forked tongue, like a flame of fire, slowly crawled away.

I had another charge in my gun, and could have reloaded in an instant, but was so surprised at the failure of my aim, and so struck with the magnanimity of the serpent, that I stood irresolute, while he crept away. He went off in triumph, too, turning now and then to dart at me his glowing tongue, and to remind me that it was only through his forbearance that I was left without a modicum of poison in my veins.

Perhaps I am not of the heroic clay of which the world's subduers are molded; at all events, I was more glad at my escape than desirous to fight that serpent, and leaned against a tree, faint with emotion. Quickly recovering myself, I plodded on, but now with resolve to seek my house and terminate the adventures of this evil day.

Taking the direction, as I thought, of my hilltop, I walked for an hour or more, the rain still falling, when, chancing to glance downward, I saw the very spot where my charge of shot had struck the earth as I had fired at the serpent. This was an unwelcome discovery, for it told me that I had lost my way.

In all my wood life in various lands I have never made the discovery that I was walking in a circle, without feeling a sinking at the heart. And I knew, from previous experience, that the best thing I could do was to sit right down and try to think it out.

It must have been the fault of the snake that my course, instead of being straight and direct, as usual, was now sinuous, serpentine! The sun was obscured, the trees dripping water, the clouds black and dense; a gloom as of a coming deluge overhung the forest.

But so long as life and strength belong to one, it is weak and foolish to give up and despair. It is oftener better to sit down and wait for the clouds to roll by than to plunge blindly ahead, as was proved to me in this instance, for in an hour the sun shone out and I was enabled to go on again.

Ascending a hill, where the trees were not quite so thick, I was soon possessed of my direction, and then turned about toward my camp, which was yet a long way off. Breaking out of the dense woods I came to the bank of a beautiful stream, above which sloped a hillside dotted with great clumps of bamboos.

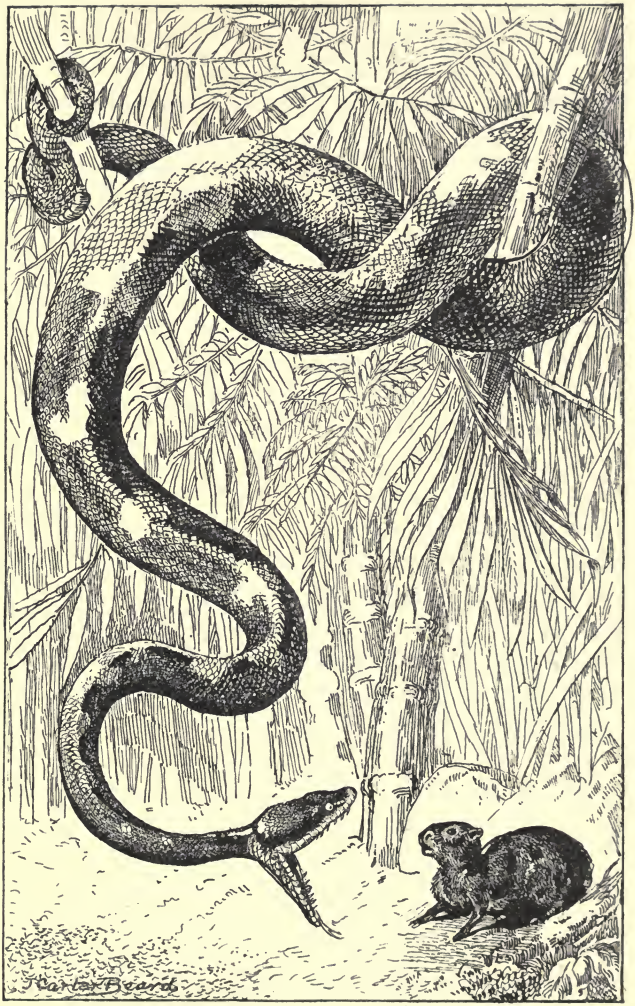
The bamboos, as of course you know, grow altogether in the tropics, and are very fine objects in the landscape there. The clumps of bamboo that I saw on the hillside seemed so attractive that I thought I would go up to examine them.

If a native of the island had been with me I should not have done such a thing, for he would have warned me against it. But, being alone, I rashly ventured, not knowing that anything more harmful than birds or lizards ever inhabited the pretty clusters of long, lancelike bamboo shafts, with their yellow stems and narrow green leaves.

I selected one of the largest clumps and, with my gun in the hollow of my arm, advanced upon it, as though going forward to storm a fort. For when in the forests of a strange land I always use caution in whatever I do, and hold my gun ready for instant use.

But, notwithstanding my caution, I did not expect the surprise in store for me. I noticed that some of the bamboo shafts were swaying wildly, as if a storm was beating on them, though the air was calm and no wind was blowing. This fact excited my suspicions, and I scanned the clump narrowly before approaching nearer than thirty feet.

And it was well I did so, for, as I halted a moment to examine the shafts, out sprang an immense boa constrictor, to the length of more than half his hideous body. His tail and the lower half of his shining body were enwrapped about two or three of the bamboo stems, while the front half and the great head, with its glittering eyes and open mouth, were launched into


J Carter Beard

Jumbo-Jocko, the great Boa.

the air. The head, with cruel white fangs and red mouth, seemed aimed directly at me, and I drew back in alarm, fearing the rest of the serpent would follow.

Directly in front of the horrible mouth, which was opened to its widest capacity, sat a small and inoffensive little agouti. It is somewhat like a rabbit in shape, but brown like a muskrat, and about as big as a woodchuck. The serpent's head hung dangling within a foot or so of the trembling animal, which seemed unable to stir from the spot. It did not notice my near presence either, nor did the serpent seem to, they were so absorbed, the one in the capture of its prey, and the other as though fascinated by the glittering eyes, which flashed like diamonds.

But I could not endure the thought of the little creature going down into that cavernous maw, and, quickly sighting my gun at a spot between the boa's eyes, I fired. There was a great commotion, then the bamboos rattled as though they had been struck by a hurricane, and there was a thrashing in the grass as if some one was beating it with the branch of a tree. Through the smoke, however, I saw enough to convince me that my aim had been true, for the great body hung rather limp, and the head dangled almost straight down.

Meanwhile the little agouti had recovered his senses, and skipped away, I suppose, for I did not see him after; he didn't even stop to thank me for his rescue from a living grave. I was on the point of going into the bamboo thicket to draw out the monster, when I happened to bethink me that these rascals usually hunt in pairs, and that perhaps the mate of the murdered serpent was waiting near to take revenge. So I cut a bamboo pole and drew the slimy carcase out, using a great deal of caution, until at last it lay before me, glistening in the sun.

Then I measured it and found it to be fourteen feet in length, or more than twice the height, if held upright, of an ordinary man. I have heard of boa constrictors of a length of thirty feet, but this one of fourteen was the largest that I ever killed.

Although I have hunted through many a stretch of tropic forest, in Mexico and the West Indies, where serpents of many kinds are numerous, yet I have never entirely overcome my dread of the horrid reptiles. There are two kinds of serpents to be avoided —the boa, which kills its victims by crushing them between its folds, and the poisonous snake, which inflicts death with its fangs. There is little danger from the boas, since they are not often met with in the West Indies more than large enough to crush and swallow a boy; but from the poisonous serpents one is always in dread of an attack.

There is one kind in the islands of Martinique and Saint Lucia called the *fer de lance*, which is not only very poisonous but a fighter. Unlike the rattlesnake and other serpents, it will follow and attack human beings. And as it is very large, and injects into the veins of its victims three times the amount of venom that the ordinary serpent does, the effect of its bite is almost instant death. It haunts the sugar-cane fields, where it kills the rats and mice, and when the black laborers come to cut the cane it leaps upon and bites them, every year leaving a record of hundreds of deaths from its fangs.

I afterward learned that this boa is called the "Jumbo-Jocko" by the negroes, and that he has a preference for the bamboo clumps, where he entwines himself around the drooping canes, sometimes gorged and asleep, but more often very wide awake and on the lookout for prey.

The island people are afraid of him and tell strange stories about his snakeship. They never trust themselves near his lair after sunset, and take particular care that little children shall not wander into the region where Jumbo-Jocko reigns. He has been found over sixteen feet in length, often with large fowls in his maw; and one was known to have killed and swallowed a fierce peccary, which is one of the wildest, wariest animals in the woods.

It may well be imagined that I closely scanned every bamboo thicket, that evening, as I wended my way homeward, and that I saw many serpent heads, with fiery, gleaming eyes, peering at me from the shadows of the trail.

CHAPTER X.

MY FRIENDS POMONA AND CERES.

How I got cocoa and coffee, and made flour from cassava—I find tobacco, maize, and rice; also feast on turtle eggs.

Above my head, as I came down the trail after shooting the serpent, a nighthawk darted round and round, uttering strange cries. I tried in vain to capture its companion, which flew persistently in front of me, suddenly alighting in the path at intervals, with tail and wings loosely spread, as though badly wounded.

Other night prowlers bothered me also, such as bats and vampires, which flew across my path and unexpectedly swooped down upon me. Some were small, but others large as doves, true blood-sucking vampires, which flapped about like ghosts, so soft and noiseless was their flight.

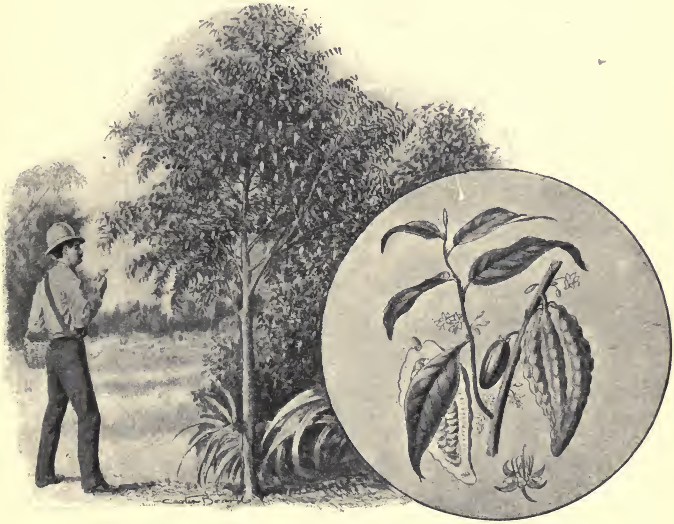
I found a curious group of them one day in the hollow trunk of an immense tree, where they had arranged themselves in the figure of a triangle, with the base upward. There were six of them—three in the upper row, two in the next, and one at the point. In order to see what they would do if their arrangement were disturbed, I shot the lowermost one, and the rest all flew away. But the next evening they were back again and had rearranged themselves in the same form, making an inverted triangle, with the omission of the bat that had formed the point.

But it was not of birds or bats that I wished to speak in this chapter; rather of my attempts to make a garden and subdue the savagery of some of the native plants. The first month after my arrival at this desolate spot had been spent chiefly in the woods, though not wholly in hunting, for I had kept my eyes open for such things as might be useful in a garden and plantation.

I had found seeds of the cacao in the pouch of a wood rat, shot on my first excursion, and that led me to look for the tree. This I found on the skirt of the forest, and not one tree only but a grove of the true "cacao," the chocolate-yielding bean. The name of this tree is derived from the Aztec *cacahuatl*, and it is the *Theobroma cacao* of the botanists.

The trees were some twenty feet in height, and were bearing well at the time I discovered them. Not only on the branches were the great pods growing, but climbing up the trunks, looking like big-bellied rats, red and purple in hue. The fruit—the seed, from which the chocolate is made—is contained in a pod from six to nine inches long and three or four in diameter, filled with a sweetish pulp, and there are sometimes three dozen seeds in a pod. Two crops a year are expected from the cultivated cacao, and my trees then had the remains of the Christmas crop on their limbs, which I quickly gathered and bore to my camp.

The trees were shaggy and filled with dead wood, from long neglect, and so I spent several days in pruning them, cutting off the small and surplus branches in order to throw the sap back into the larger ones where the next season's fruit could be benefited by it.



Cacao tree and fruit.

I might not be here to gather that crop, to be sure, but it was no more than right that I should in some way pay for that I had gathered, and some one was sure to come after me.

Sitting under the shade of my bamboos, I burst open the pods until I had at least a barrel of seeds in bulk, as yet uncleaned of the adhering pulp and fiber. Having seen the process in other islands, I knew that I must next allow the seeds to ferment, and so I filled my now empty cracker barrel with them and set them aside for three days, then turned the barrel over and gave them three days more, after which they were spread out to dry.

On the plantations the planters have smooth stone floors, called *barbacues*, upon which the cacao is spread; but I merely stretched some canvas, protecting them from night dews and rains, and in this manner soon had my crop cleaned and dried. This I stowed carefully away, and then felt that at least one want was in a measure provided for.

This was not my only discovery, however; it seemed that Heaven showered down many blessings upon me at that time, perhaps to try me and prove whether or no prosperity would ruin me. That other discovery was coffee. In the same locality, but at a higher elevation in the hills, I came upon a clump of coffee trees, some white with fragrant blossoms and others red with fruit. Like the cacao trees, these also were sadly in need of pruning, and after I had gathered their fruit I cut the most of them back severely, taking off their tops at about eight feet from the ground. I cut down the wild trees that crowded in upon them, thus giving them light and air, spread a mulch of leaves about their roots, and then left them to flourish alone.

The coffee (*Coffea Arabica*) is not, like the cacao, a native of the West Indies, but was brought here in the last century from Africa. Its cultivation was almost abandoned in the flourishing period of sugar and slavery times, but is now being taken up again with profit. The Mocha variety requires an elevation above the sea of from one thousand to two thousand feet for the best results, but there is a variety called the Liberian which will grow at a lower altitude, and in many respects is superior.

My coffee was from some old plantation Mocha, run wild years ago. This kind grows best in rich, deep soil, and likes to nestle in deep crevices among the rocks of a hillside, where the warmth and collected moisture promote its growth. The berries are red as a cherry when ripe and must be gathered as soon as matured.

Inside the pulp is the coffee bean, which must be removed by a process called pulping. Machines are provided for that purpose on the estates, but I removed mine by rolling the berries between two boards, as there was but a small quantity, and after that I soaked them in water for twenty-four hours to ferment and remove the mucilaginous substance adhering, and then spread them out to dry.

Even then there remained the parchment or hull, which I brayed off in a rude mortar hollowed out of wood, and winnowed in the air. As I had no coffee grinder or mill, I had recourse to a most primitive process by putting the coffee, after it was roasted, into a canvas shot bag and pounding it with the head of an axe.

By the time all these processes were performed I had a most vivid impression of the difficulties in the way of an isolated existence, and realized the advantages of coöperation as experienced in civilized life in communities. But I did not repine; far from it. I enjoyed as never before my cups of coffee and of chocolate, having extracted them from the very vitals of earth. It was indeed "theobroma"—nectar such as the gods delight in—and I thrived on it.

This much with reference to my beverages—cocoanut water direct from the tree every morning, coffee and chocolate from my private groves, and a stream of "Adam's ale" at my very door.

Tobacco I also found growing wild, as Crusoe did. I say growing wild, but it had probably been cultivated here at some former period. This plant was discovered by Columbus in the West Indies, and the first sent from here to England direct came from the near island of Trinidad, probably being sent home or carried there by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1585.

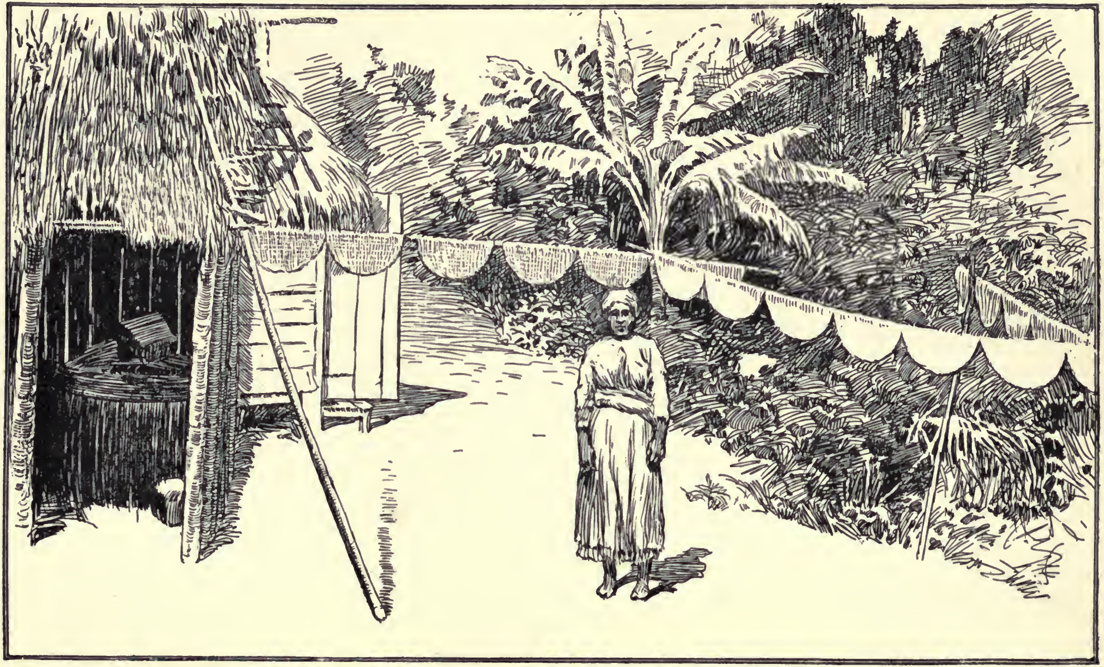
Hence the tobacco is at home in Tobago, and Crusoe doubtless did find it growing here if he looked about him with attention. He says he did, for "I searched for the Cassava Root, which the Indians in all that Climate make their Bread of, but I could find none. I saw large Plants of Aloes, but did not then understand them; and I saw several Sugar Canes, but wild and for want of cultivation imperfect."

Perhaps one of my most important finds was the cassava (*manihot*). One day, while hunting along a lowland grove, I came to an opening looking out to the sea, where the land seemed to have been cultivated at some time in the past. This sea valley was fertile and sheltered from the gales of the hurricane season, and I found here many remains of early cultivation. One tract contained shrubby plants with knotty stems six or eight feet high, which I at once saw was cassava. Pulling up one of the plants I found a large tuber attached to the woody stem, and then knew that I was looking upon a plant known to the aborigines of these islands before the advent of the white man.

The Indians prepare the cassava by grating the tuber and making from it a fine meal which is baked into thin cakes. As the bitter cassava is deadly poison in a raw state, and the poison is dissipated by heat, the meal is heated over a fire before it is stored away for use.

My stock of flour was nearly half gone at the end of the second month, and I knew that something must be done soon or I should be without bread. The cassava would yield a supply of farinaceous food, at a pinch, and I held it in reserve for the future.

Behind my cocoa grove was a small tract of rich soil which I, with infinite labor, dug up with a spade and here planted some shoots of the manihot. This was done by merely cutting off sections of the stems and sticking them in the ground—quite in the old and easy aboriginal way, with the least trouble possible.



Cassava cakes, made by Indians from manioc meal.

If it appear that I seem lazy, I shall offer no defense, as I have become so and was not born so. The easiest way is always the best, but some people are not satisfied with that, and spend their time hunting out one more difficult.

In that same abandoned field I found what gave me a thrill of joy at beholding: some stalks of maize, or Indian corn. Like cassava, indigenous to America, yet the maize (*Zea mays*) has had a more general dissemination throughout the world than the other, and now supplies the staff of life to millions. Yet at one time it was known only to the American Indian, and was first discovered by Europeans in these very islands of the West Indies.

I don't think Columbus himself could have experienced greater satisfaction when Indian Guacanagari brought him those golden grains, on the coast of Haiti in 1492, than I did at the sight of the majestic maize stalks growing in this deserted corner of Tobago. There were some large ears on the stalks, but nearly divested of grain by the birds; and, as Crusoe says, in narrating his own experience, "I carefully saved the Ears of Corn, you may be sure, in their Season." And then there were the pineapples. Crusoe does not mention them, but they were there, probably; great, juicy, luscious fruits, with tufts of leaves like a cacique's crown. They, too, are American products.

The season for planting is almost any time, but best in the first three months of the year. Beginning in January, utilizing the spare time from my hunts, I worked in the soil night and morning; and it was surprising to see how much I had turned over with my spade when February came in. It was hard labor in one sense, but sweetened by the consciousness that every stroke and every spadeful tended toward that improvement of my condition which should be my highest aim. It could not be called menial, for it was deprived of every groveling element by its own dignity, since I was doing it for myself and not for hire. Never, since my birth into a world of work, have I consciously enslaved myself; I have always been a free man. And I was free now, free to live a life of idleness if I chose—and would pay the penalty! The work was its own reward, aside from the ultimate fruition of what I planted there, in that little garden under the palms.

The cassava was set out, the grains of corn were planted, and on the outskirts of the savanna I sowed some wild rice and buried the tubers of a certain plant, called the *tania.* This latter is a pretty plant when growing, having large, arrow-shaped leaves, and is allied to the famous *taro* of the Hawaiian Islands.

From the corn I expected a harvest in less than three months, and from the others in not less than six to eight; and even then I must use sparingly, in order to save enough for another planting. I varied my agricultural operations with excursions into the forest and along the shore; and now, having a good set of fishing poles made from the bamboos, I caught many a fish from the rocks at the mouth of the harbor.

In one of my tramps along the beach beyond the northern promontory, one evening, I came upon a great turtle dragging itself up the sands. Carefully watching, I saw it dig a hole in the sand and there deposit a number of eggs—about forty, as I soon discovered. It was near dark when the turtle had completed this labor, and taking advantage of the obscurity I stole upon and soon had turned it over on the sand, where I left it till the morning. When I returned for my prize, however, it had recovered its legs and departed.

Pineapple plants.

This was in contradiction to what I had always believed true of the ways of the sea turtle, for I had thought that once on their backs, there they would have to remain till turned over again. However, the eggs compensated me for my trouble, and I reflected that I could easily find another turtle when I wanted a steak. "Going down to the seaside," says Crusoe, "I found a large Tortoise, or Turtle; this was the first I had seen, which it seems was my misfortune, not any defect of the Place, or scarcity; for had I happened to be on the other Side of the Island I might have had Hundreds of them every Day, as I found afterwards; but perhaps had paid dear enough for them." And this I found to be literally true.

CHAPTER XI.

MY HOME ON THE HILLTOP.

"My next Work was to view the Country and seek a proper Place for my Habitation and where to stow my Goods, to secure them from whatever might happen; there was a Hill not above a Mile from me which rose up very steep and high, and which seem'd to overtop some other Hills which lay as in a Ridge from it northward."—CRUSOE.

I HAD been three months on this island before I owned a home. The camp on the beach, though it was a delightful makeshift, was never regarded by me in any sense as a home, for it was built of too fragile materials, serving merely as a retreat for the night and from the heat of the sun. In making the discovery of the palm-crowned hill in the forest, I had found the site of what I really wanted to establish: a home that would serve me as a permanent place of residence. Soon after I opened a path through the woods, which shortened the distance between that place and the camp to less than a mile, and at once began cutting the timber for a house.

It was a fatiguing labor, of course, and I will not detail the days of toil and the many schemes I invented to overcome the difficulties in the way. Suffice it that by the end of February I had all the material at the hill, and rapidly built my house. The lumber was not any too well seasoned, having but a month or so for drying, but it answered well enough. I used, for the walls of the house and the outside covering, strips riven from palm logs, which made it look like what it really was, a log hut. It was of one story only, but being perched on the summit of the hill it was dry and well drained, and even had a cellar beneath it. There was a door in the center and two windows, the latter protected by shutters, as I had no glass. These openings looked out toward the north, and, that I might the better enjoy the magnificent view outspread in this direction, I built a broad veranda running the entire length of the structure.

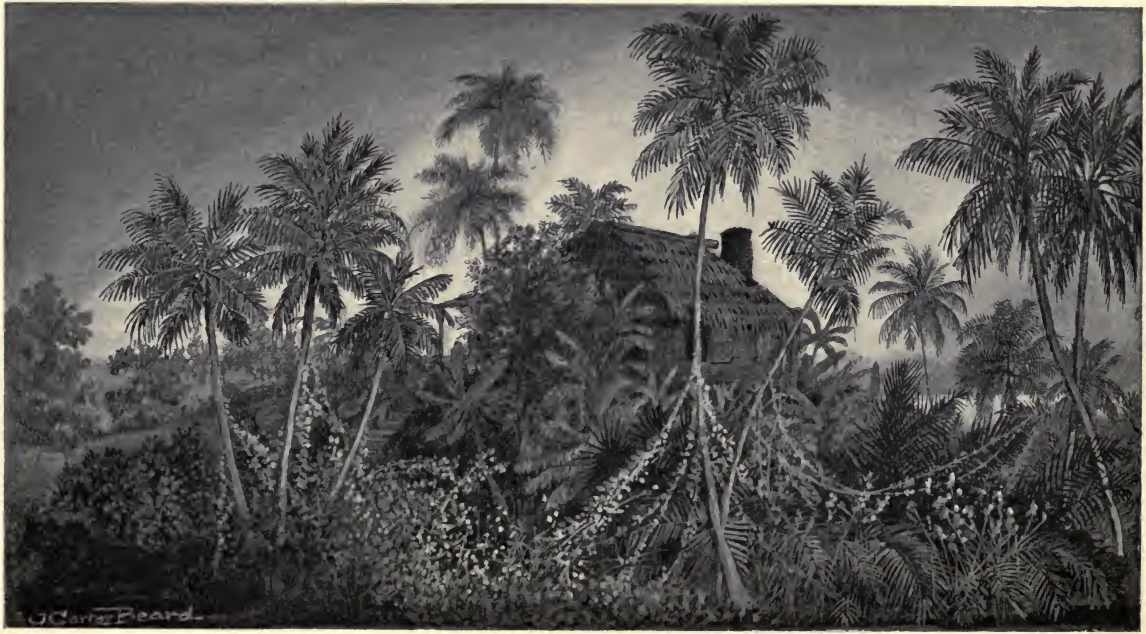
Two things I decided to have in this new house of mine if I had nothing else: a veranda and a fireplace. By people in general these are regarded as superfluities, especially the fireplace, which can easily be dispensed with in the tropics; but I knew better. I was not building merely for a shelter, but for the gratification of my home-loving nature as well, and a home without a hearthstone is just no home at all!

The temperate zone, which has produced the brightest exemplars of intellectual humanity, is indebted to the hearthstone for its highest culture. In the tropics man is lost in the immensity of Nature, his powers are dissipated, he loses the faculty of concentration. Only within the shelter of walls, shut in by the "tumultuous privacy of storm," and by the side of the bright hearth fire, have the greatest minds produced the greatest works. That may be an opinion merely, but, at all events, there is a cheer in the open fire that nothing else can supply, and I knew that there would be long days in the rainy season when it would be grateful.

The construction of the fireplace and chimney was more difficult than the building of the house, but with sticks and clay and a few flat stones I made something that answered my purpose. The whole house was only sixteen feet wide by twenty-four long, and this was divided into two rooms, that containing the fireplace being devoted to use as a living room and study.

The new place I called the "Hilltop" and the old one the "Seaside," and, having removed to the former the bulk of my belongings, I set about improving the situation in earnest. On the slopes of the hill I planted a great many arrowroot slips; for this plant, which is a native of tropical America, grows readily in the rich soil of a hillside, such as I had here. Not only did I have to consider the soil and situation in undertaking this cultivation, but the contiguity of a stream of running water, which would be essential in the gathering of the crop and the preparation of the starch. That was a contingency remote, a year or so hence; but, although I knew the odds might be against my reaping the benefit of this labor, yet I was willing to take the risk.

The hillslopes were also best for the cassava, many cuttings of which I transplanted here, and eventually had a broad strip of cultivated land stretching down from my door to the pond. Around the house I set


J. Carter Beard

My home on the hilltop.

out such vines and flowering plants as I thought might grow well here, and such as the woods yielded me; but they were not many, and I would have given half my cassava crop for a good old-fashioned flower garden, filled with phlox, hollyhocks, balm, and fragrant herbs, such as I wot of somewhere.

In my search for flowering plants I found, in the deserted plantation, a vine with flowers like those of the morning-glory, but which proved of vastly more importance, being nothing less than the sweet potato. This, like the arrowroot, is native to tropical America, and was carried to Europe even before the ordinary potato. The Indians knew it as the *batata*, and its scientific name (*Ipomœa batata*) indicates its origin and the family to which the plant belongs. I was much rejoiced at obtaining cuttings of this valuable vine, and set out as many as I could, near the house.

After I had become domiciled, and the aspect of newness had given place to an air of permanency, I had many visitors at the house, chiefly with feathers on them. My dear old mocking bird seemed to miss me very much at the beach, and I did the best I could to induce him to move to my new abode; but it was a long time before he could be made to understand where I had gone. Birds are more restricted, as to their flights and habitat, than is generally believed. Such as the mocking bird prefer short flights and a narrow hunting range, to wandering over large spaces. The mile that separated my two houses was sufficient to give me an entirely new class of birds, and the residents of one region rarely trespassed upon the preserves of another.

One morning, however, I heard a flood of song being poured forth from the rooftree of my new house, and before I had gone into the outer air I knew that *Mimus* had come to visit me. He had brought his mate along, too, and when I appeared he welcomed me gleefully. I had some food for him, of course, and when he had eaten of it he entered the doorway and began an examination of my domicile, nodding his dainty head in evident approval. Then he retired to the roof again and sang a benediction, after which he and Mrs. Mimus flew away to the seaside, where their domestic engagements were too pressing for them to be absent long at a time. After the young had flown they made me longer and more frequent visits, and finally settled near me, though giving up with evident reluctance their residence at the beach.

I had not been in my new place a week when a flycatcher, one of the birds allied to what we call in the North the "pewee," took up her abode under the thatch of my roof. Under the eaves she and her mate built a pretty nest, knowing well enough that they were safe from harm. They were quiet and unobtrusive, but I got a deal of comfort from their company; for, while the female sat on the eggs she laid, the male came out in search of mosquitoes and small insects, flying about me, and frequently sitting on the rafters of the room for hours.

On the border of the woods I found the most curious specimen of the flycatcher family extant. He was a quaint little chap, only four inches in length, but with a bill over half an inch wide and nearly three quarters of an inch long. He is known as the "spoonbill," or the duckbill flycatcher, from having this odd, spatulate protuberance. The general designation in Latin of the flycatchers, the generic name, is *Musicapa* (*musca*, a fly, *capio*, to take), but this little pug-nose is called the *Todus platyrynchus*, from the Greek, meaning that he has a broad snout.

"During this Time," says Crusoe, "I made my Rounds in the Woods for Game every Day, when the Rain permitted me, and made frequent Discoveries in these Walks of Something or other to my advantage."

One never walks abroad in the woods without making discoveries of importance, if he keep his eyes about him. In one of my rambles I made an important addition to my stock of useful articles by the find of the soapberry tree. And I was nearly out of soap, too, at this time, so that the "find" was opportune.

The "soapberry," or "soap seed," grows on a tree some forty feet high, which is in bearing several months in the year. The seed is black, inclosed within a yellow skin, and is about as large as a common marble. The creoles use the skin, which is viscid, as a detergent, in lieu of soap, and it is often used to wash clothes with. The seeds, after they are cleaned, are worn as beads by the children. Another thing used for removing dirt is the leaf of the "soap vine," which is quite common, and is applied with corncobs, cocoanut husks, etc.

I could now save the little soap I had left for toilet purposes, and clean my clothes with the soapberry, which I found growing in abundance near the pond, after I had made its acquaintance.

In a tall tree near the house a ruby humming bird made her nest, and I had an opportunity for watching the whole process of nest-building. She was flying continually from tree to tree, gathering cobwebs, after the core of the nest was made, and plastering them on with her bill, sitting inside and dropping the bill over the side, rubbing it around swiftly and delicately, firmly attaching the cobwebs and lichens.

One cloudy morning, when the leaves of the trees were a quiver noiselessly, and the birds hushed and subdued as if in expectation of some disaster—for the signs all indicated a big storm coming—I was attracted by the actions of a brown humming bird. I was standing under a large sapote tree, by the side of the stream where I usually crossed it, and in front of me dashed a big brown "hummer." After hovering a few seconds above a large flat stone, it suddenly dropped and touched its beak to it, then, rising in the air a foot or so, it darted out its tongue for more than an inch of its length, apparently drawing in what had gathered on its beak. This performance was repeated several times, until, being curious to find the cause for these actions, I examined the stone, and found on it some pulverized lime, which I had dropped when coming up from the beach. When

I made my chimney I burned lime, as well as I could, from the coral and shells on the beach, and this I transported with difficulty to the hill, dropping much of it by the way. And it was to get a taste of this lime, doubtless, that the humming bird whetted its slender beak on the flat stone.

I found the nest of this "hummer" attached to the under side of a small palm leaf, daintily constructed of cobwebs and lichens, and affixed like the nest of a swallow. The leaf bent above and concealed it, so I should never have found it had not the bird himself betrayed its whereabouts. This species and the emerald variety are very brave, even to rashness, darting at any intruder, man or beast, with a "whoof, whoof" of the wings that is startling, when heard in the stillness of the deep forest.

Thus my time was passed in noting the movements of my neighbors, in cultivating my grounds, and adding to my store of information regarding the fauna and the economic flora of my island. Almost before I was aware of it three months had flown, and I was as much at home as though I had lived here all my life.

CHAPTER XII.

HOME OF THE HUMMING BIRDS.

A flood of bird music—The razor grinder's song—Birds with ventriloquial calls—A plunge into a pool—The screen of flowers—Evolutions in midair—Whitethroats and saber wings.

A PERFECT flood of song greeted me one morning about mid-April, seemingly poured forth from a thousand throats: of finches, sparrows, blackbirds, bluebirds, thrushes, and many more. This hosanna was a welcome to the rain which, as in the North, distinguishes the month of April from the other months. The first scattered drops had fallen, but the season of heavy rains did not begin before the month of June.

I arose before the deep shadows of night had been fairly dissipated; stars gleamed out of the sky and were reflected in the still sea; the hush of early dawn was upon everything; but before I had finished my bath in the pond there burst forth a chorus of sounds. The wren, the little "God bird," who, like the pewee, had taken up his abode beneath my roof, was the first to break the stillness, then the mocking bird, followed by the flycatchers. The "mocker" took upon himself the office of master of ceremonies;

from a tall palm stub near the house he poured out his heart. My hill was the grand stand, my little family the chief performers—at least the first—and auditors in the surrounding forest took up the chorus.

From the valleys beneath arose an outcry as though a whole barnyard of fowls had broken out at once; these were the "cockerricos" who rent the air with harsh screams of "cokriko, cokriko, cokriko!" A shy and wary bird is the cokriko, and you may rest assured that, however noisy he may be, his every sense is on the alert. Many a time and oft, I stalked him vainly before he became my capture.

Up from the trees around came a loud, shrill whistle, prolonged and deafening, like a steam whistle in sound and intensity. This was from the cicada, and its continuous shrilling presages the near approach of the rainy season. When first I heard it I truly thought a locomotive was tearing through the forest, and leaped from my tracks in great alarm. These cicadæ are quite large, and I have seen them many times clinging to the bark of a cashew tree. I have only heard the sound in the spring and early summer, from April to August, and it is probably a love call, as I have seen a cicada alone on a bare tree trunk calling nervously, and looking later, when the cry had ceased, found a second one in close company. The loud shrilling seems to issue from the thoracic region, and may be made by the insect rubbing the wings together, as at that time the wings seem to be but a filmy mist. Not alone in the morning, but at noon when the day is hottest, as well as at evening time, do they raise the most deafening din.

But, not to dally too long, this bright morning, with the "razor grinder," as the black people call him, we must swallow our coffee and away. As I go down the hill I see some swift-flying birds approaching, many pairs of them, but all in couples. They wing their way with rapid beatings of the air, for their bodies are robust, their wings are short. They are the large green parrots, and are going off for a hasty meal in the "provision grounds," before the owners are out and before they begin their regular all-day foraging on their own "feeding trees" in the forest. In an hour or so they will come back again, having learned by bitter experience that it isn't safe to stray far from the woods long after the sun has risen.

They were all screaming to each other, "Quite right, quite right!" not knowing at all the significance of the words they uttered; but one of them startled me by adding, "Quite right, ha-ha, quite right!" It was Polly Psittacus, and lucky for him he cried out as he did, for I had my gun up, ready to drop him as he flew by, thinking, of course, he was one of the wild ones. And a wild one he was, having returned to his old ways of feeding and living; but he never forgot me, and a few days later he and Mrs. Psittacus paid me a visit.

Having got rid of their first crop of young, or rather having given them a start in life by pushing them out of their nest, they now had leisure for visiting. They liked my house so well that they stayed several days on the first visit, during which they inspected the group of palms around the house, and finding there one with a hole in it to their liking, took up their abode without further ado. I am going to relate their doings in due course, and shall be obliged to tell what a bad reputation Psittacus had before he came under the civilizing influence of my household. It all came out, as they say bad doings always do, and in a most curious manner.

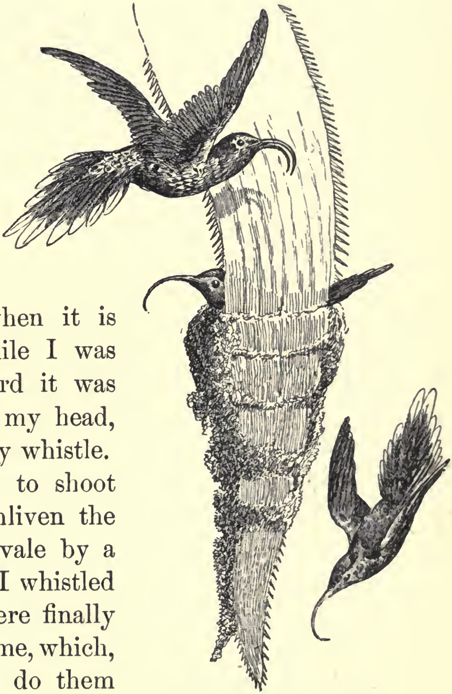
But again I must beg pardon for delaying my trip to the woods. By the time I enter the shade the sun is shooting his first beams over the mountain ridge. He is a good marksman and accurate, but the first rays are spent in ethereal space, shot over the heads of mortals on this orb terrestrial and above the treetops even of the somber forest. As if suspecting that his ammunition may be wasted, old Sol pops up out of the water to see for himself, with rosy, beaming face, red hot from his exertions since I saw him last. Heralds of his coming were not wanting in roseate flushes of the cloudlets along the horizon, deepening rapidly into crimson blushes and beauty spots. I had watched Sol as he dropped beneath the western sea the night before, and could have sworn that he winked at me wickedly, shooting out a parting gleam, as much as to say, "I'll see you tomorrow, my dear." Now he was up again, after his journey half around the world, and the manner in which he shot his darts at me, whenever an opening occurred in the bushes, fully justified me in the surmise of the previous evening. Soon I was bathed in perspiration, and had not a dry thread on me, notwithstanding the shade at intervals.

A mile of this brought me to a deep ravine, and then I scrambled along the dry bed of what in the summer was a roaring river, till I came out at the bottom of a valley between two steep hills, where a tiny rivulet trickled, and where the tall trees met in a canopy overhead and effectually screened me from the sun.

The murmur of the stream was soothing, the sighing of the breeze in the treetops was quieting, and the coolness of this secluded vale refreshing. Great milkwood trees towered aloft, but the palmistes held their heads even higher, while ferns and luxuriant, lush-leaved wild pines cast a shade dense enough for protection. A flock of parrots was screaming in the milkwood tree, but I would not shoot at them, for fear I might wound or kill my own Psittacus. A saber-wing humming bird flew by, poised himself an instant on buzzing wings, and then departed with a *whiz* and a *whirr*. But he had delayed his departure too long, for at the report of my gun he fell into the ferns.

By the rivulet-side I took a humming bird's nest from the pendent leaf of a palm fringed with sharp spines. This was the nest of the sicklebill hummer, sometimes called the "Doctor," which often affixes its nest to the under side of a "balisier" leaf, where it has complete shelter from the sun and rain.

Meanwhile I was whistling for trogons at intervals, and was at last rewarded by a distant call. Throwing into my voice all the seductiveness possible, I succeeded in attracting a trogon to the valley; but it was some time before I discovered it, as the notes of the trogon are in a measure ventriloquial, in common with the voices of many other birds. It has the quality of seeming afar off when it is quite near, and while I was looking for the bird it was sitting quietly over my head, replying to my every whistle.



Sicklebill Humming Birds and nest.

I did not want to shoot the bird, only to enliven the somberness of the vale by a little color, and so I whistled again until there were finally many trogons about me, which, seeing that I would do them no harm, lingered among the tree ferns, and kept me company all the day. While watching the birds that came in response to my calls, and walking slowly along the edge of the stream, I got a bad fall, my attention being fixed upon the treetops instead of the earth.

The rocks were slippery and over I went, sliding down a long cascade, and plunging through a screen of vines into a small but deep pool, where I was completely submerged. The fall was a severe one, and when I had got out on the rocks again I found my wrist badly sprained and rapidly turning black, from a blow received while trying to hold my gun out of the water in the descent. Gun and cartridges were soon spread out to dry; with great difficulty I divested myself of my clothing, and then sat down to rest, in the condition that is supposed to have been that of Adam in the garden of Eden.

The heat had increased, notwithstanding the shade, and so, as the pool had been shown large enough to wet me thoroughly, I got into it again and lay along the shelving rock under the water. As I lay there, in great pain from my swollen wrist, but not insensible to the soothing silence of the place, I was startled by an abrupt whirr of wings quite near my head. I was lying in a little glen, beneath the tiny stream, which trickled over the rock above and fell some fifteen feet into the pool. By standing up I took a shower bath, making a spray by extending my hand and allowing the water to fall through the opened fingers.

Above the pool grew a large tree, wreathed to its topmost branches by a stout vine which was itself clothed in brilliant yellow flowers. Vine and flowers covered the trunk, running along the branches and hanging in festoons from the drooping head of the tree, descending to the rocks, and forming a screen that hid the spot from outside observation. From that yellow drapery about my couch emanated a subtle fragrance, perfuming the air for hundreds of yards around. Bees buzzed about it, multitudes of insects hovered in front of it; but, more than this, scores of humming birds played around and behind it, darting like lightning through the yellow flowers and the misty veil of the waterfall.

In the woods everywhere at this season one's senses are delighted with beautiful sights, and above all with delicious odors. Looking in any direction, I could see the brilliant yellow masses of the cog wood and green heart, trees large as maples, mere masses of golden bloom. Many another tree was in blossom, the buds were springing, and every sense assured me that it was as surely springtime here as it was then in New England.

I heard the whirr of wings, and saw, dancing above the still waters, with seemingly aimless intent, a whitethroat humming bird. It was first above my pool, then under the spray of the fall, occasionally dipping into the water, but never once alighting. It may have been seeking food, while thus indulging in fantastic flight; but this strange dance it always performs in somber places, chiefly in the morning and evening twilight.

Never were evolutions more eccentric or delightful: down it dropped from the gloom of vine-hung tree, halted an instant on suspended wing, dashed sidewise, fell, rose again, dipped its beak, while still on fluttering wings, into the water, then suddenly darted off, so rapidly that the eye could hardly follow it, to resume its capers in another place.

The first one I ever shot was when, as now, I was bathing in a shady pool. A whitethroat came beating about the stream, its broad tail of pure white and the white crescent at its throat contrasting beautifully with the blue and glossy green of its body. At the report of my gun (which was loaded with a pinch of powder and a little dust-shot) a troubling of the surface of the stream, such as the falling of a leaf would have caused, told me that my aim had been true, and I hastily ran to secure it, all naked as I was.

So many "hummers" fluttering about could not long remain without a quarrel, for these little sprites are pugnacious rascals, brave to rashness. Suddenly two of them penetrated the screen of flowers and engaged before my face in mimic battle, chirping and beating their wings in fury. In a twinkling one dropped to the surface of the pool, fluttering down like a feathery snowflake; but no sooner touched the water than it darted upward and flew into the forest, its antagonist remaining dancing in mid-air, like the fairy that he was.

This humming bird is just a little over five inches in length, and another species, found more in open woods and fields, called the ruby, is half an inch shorter. This latter species has a brilliant ruby crest, and glows all over like a coal of fire. A naturalist, who made these birds a subject of study, says that he once found in the stomach of one of them more than a hundred ants, showing conclusively that their food is insectivorous, though they doubtless do indulge in honey and sweets from the flowers. This observer also surrounded a humming bird's nest with gauze, just before the young were ready to fly, and for three weeks the mother bird came and fed them, betraying the utmost solicitude if any one approached, and driving off other birds, with angry chirps and violent actions.

Eight species of humming bird have been found in Tobago: the "Doctor" or the sicklebill, which has a curved beak, and builds a pensile nest, beneath a bending leaf, I have already described; the saberwing, a very peculiar species; the whitethroat, one of the little dancers of the forest; the ruby-crested, the most brilliant of them all, and which has been nearly exterminated by the bird-hunters; the emerald, which is very small; and three others not so numerous. As a bird peculiar to the New World, and never found in any other part of the globe, the humming bird possesses a special value to Americans, taking the place in this hemisphere that the sunbirds fill in the other.*

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* I would call attention to the fact, in this connection, that while six species of humming bird have been found in Tobago, 2 three have been discovered in Juan Fernandez, one of which has been named the *Trochilus Fernandensis*.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MANAKIN'S AËRIAL DANCE.

How to catch birds in the deep woods—Calls used by the Caribs—A peculiar courtship—The rivals dancing in air.

When in the deep forests of the tropics, where the trees are tall, the foliage dense, the undergrowth a perfect snarl of spiny, thorny vines and bush ropes, it is next to impossible to secure a bird even after you have shot it and "marked" it down to a certainty.

In the first place, you must find your prospective prey, and this is no small matter; you may hear the chattering of parrots, the songs of thrushes, the "squeaking" of humming birds; but while all may be quite near you, yet they are hidden beyond masses of leaves and vines. The best way to obtain them is to seek a good spot, make yourself as comfortable as possible, then await their arrival. Even then you must not depend wholly upon your unaided powers of sight, but must use all your arts of allurement.

Birds are curious, though shy and cautious. While they would fly from you in affright, should they see you coming through the woods, they may be caught by stratagem quite easily.

Assuming that it is necessary to secure a bird, the best way, as I said, is to make it come to you, and not go blundering about the woods, barking your shins against rocks and trees. You can call them to you, as the Carib Indians taught me, by various imitations of their cries. Their curiosity will prompt them to investigate any strange noise in their quiet retreats, and they will come flying toward you precipitately, if you keep yourself well concealed.

Imitate the cry of a bird in distress, and a dozen of his or her relatives will come flying to the rescue. Squeak as though a young bird were trying its first flights, and a lot of troubled mother birds will drive straight for the object of their solicitude. More attractive than any other call is that imitating a pair of birds engaged in a fight. Nearly all birds love a scrimmage, and take as much interest in it as any small boy does in a dog fight. They hurry forward with responsive cries, and nearly tumble over themselves in their efforts to be first at the scene of the affray.

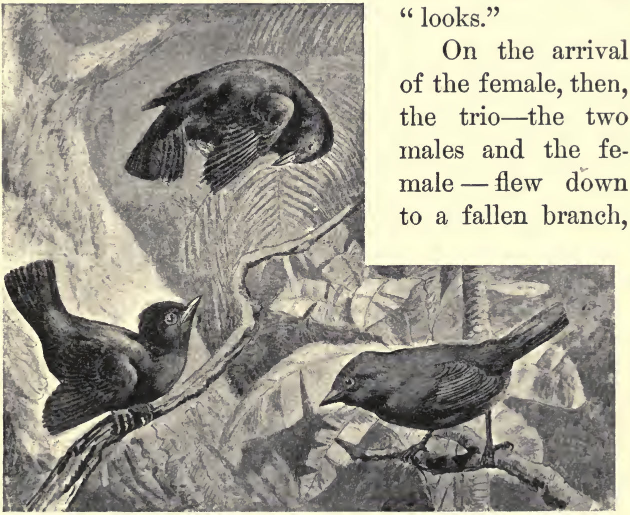
By means of these cries I surrounded myself with flitting forms, which kept me company throughout the day.

Like flashing gems, like meteors astray, the merry humming birds darted athwart the glen, illumining its darkest nooks. I could have lain there in my bathing pool for hours and hours, listening to the falling water and watching the eccentric flights of the birds. But soon my clothes were dry, there was no longer excuse for lingering, and I went a little way into the woods. As I was sitting on a mossy rock eating my luncheon I heard a shrill whistle, a whistle with a twang in it like the whiz of a bowstring or the nasal note of an untraveled American. It was so near, apparently, and came from the stillness of the woods so abruptly, that I started. It was repeated—"*Whew, whit!*"—and searching carefully, I discovered its author perched upon a horizontal limb quietly regarding me, holding his head on this side and then on that, evidently awaiting a response.

Nor was he disappointed; another whistle, precisely like the first, announced the approach of another bird. This one alighted on the same branch, and then ensued the jolliest dance that it has been my good fortune ever to witness. Seated on the same branch, apparently as loving as a pair of love birds, they began to whistle to each other, bobbing their heads in a way that excited my laughter, and as if to say, "After you, if you please," sidling away and approaching, whistling merrily all the while.

Their whistle now was not so shrill, but mellow and plaintive; and I soon saw the cause of it all, when another bird flew out of the shrubbery adjacent and alighted near. This one was clad in sober colors, olive green predominating, and was doubtless a female, the others being males and her admirers. As I afterward learned, this bird was known as the "manakin" (*Pipra pareola*). The male has a scarlet silken crest of triangular shape, which, as contrasted with his blue back, gives him a strikingly handsome and smart appearance. The female is very plain, but evidently understands the art of fascinating, for, while her mate is much the handsomer of the two, he proves himself a most assiduous lover, and is by no means vain of his "looks."

On the arrival of the female, then, the trio—the two males and the female — flew down to a fallen branch, where they alighted, and the gallants began a lively duet. I have seen many strange performances in bird life, but never before one like this. I was a spectator and full in sight, but they were so intent upon their love-making that they regarded me not at all. Sitting a little apart from her lovers, the little coquette demurely held her head on one side, preened her feathers occasionally, and pretended to take not the slightest interest in the play that was performed for her exclusive benefit. But the performers did



Dancing manakins.

not seem to take that as a slight, for they threw their whole hearts into the acting.

First one of them jumped up into the air some two feet, followed by the other as he came down, and thus they continued for several minutes, passing and repassing each other in the air, and uttering the queerest of notes, like "*Craw*, *craw*, *craw-craw*," which sounded like the cawing of distant crows. They did not fly into the air, but seemed to leap, each with head lowered, shoulders elevated, and tail depressed, reminding me of those pictures on rice paper of Chinese officials obsequiously approaching a mandarin.

This funny dance they kept up until both were tired, and stopped to gain breath, when they hopped up and went at it again.

Just what their reward was to be from that demure little wretch who sat observant alongside, the apparent object of their attentions, I am unable to say, for certainly no caresses were then obtained from the female, and they did not offer any advances.

A third male came upon the scene while the dance was at its height, though he never offered to interfere, but sat gravely by, and may have come in the character of judge, or umpire. It seemed so absurd to me that birds so much the superior of this female in point of attractiveness should exert themselves so much to win her favor! If the same rule prevailed in human life there is no maid, no matter how plain, who would not some time find her intended spouse.

That a fellow all decked out in blue and scarlet should put himself into awkward and uncouth attitudes all to win the regard of an obscure maiden in bottle green, seemed to me preposterous, to say the least. But these little fellows don't know their advantage and superior attractions. So anxious are they to get together and try a tilt that, should you hear the whistle of one in the woods, you have but to answer it in kind, and the manakin will fly precipitately toward you. Many have thus been lured to death, by those who cared more for their feathers than their antics. This little bird is about five inches long; it completes its courting and builds its nest in May, and may be found about the milkwood and the parrot-apple trees.

The manakins and other birds beguiled the time so charmingly that the day had gone before I knew it, and I found my way home by moonlight. The moon was climbing a vault clear and unclouded, but the ravines and masses of trees were in deepest shadow.

CHAPTER XIV.

I LIGHT THE FRAGRANT FIRE.

The charms of solitude—Millions of frogs—Scissorstails and swallowtails—God-birds and goatsuckers—Monarch of all I surveyed—The wrens and the whip snake—Crusoe and I agree.

I WAS awakened, one morning, by the falling of rain, which came down in a sudden torrent, thus announcing the real opening of the rainy season, about the last of May. The temperature quickly changed with the weather, the hot dry days giving place to cool damp ones. Rain fell all the forenoon, the country was veiled in mist; the stream which yesterday I could have leaped across was now swollen to a raging torrent, and beyond the beach carried its turbulent flood far out into the bay, in huge corrugated billows, which tinged the sea the color of yellow earth for miles away.

There was no going out of doors that morning, so I lighted a fire of fragrant gum-wood (more for its company and incense than for warmth) and prepared for a day with my books. At noon, however, the rain held up as suddenly as it had arrived, and the forests were so sweet and fresh, the singing of birds so inviting, that I went forth in quest of what I might find that was new.

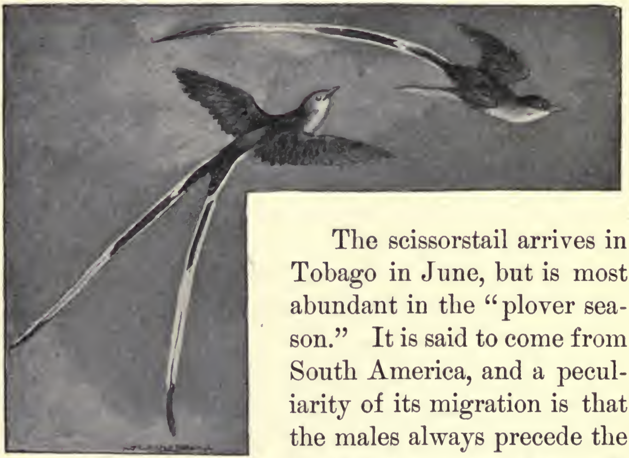
The floods of rain seemed to have started floods of music out of the throats of the birds, for all were singing, all were giving thanks for the coolness and the verdure. The effect upon the vegetation was magical, and in a few days a most wonderful garb of green crept over the face of Nature. Fruits of all kinds as well as leaves took a start, such as mangos, sapadillos, cashew apples, and Jamaica plums, which made immense development.

One immediate effect of the rain was a crop of mosquitoes which I had not noticed before, and the frogs, hitherto silent, were now croaking, chattering, whistling, in every gully and ravine.

These frogs make a great variety of sounds; for several nights I was kept awake by the cries of some animal I could not discover, and, though I searched frantically for it, not until my patience was nearly exhausted did I discover that it was a frog, rods away, its shrill, penetrative, yet plaintive notes seeming close to my door.

The rains awakened all the frogs in creation, it seemed to me, and they all united in giving intermittent concerts, chiefly nocturnal; and, judging from the din and confusion, they were indulging in orgies deep and tremendous, letting off the accumulated energies of the long months of dry weather in a grand explosive outburst. There were frogs that whistled, plaintively and shrilly; frogs that yelled in demoniac frenzy, "*Wow, wow, wow, wow!*" singly and in chorus; and frogs that ejaculated with precision, every two minutes, "*Whang, wang, wang!*" like the twanging of a bowstring. Such a hideous chorus, and all evoked by the falling of a few showers!

The advent of the rainy season was the signal for the appearance of a host of new and strange birds, in pursuit of the insects evoked by the showers. The most noticeable of these was seen by me the first morning after the rain had fallen—a peculiar bird over fourteen inches in length, but nine inches of this length was tail. And this tail was deeply cleft, spread apart like a pair of scissors. Indeed, it was a true "scissorstail," the swallowtail flycatcher.



Scissorstails.

The scissorstail arrives in Tobago in June, but is most abundant in the "plover season." It is said to come from South America, and a peculiarity of its migration is that the males always precede the females by several days. A noteworthy example of this habit may be recalled in the advent of the bobolink, in New England, the males of that species always arriving at their Northern breeding grounds ahead of the females. This may be to spy out the land and prepare a reception for the females; but at all events there they are, flooding the meadows with melody, sometimes a week in advance of their partners. How they come, or whence they come, nobody knows; but you wake up some fine morning in May, and your senses are tingled by the tinkling of the first bobolink.

The scissorstails do not sing, but confine their energies to ridding the lowlands of flies and mosquitoes. During the heat of the day they were unseen, but always appeared just half an hour before sunset, alighting upon a wild tamarind tree and thence making aërial forays upon the insects. This was only at evening time; at early morning I might find them in open glades of the woods for an hour or so after daylight, then they would disappear. Their feeding time seemed to be toward sunset, as in the morning they were hovering over the shrubs and grasses of the glades, seemingly with aimless flight.

Of the many birds that clear the air of noxious insects, these flycatchers and the night hawks are the most efficacious, in a quiet, unobtrusive way. In portions of the United States the night hawk is known as the "bull bat," from its rapid circling in the air and from the roaring noise it makes with its wings, in swift descent. This, the most inoffensive of birds, is well known throughout the West Indies as the "jumby bird," or the "jomby"—bird of ill omen—because of its soft flight, ghostlike wanderings, and nocturnal habits. It is rarely abroad by day, though I once shot one at dusk. It is the most maligned of birds, and even its Latin name, *Caprimulgus*, bears out the popular tradition—in Europe, at least—that it surreptitiously deprives the goats of their milk, that being the literal rendering of "goatsucker," a name by which it is sometimes called in America. It probably obtained that appellation from its habit of flying about and close to cattle and goats in search of the insects near and preying upon them. A more applicable name is that bestowed by the older ornithologists, of "night swallow," as, indeed, it is the swallow of the night, pursuing and destroying the nocturnal insects, and in its flight somewhat resembling the swallows, sailing gracefully through the air; though not so swiftly as they.

All the flycatchers are of shy and retiring habits, never courting observation, and a whole family might live within a stone's throw of your dwelling and you never be the wiser for their presence. Of several new species I discovered in the West Indies, two or three were of this family; one of them was called by the natives the "sunset bird," because of its cry, which, they said, was the French *patois* for sunset, *soleil coucher*.*

Their nests are sometimes as curious as the birds themselves, one of the *Tyrannidæ* discovered containing skeins of cotton of various colors, locks of hair, and the cast-off skin of the whipsnake, woven into the border as an ornament.

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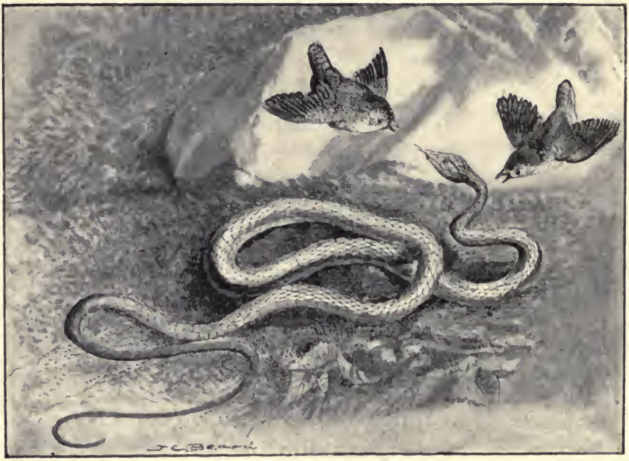
* This bird was named, in honor of its discoverer, the *Myiarchus Oberi*, by the ornithologists of the Smithsonian Institution. All the birds described in this book, as well as many others sent to the Smithsonian Institution by the author, may be found in its collections and catalogued in its Reports.

An accession to my family at the coming of the rains was the wren, the smallest of my tenants, yet the noisiest and most sprightly. This little songster is known as the "God bird" by the negroes, but is what we call the house wren. It builds in the houses of man as well as in the deep woods, and is equally at home in town and forest. Though the most diminutive of birds, yet it is brave and even pugnacious.

An old observer of the actions of birds once told me a story in illustration of its courage and tenacity of purpose. One day, he said, his attention was called to the more than usual vociferations of a pair of these birds that had their nest in his house, on a sugar plantation. On looking out he saw a whipsnake, about four feet long, seeking to hide himself under a tuft of grass from the assaults of the wrens. Going to their assistance, he drew the snake out, when they were upon it at once, striking it right and left, upon the head and tail alternately, as opportunity offered, obliging it to take refuge wherever it could.

They seemed to pay no attention to the presence of the planter, but continued to strike at it when within a few feet of his hand; and after they had dispatched it they retired to a near fence and poured out their triumph in an ecstasy of song.

The wren is noted for its cleanly habits, removing from its nest all refuse after each brood is reared. No sooner is the nest cleared of one litter than incubation begins again, four eggs being laid at each sitting. Its food is mainly insects, and it particularly delights in the pursuit of such venomous things as the scorpion, upon which it darts with rapidity, separates its tail from the body, and then takes both portions to its young.


Combat between Wrens and Whipsnake.

When this little bird came to take up his quarters with me I knew that I had a tenant for life, for he has been known to reside in a house during the life of its oldest inmate. He was welcome, not only because he and his sprightly mate kept the house rid of poisonous insects, but for his song and his cheerful company. During those long days of rain, when I was held within the house, sitting by my fragrant fire, my diminutive companions sat with me, perched upon my chair-back or on the table, treating me to frequent bursts of song; and their attitude of trustful friendliness was most touching. They viewed with mistrust the frequent intrusion of the mocking birds, and the parrots they positively hated, scolding them with ardor, but always keeping out of their way.

In this time of rain, as Crusoe says, "I found much Employment, and very suitable also to the Time, for I found occasion for many Things which I had no way to furnish myself with but by hard Labor and constant Application."

Having brought with me a goodly supply of cooking utensils and tools, I was not put to the shifts he was, but I felt the need of several things, when I came to gather in the harvest of corn—such, especially, as a mill for grinding the grain. My flour and biscuit I had used sparingly, eking them out with the many things the forest afforded and the wild grains and fruits; but by the end of May I could see the bottoms of the barrels.

My friends had not returned at the end of a month, as they had agreed to, probably having thought the better of it. And indeed I saw no necessity for their so doing, as there was no danger of my starving, my exile being voluntary and my isolation of my own seeking. In truth, I felt so satisfied with my mode of life, and fitted so snugly into my environment, that I should have resented any intrusion.

I was, as the great poet has said of Crusoe, monarch of all I surveyed—at least, until some one came to dispute my claim. That was my only fear: not that I should suffer the evils of solitude, but that an intruder might seek to share it with me. It was the ideal existence which I had hoped and prayed for all the life of my youth; in my early manhood I was permitted to realize it, and I did indeed find it equal to my expectations.

Thus my days passed pleasantly. In the morning the twittering of my wrens awoke me; the songs of my mocking birds were my matins; the greetings of my parrots saluted me when I returned weary from the hunt; and a boundless prospect of forest and sea lay before me when, at evening time, I smoked the pipe of perfect peace on my veranda.

Truly I was content, and my only trouble was that others, one-time friends I wot of, could not share this solitude and this happiness. Thinking of them, I would sometimes breathe a sigh, and gaze abstractedly out over the forest and sea for hours, until the trade winds blew strongly and darkness shut out the prospect from my sight. At that time, if at all, did doubts assail me, and my fancies group themselves about the north star, on the horizon, crouched above the sea.

Darkness and solitude are provocative of reflection, and when we grope in the dark chambers of the past it is the sad spirit that seizes us! Yes, the gray ghost found me now and then, as it found the lonely Crusoe; but, like him, "I gave hearty Thanks, that God had been pleased to discover to me, even that it was possible I might be more happy in this solitary Condition than I should have been in Society, and in all the Pleasures of the World."

CHAPTER XV.

TREES OF THE TROPICAL FOREST.

Cocoa palms, grugus, and palmistes—What a virgin forest is like—Green heart and purple heart—Mastic and silk cotton—The tree Crusoe made his canoe of—Bamboos and logwood.

The distinguishing characteristic of the tropical forest is the diversity of its vegetation, as contrasted with a body of equal area in the temperate regions. Then, again, it is always abloom, with blossoms of orchids and creepers, vines and sky-scraping trees. The flora of Tobago, like its fauna, is continental, instead of insular, for it belongs of right to South America, from which continent it was once separated, ages agone.

Lying within sight of the island of Trinidad, from which the continent can be dimly seen, it has the same floral and faunal peculiarities, so that we may study the tropical vegetation here without becoming lost in the vastness of great continental forests. Half of its area of one hundred and twenty square miles is still a virgin wilderness, and in beauty it is unsurpassed. There are, says an old writer, whole groves of sassafras and other odoriferous plants, which render the air wholesome and pleasant. The nutmeg and pimento are as good as indigenous, while the vanilla and the true gum copal abound in many spots.

Along the seashore grows the cocoa palm, forming a fringe of golden green between the waves and the forest barrier. This palm seems to delight in the society of man, and is the most sociable tree to be found in the tropics. It was originally a stranger here, like myself, but in the course of centuries has become thoroughly acclimated. Like myself, too, it owed its presence here to a caprice of the sea. Long ages ago, perhaps, a single nut came dancing on the crests of the waves, having voyaged hither from the far Orient—from India or Ceylon. Advancing, receding, it neared the strand, was tossed upon the beach; a hurricane sent it over the ridge into a safe haven, where it sank into a hollow, and there performed its mission by sending rootlets into the sands and a pair of plumules skyward.

Other nuts may have been sent to join it; but at all events the result has been groves of cocoa trees, which form living barriers between the sea sands and the meadow land. Loving salt water as it does, the cocoa palm stays near the coast, where it can be seen to the best advantage, and where its treasures are most accessible.

The trees gave me shade and comfort, for not only was my favorite promenade beneath their crowns and between their stems, of a morning and an evening, but I drew a great deal of sustenance from their fruit. The great clusters of golden-green nuts hanging high, it was next to impossible for me to climb to them, so

I had to shoot them down with my gun. My most refreshing drink was the water of the cocoas, which I drew through small holes clipped in the shells. Their leaves covered my roof, from the leaf stalks I trimmed out very good fishing poles, and from the inner bark around the stems I made hats and caps. Crusoe did not think of this lace bark, when he was seeking for material for a sieve, or he might have made it answer well.

There were other palms on the fringe of the forest, of a different species and genus, for while the cocoa is known as the nut bearer (*Cocos nucifera*), the others are the seed bearers, having great clusters of seedlike nuts, from which a kind of butter is made. They are the *Acrocomia fusiformis* of the botanists, and by the natives called grugru palms, with spindle-shaped stems and dense prickly heads of long leaves. Their boles are generally covered with vines hung with great perforated leaves, and they are quite as attractive, though in a different way, as the cocoas.

There were cocoas along the shore, grugrus at the foothills, mountain palms interspersed throughout the forest, and the mighty palmistes towering above them all. The last, sometimes one hundred and fifty feet in height, were pre-eminent, the queens among the *Palmacœ*, grand and regal, the crowns of some of them rising far above the forest level, like emerald diadems.

There are in these forests two dozen kinds of trees that yield timber and cabinet woods, besides the palms, and the shrubs that give dyes and useful articles to the natives. A tree of gigantic size is the green-heart, which derives its name from the fine green dust in its pores, which, coming in contact with the skin of the workman cutting it, turns it red.

Grugru Palms.

This tree gives a most valuable timber, as also does another called the cog-wood; and another, the bullet tree, the wood of which is dense and hard, has an edible fruit, and from it exudes a milky juice which possesses the properties of gutta-percha.

Another lofty tree of great girth is the mastic, with its dense yellow wood. One of the largest of the forest trees is the locust, with towering top and spreading branches. Its wood is hard and compact, and is made into tables and sideboards. The fiddlewood yields a dark-colored timber; and the fustic, besides giving us the well-known dye, has qualities which render it valuable as a timber tree, being large and durable.

The cypresses are of two kinds, the white, which has a wood light and sweet smelling, and the black, which is very dark. Then there is the horseflesh, with purple wood, and the purple-heart itself, with delicate streaks of purple throughout a body of white. The crabwood is another great tree, with dark-brown wood, its name, it is said, being a corruption of the Carib "*carap.*"

A beautiful hard wood is obtained from the yellow prickle, and a yellow from the yellow sanders, which also yields a noted dye of commerce. The rosewood is found here, but not in great quantity, and perhaps the mahogany; but the most useful of them all is the great cedar (*Cedrala odorata*), the wood of which is red in color, easily worked and aromatic. All the world knows of the uses to which it is put, in the manufacture of cigar boxes, chests proof against moths and insects, and furniture generally.

It was of a cedar that Crusoe tried to fashion his great canoe, and which was in the end such a dismal failure—that is, he says it was a cedar; but I think it more likely to have been a gum tree, or a *ceiba*—a silk cotton. He felt the need of a boat or canoe, you may remember, with which to explore the coast and the creeks, and so, in his deliberate way, he set himself the task:

"Whether it was not possible to make myself a Canoe, or Periagua, such as the Natives of those Climates make, even without Tools, or, as I might say, without Hands—viz., of the Trunk of a great Tree."

Finally: "I fell'd a Cedar Tree; I question much whether Solomon ever had such a one for the building of his Temple at Jerusalem. It was five Foot ten Inches diameter at the lower Part, next the Stump, and four Foot eleven Inches diameter at the End of twenty-two Foot, after which it lessen'd for a while, and then parted into Branches."

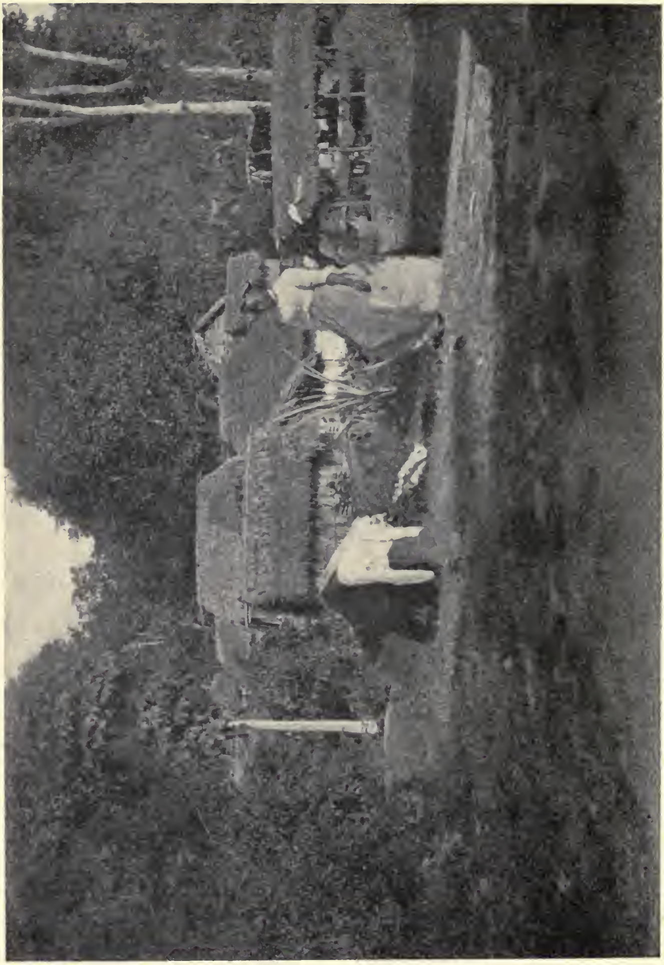
We all know the termination of his arduous task —that he cut down the great tree, hollowed it out laboriously with fire and axe in true aboriginal fashion, and then, after all his labor, could not launch it!

Taking his misspent labor as a warning, and having so much to do on land that I did not need to venture at sea for many months at least, I reserved my strength and time for more useful work. With all his seafaring, Crusoe was a true "landlubber," and sailor men would go further and call him a "Jonah," having met with so many rebuffs at the hands of old Neptune.

I have not enumerated all the arboreal residents of the island, but sufficient to show that I was well enough provided with trees for use as timber and for making the few articles of furniture that my necessities seemed to require. I did not immediately exploit the resources of my domain, but the information I have laid before my readers was only gained after months of investigation. Several months passed away before I felt the necessity of resorting to the supplies at hand in the forest for the furnishing of my house and for subsistence.

In enumerating the members of my sylvan aristocracy I should not omit the *Bambusæ*, for they were among my nearest and dearest neighbors. A great clump of bamboos grew almost at the door of my seaside hut, and a beautiful group overshadowed the stream where I washed, of a morning, and dipped out water for culinary use. They grew close to the bank, a perfect cluster of spears of Anak, straight and tall, but spreading out sheaf-like at the crown, and with fine, feathery leaves.

Beneath the sheaf were scattered the dead and yellow leaves, constantly dropping; and as nothing else grew where these had fallen, the sloping bank was an inviting place for me to rest and listen to the murmurings of my darling brook. Some of the stems were five inches in diameter and the largest of them I thinned out, cutting them into lengths of six feet



Native huts and trees, West Indies.

or so, and making of them little troughs for holding water. As you know, of course, the bamboo is round and hard, the stem being hollow, divided by partitions or joints, and the outside covered with a siliceous coating. I split the stems longitudinally for troughs and gutters, but cut them across at the joints for other uses, especially for flower-pots, when later I started a nursery and became a gardener and horticulturist.

They cost nothing but the labor, served the purpose better than any other kind, and were so abundant as to be inexhaustible. Bamboo Bank became my favorite resort; with a book, or with some light labor to perform, I always sought this shady spot with its circlet of leaf-carpeted earth. The slightest breath of wind set the leaves to dancing, and when the strong breezes blew the great spears rattled and clashed together, like the lances of a barbarian host.

I confess to being partial to the palms and the bamboos, though this feeling may have been due to the fact that they were not only very beautiful in themselves, but were the nearest things of beauty in my daily life, and closely identified with my first camp. The bay, the beach, the rippling stream, the savanna, uniting the bright strand with the gloomy forest—all these were dear to me, and none of them appealed more strongly to me than the bananas and plantains that lined the stream above. Indeed, as I reflect upon it, I think my lot was most fortunate; my heart swelled with gladness whenever I thought upon my blessings; I looked upon my surroundings as the most delightful that man could desire.

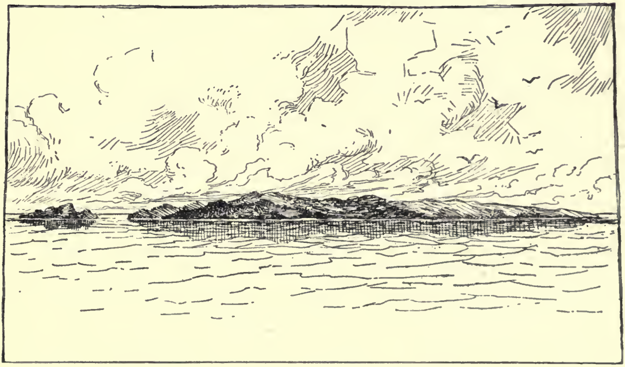
The trees I have enumerated were all wild, either indigenous or so long resident as to have become entitled to be so considered. Some of them, besides furnishing valuable timber, yielded rare gums, like the "locust," the parrot apple, and the mammie apple, used in the arts; and one kind so fragrant that it has been burned in the churches as incense.

Valuable dyes are extracted from various woods and plants, as from the logwood, found along the shores of the lagoons, the eboe wood, and the indigo. Having no use for any dye, I did not avail myself of the material for any purpose whatever; but one day, being out of ink, I found a very good substitute in the juice of a banana leaf. I do not recall that Crusoe found the banana among the vegetable products of his island; but if he did this was one use he did not put it to, for he says, "I could not make any Ink by any Means that I could devise."

That Crusoe had some knowledge of the trees of this island is shown by his naïve suggestions that the trees he found were this or that, but without committing himself to a positive definition, as, for instance: "At last Friday pitched upon a Tree, for I found he knew much better than I what kind of Wood was fitted for the Canoe; nor can I tell to this Day what Wood to call it except that it was very like the Tree we call Fustic, or between that and Nicaragua Wood, for it was much of the same Colour and Smell. And Friday was for burning the Hollow or Cavity of this Tree out, to make it for a Boat."

One tree, however, Crusoe makes no mention of, and I am very sure he would if he had met with it, and that is the manchihneel, to which I have already alluded.

Many years later another distinguished Englishman, no less a personage than Lord Nelson, was badly poisoned by drinking water from a pool near which the manchihneel grew. He suffered so severely that he was obliged to leave his ship and go home to recruit his health.



Distant View of Tobago.

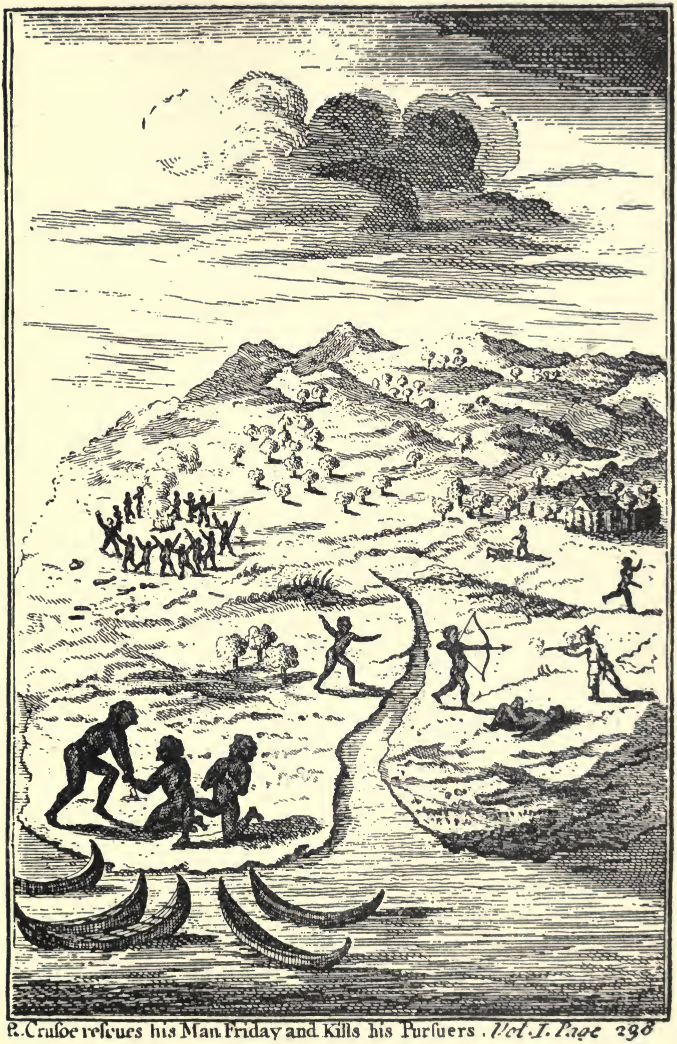
CHAPTER XVI.

ALL ABOUT CRUSOE'S "MAN FRIDAY."

Strange footprints on the sands—Crusoe's horrible discovery—Cannibals come to Tobago to banquet—Crusoe slays many and disperses them—He rescues a young Indian whom he names Friday—Incontestable proof that Friday was a West Indian Carib.

SEATED before my incense-breathing embers in my hut on the hill, I devoted those days when the floods came down and I was close prisoned by the rains, to an exhaustive reading of old books. I had brought them with me, and they were all about Crusoe and his island, the adventures he had, and the people he saw, who were, as he himself says, "indeed the worst of Salvages, for they were Cannibals, or Man-eaters, and failed not to murther and devour all the humane Bodies that fall into their Hands."

Now I wonder if all my readers have not had a similar curiosity to mine: to learn who those "man-eaters" were, whence they came, and whether they were real or fictional? I shall assume it to be a subject worthy of investigation, because thereby I shall be enabled to settle satisfactorily (for all time, I hope) the genesis of one of the most interesting characters of history—Crusoe's "Man Friday."



R.Cruſoe reſcues his Man Friday and Kills his Purſuers . *Vol. I. Page* 238

(Engraving from the third edition of Crusoe, 1719.)

In the first place, let us inquire how it all came about. In the words of our hero: "It happen'd one Day about Noon. Going towards my Boat I was exceedingly surpriz'd with the print of a *Man's naked Foot* on the Shore, which was very plain to be seen in the Sand. . . . When I was come down the Hill to the Shore, I was perfectly amaz'd; nor is it possible for me to express the horror of my Mind at seeing the Shore spread with Skulls, Hands, Feet, and other Bones of humane Bodies; and particularly I observ'd a Place where there had been a Fire made and a Circle dug in the Earth like a Cock-pit, where it is suppos'd the savage Wretches had sat down to their inhumane Feasting upon the Bodies of their fellow Creatures."

Crusoe made this disquieting discovery after he had been on his island eighteen years, and as a consequence he was thrown into convulsions of terror; he fled to his cave, where he remained self-prisoned for weeks, and when he did come out it was only after taking most extraordinary precautions against surprise and capture. Without commenting on the emotions of Crusoe, the frequent frights he was thrown into, and his mental disturbances thereat, let us now try to find out who these savages were that had invaded his domain. They were Indians, of course—that is, red men—discovered and named by Columbus, on his first voyage to America, in 1492.

The next year (1493) Columbus sailed still farther southward, and in the islands of Dominica and Guadeloupe he found the fierce Caribs, people belonging to the same race of red men, but of a different family. They were brave and warlike, and gave the Spaniards such a warm reception that they left them alone for many years after, and in revenge called them man-eaters. Thus the word *cannibal*, which is derived from Carib, the name of the tribe, gained its present meaning. From the same name the great Shakespeare derived that of his savage hero "Caliban," who appears in The Tempest, and who was distantly related to "Friday." *

Five years after this voyage Columbus sailed still farther to the south, discovering the great island of Trinidad, opposite one of the mouths of the Orinoco, and without doubt sighting the island of Tobago.

Not quite a hundred years later Trinidad was visited by the English admiral, Sir Walter Raleigh, who took the island from the Spaniards and made a famous expedition up the Orinoco in search of mythical El Dorado, with its golden palace and its king almost smothered with gold dust. So, you see, this region was very well known, when Crusoe came sailing into it, about 1659; and all its inhabitants had been accurately described when the famous book was written, sixty years afterward.

Now, Man Friday was clearly a Carib. Instead

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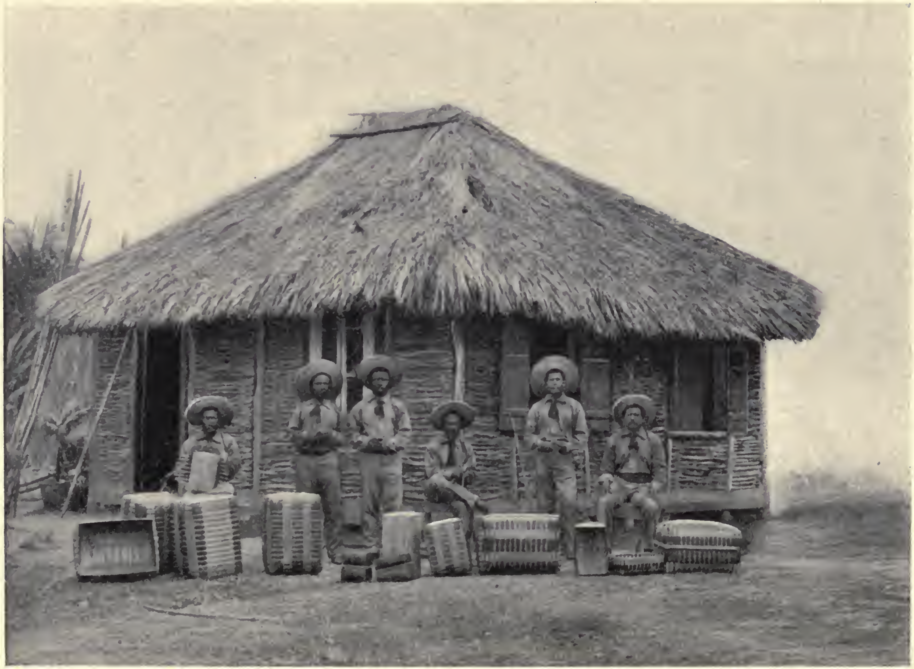
* Raleigh and Shakespeare were so exactly contemporaneous, the span of the latter's life being included within that of the former, that it is more than probable the great bard drew upon the great admiral for material, while the novelist Defoe garnered stores of information from both.



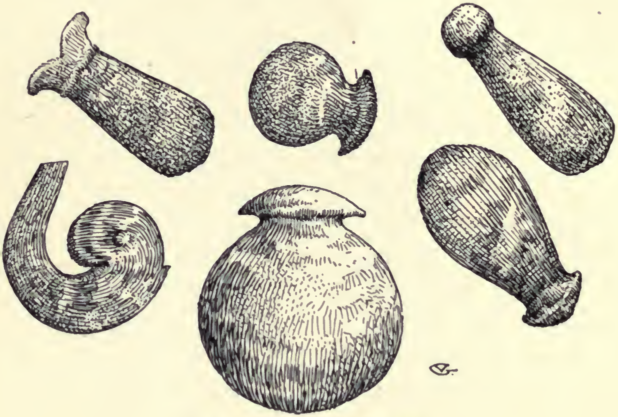
Caribs of the present day, St. Vincent, West Indies.

of being in any way related to the Chilians or the Patagonians or the Fuegians—as some would have us believe—he was intimately connected with the very tribes discovered by Columbus, inhabiting the islands known as the Caribbees. I assert, and with confidence, that Friday came from the island of Trinidad; that he was a Carib, and belonged to the maligned tribe of Indians called by the Spaniards "cannibales." And I am well supported in this assertion, since it was also made by that eminent writer, the late Charles Kingsley, who says: "Crusoe's Island is almost certainly meant for Tobago; Man Friday had been stolen in Trinidad!"

Man Friday, then, was a Carib. Descendants of his relatives still reside in two islands of the Caribbees, called Dominica and St. Vincent; but they are no longer eaters of human flesh, being as peaceable as was Friday himself after Crusoe had completed his education.

Crusoe discovered footprints on the sands—so did I. But those I found were more in the nature of "footprints on the sands of time," being relics of the Indians who had lived here when Columbus and Crusoe themselves were alive. In the sand drift behind my hut, and occasionally in the forest soil, I found many traces of the departed Indians, such as stone axes, hatchets, spear and arrow heads. On some of the cliffs also I found their rude inscriptions, carved long centuries ago. These remains showed that Indians had often visited the place, and in that particular confirmed Crusoe's story.

Now, it has never been proved that the Caribs of the West Indies were cannibals. Crusoe only repeats the fable of the Spaniards, and they never saw the Indians actually eating human flesh. Nevertheless, on the strength of this assumption he prepares for battle: girds on his great cutlass, his hatchet, and his "store of ammunition," throws a big musket over each shoulder, sticks a brace of pistols in his belt, and then sallies forth, to conquer or to die.



Carib implements of stone.

I can not help it, but really my sympathies were entirely with the "inhumane salvages," who were comparatively defenseless, having only their stone spears and battle-axes; while the ferocious Crusoe carried a whole arsenal of firearms, against which the poor wretches could make no successful resistance.

He surprised them, you know, at their preparations for the feast, and while they were stupefied with amazement at the desolating fire from his muskets, he killed or wounded nearly all of them. Friday, after he had recovered from his fright, killed six of the Indians, despatching such of them as were merely wounded, and the grand total was nineteen.

There was one thing, however, that gave me a great respect for Crusoe—even though I had my doubts as to the wisdom of it—and that was the tremendous charge of powder and ball he used to ram into his old musket. A handful of powder and "six or seven bullets" was an ordinary load, according to Crusoe; and he used to shoot it off as calmly as though he were merely exploding a bunch of firecrackers!

Of course, every boy in America remembers the circumstances of the first meeting, when poor Friday, having been brought to Crusoe's island, Tobago, by the cruel cannibals, seized the first opportunity offered for escape, and ran right into Crusoe's arms. It is hard to say which was the more frightened of the two: Crusoe in his horrible armor of shaggy goatskin, or trembling "Friday" in no skin but his very own.

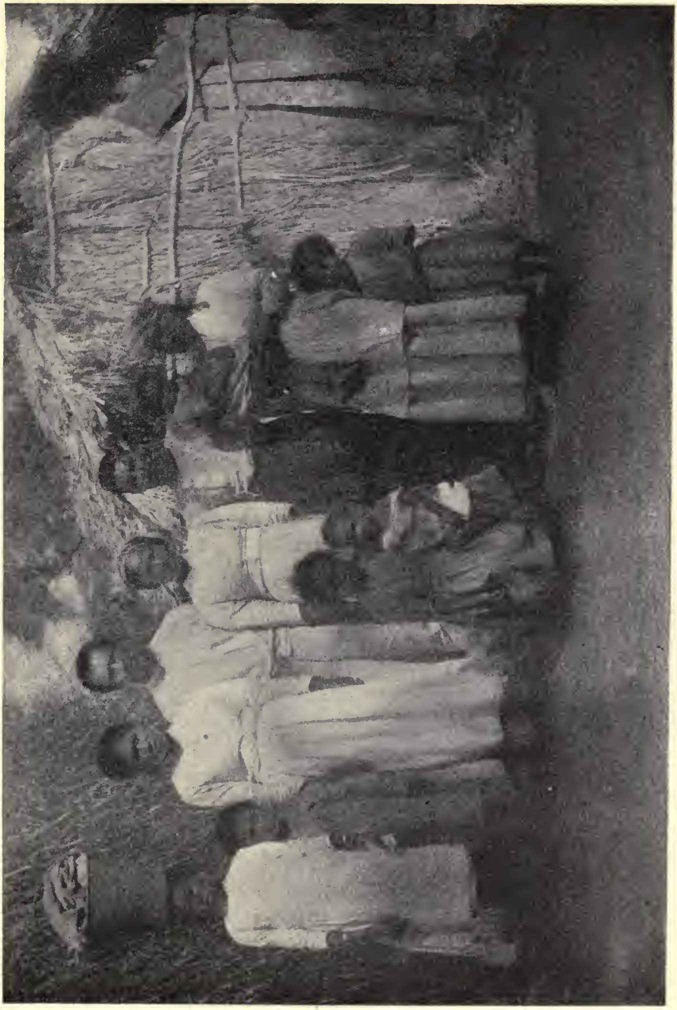
But the helpless Indian boy finally settled it by crawling to Crusoe's feet and placing one foot of the strange being on his head, in token of submission. Neither could understand the other's language, at first; but there was between them a universal speech—that of love and trust—a tie that bound them together and made all communication easy. The young Indian was called "Friday," as you will remember, because he was discovered and saved on that day of the week—the first human being the hermit had met and conversed with in many a long year.

"He was a comely, handsome Fellow, perfectly well made, with strait, strong Limbs, not too large; tall and well shaped. He had a good Countenance, not a fierce and surly Aspect; but seem'd to have Something very manly in his Face. His Hair was long and black, not curl'd like Wool; his Forehead very high and large, and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his Eyes.

"The colour of his Skin was not black, but very tawney; and yet, not of an ugly nauseous tawney, as the Brazilians and Virginians, and other Natives of America are; but of a bright kind of a dun olive Colour, that had in it something very agreeable, though not easy to describe. His Face was round and plump, his Nose small, but not flat like the Negroes'; a very good Mouth, thin Lips, and his fine Teeth well set, and white as Ivory."

That is Man Friday's portrait, as drawn by Robinson Crusoe, mariner, shortly after these two distinguished heroes of fiction became acquainted. And it is sufficiently accurate for us to identify, by means of it, the Indian's surviving relatives, many degrees removed—the Caribs of the Lesser Antilles of the present day.

Friday informed his master that the few poor wretches who escaped would tell their friends on the



Group of Caribs, West Indies.

other island (Trinidad) that they had been killed by thunder and lightning, as this was their first acquaintance with firearms. But this is one of the many anachronisms of the book; for at the time "Crusoe" was written (1719) there were no Indians on the coasts of the Americas and the West Indies unacquainted with firearms. At that time more than two hundred years had passed since the first Spaniards had carried guns and powder thither, and the rude weapons of the aborigines had long since been superseded by those of the Europeans. Yet all the savages that Crusoe met were armed with "wooden swords and clubs, bows and arrows."

Upon one point, however, the author of "Crusoe" is correct: that the Indians "ate only such as were taken in battle"; for, like the Aztecs of Mexico, the Caribs, if they were given to the practice of cannibalism at all, were merely "ritual cannibals," so called—that is, they ate the flesh of their enemies merely from motives apart from a desire for human flesh as food. If their prisoners were noted for their bravery, they believed that by devouring their flesh some of their valiant quality would thereby be imparted to their own frame, and proceeded accordingly.

That Defoe was generally accurate in his descriptions, and rarely departed from the lines of verity, is shown in all his attempts to depict the environment of his hero; he never makes a mistake in that direction.

Finally, to conclusively prove that Man Friday was an Indian of the southern West Indies, I will quote a fragment of a conversation between Crusoe and his servant: "I asked him the names of the several Nations of his sort of People, but could get no other name than *Caribs*, from whence I easily understood that these islands were the Caribbees, which our Maps place on the coast of America," etc.

Carib girl of to-day.

We come new to Crusoe's departure: "When I took leave of this Island, I carry'd on Board, for Reliques, the great Goat-skin Cap I had made; my Umbrella and my Parrot. And thus I left the Island, the

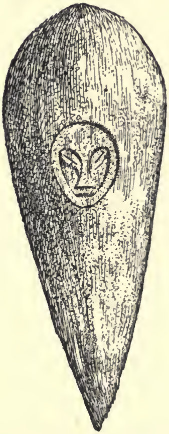
19th Day of December, in the Year 1686, after I had been upon it eight and twenty Years, two Months, and 19 Days."

When he arrived in England, June, 1687, after an absence of thirty-five years, he was well along in life; but even then he married. Eight years later, however, his wife died, and he went roving again, impelled by an irresistible desire to revisit the scene of his adventures, which he reached in April, 1695. In the narrative of that second voyage to Tobago he again refers to Trinidad as a neighboring island, for he went ashore there and saw some of the Indians.

Lastly, in bringing to a conclusion all this cumulative evidence in favor of Tobago as the island of Crusoe's exile, and of Friday as an Indian of the West Indies, I wish to reiterate that Selkirk's was not the only narrative from which Defoe might have derived suggestions, if not actual material, for a story. The chronicles of the Spanish conquests are replete with adventures strange and wonderful; the voyages of Drake, Morgan, and Hawkins were full of incidents such as the novelist would like to seize upon and weave into a story.

It can not be doubted that Defoe had grasped all these things before, that he had stored in memory the description of early voyagers, and especially Raleigh's, and was only awaiting a hero, when along came Selkirk. This I am constrained to believe: that, having got together this food for fiction and this hero to his mind, he merely waited during many years for leisure to shape it according to his fancy; that he was engaged for years in the preparation of the story, in digesting the material for it; but there are many evidences of haste in its final construction.

Crusoe, then, though he may have been most forcibly suggested by Selkirk, is in reality the substance of many Selkirks—the quintessence of all the shipwrecked mariners of note, from the time of Columbus to the year 1700. This subtle magician, this cunning alchemist, Defoe, subjected many exiles to the fires of his imagination, ere he found Crusoe and Friday in his crucible!



Carib celt, or "thunderbolt."

CHAPTER XVII.

TREED BY WILD PECCARIES.

How the hunter was hunted—All night in a tree—A perilous experiment—A terrible tusker—Man Friday to the rescue—The first human being I had seen for months.

In the chapter preceding I gave the results of my rainy-day investigations. In this I shall describe my encounter with the largest wild quadrupeds of Tobago, the peccaries.

One day, during a fine interval in the rainy season, I penetrated the forest much farther than I had done before. I went so far, in fact, that I had difficulty in determining my location, and was in doubt how to reach my camp. At last coming to a cliff which overhung a stream and gave some shelter, I sat down to think it over.

Beneath the cliff there was a cave, dry and quite deep, which offered a retreat for the night, if it should chance that I could not reach home. Placing my gun far in, out of the wet, I sat in the cave's mouth and abandoned myself to gloomy reflections.

I was rudely aroused, however, by a sound quite near me; and looking up, I saw the animal which, of all four-footed creatures, I dreaded most to meet, at such a time and in such a place. It was short and sturdy in shape and dark in color—a miniature hog; in fact, a peccary—I recognized him at a glance. I knew, too, that there were likely to be other peccaries not far away.

Meanwhile he stood staring at me, as if to inquire by what right I had taken possession of his den. He did not even move when I rose and reached in for my gun, but spread his legs apart and shook his vicious-looking head, in a manner that indicated a determination to attack, rather than retreat a single step. It was then quite clear to me that I was occupying the entrance to his habitation, and that he was very anxious for me to get out of the way.

He made several feints and lunges as if to pass me, and dodged about so rapidly that for a while I could get no good aim at a vulnerable spot in his tough, hairy hide. But at last as he halted a moment beneath the cliff, seemingly about to charge upon me, I gave him a load of coarse bird-shot, back of the fore shoulder. This, however, was worse than useless. It did not kill him, but merely infuriated him. He fell, to be sure, but with his snout toward the enemy, and gave utterance to such unearthly sounds that I was much alarmed. And with good reason; for either his horrid squeals or the report of my gun caused a whole herd of peccaries to start up—they seemed to come right out of the ground. They became perfectly frenzied at the sight of their wounded companion; and after rubbing noses with him a moment or two, and inquiring, brute fashion, the cause of his trouble, they all made a dash at me. I now had both barrels of my gun loaded with larger shot, and let the ugly brutes have them, right and left, bowling over two of the largest. I then scrambled up the cliff as far as I could go.

It was not very far—not far enough, in fact—for they came after me, pell-mell, tumbling over each other, in their eagerness to avenge their friend. There was one old "tusker," whose white teeth gleamed wickedly through his parted lips, and he led the charge, getting so near to me that one of my leggings was ripped up and a small gash cut in one leg. A well-put kick in his jaws sent him tumbling down among the others, though he was instantly up again and at me, the fire flashing from his eyes, and his lips dripping foam.

In the brief interval, I had drawn myself as far up as the narrow ledge I was on would permit; but this was only a few inches beyond the reach of the old boar, in his desperate lunges, and even there I could only hold on with great difficulty.

At imminent risk of falling among that grunting, writhing mass of stark-mad peccaries, I got a cartridge out of my belt (but whether of large or small shot I could not tell) and finally managed to slip it into my gun. This load I sent right into the face and eyes of the "tusker," and over he went, landing at the base of the cliff, where he spun round and round on his back at a lively rate.

The cliff above me was very steep, and my foothold so precarious that I was in constant danger of falling; but, projecting from a rent in the rocks, not more than twenty feet away, I saw a large tree, overhanging the bed of the stream. If only I could secure refuge in that tree! There I should be safe, at least for the time; but the trouble was to get there, without slipping and falling into the midst of that herd of savage pigs beneath me.

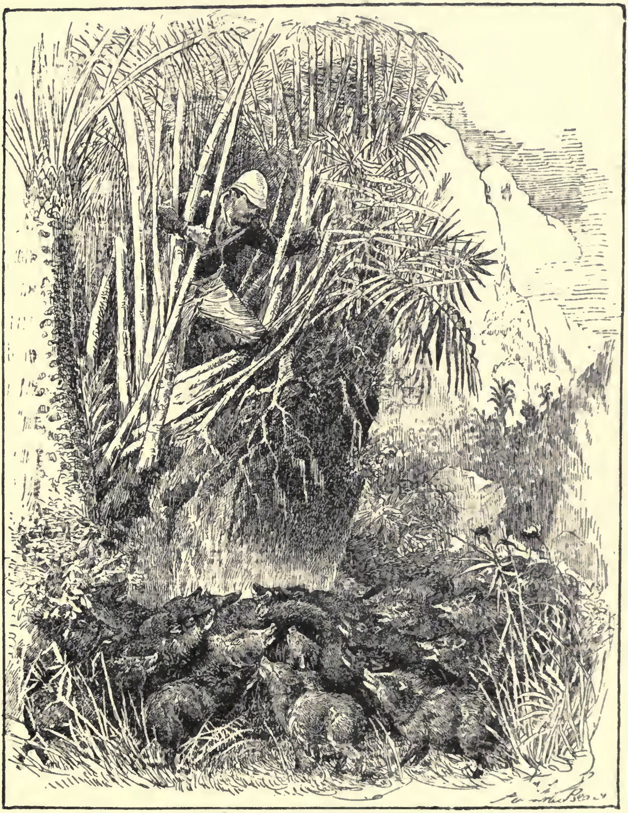
Slinging my gun over my shoulder, I began the perilous experiment. My motions, of course, attracted the attention of the herd, and they all dashed wildly at the rock, but the foremost fell short by nearly a foot, despite his most frantic efforts. My feelings, at that moment, were indescribable; but I shut my eyes to the possibility of a fall, and concentrated all my powers in my finger tips, clinging to the wall of rock like a limpet, and worming my way along inch by inch. My porcine guard below continued to inform me of their presence, grunting their disapproval of my flight, and gnashing their teeth in expectation of a chance to whet them on my bones. I was keenly aware of their every motion, yet dared not look in their direction, but kept my eyes fixed upon a friendly limb which reached out toward me; and this I finally grasped, after what seemed to me an age of anxious expectation.

Safe in the tree at last, I seated myself among a spongy mass of wild pines and dripping, broad-leaved plants. It was not the pleasantest seat in the world, and I felt, as Crusoe once said, that I had found a "dreadful deliverance," though I had escaped immediate death. From its almost horizontal position, hanging over the ravine, the tree gave me but little shelter, and I was exposed to the full force of the rain, which fell at intervals throughout the day. But I had chosen what seemed to me the lesser of the two evils, and must abide the consequences.

The "evils" from which I had escaped now counted up some twenty in number. They no longer seemed animated by any special fury, but they did seem to consider it their duty to await my descent; and there was something particularly discouraging in their attitude of sullen, dogged determination to stay right there till I came down, whether it were next day or next week. No amount of shooting or shouting seemed to affect that determination, and so, after laying out several of them with charges of the largest shot I had, I desisted from my attempts to drive them away, for I had not cartridges enough to exterminate the whole gang.

So there they sat all day long, grimly watching. I pictured to myself the horrors of the situation if they should persist in the siege until fatigue or starvation should cause me to succumb, for I knew that they were capable of prolonged waiting, their nature being so vindictive that they would stay for days, in order to gratify their rage. Even after it became so dark that I could not distinguish their forms, I could still hear them lunging at one another, keeping up their vengeful appetite by frequent quarrels among themselves, and clattering their tusks like castanets.

I did not dare attempt to sleep, and to prevent myself from falling in case sleep overcame me, I passed my waist belt around a perpendicular branch. Finally, the moon came out of the clouds and looked



Treed by peccaries.

down through the branches, but only succeeded in faintly lighting up the ground below, where the moving forms were converted into veritable imps of darkness.

How slowly those night hours dragged along! It seemed as if daylight would never come; but at last it appeared, sweetly heralded by the twittering of birds; but greeted, too, with grunts by my black jailers, who glanced up at me anxiously, to assure themselves that I was still in evidence.

As the sun rose above the tree tops its heat soon dried my clothes; yet still I sat there, cramped and weary, undecided what to do, but revolving many plans for escape. A sudden disturbance in the herd beneath me drew my attention. The peccaries were all facing southward, sniffing the air suspiciously, evidently startled. Two or three of the old boars started out to reconnoiter. They returned in a few minutes with some information, apparently, that caused every member of the gang to gather himself up on his feet as if electrified.

Eagerly turning my attention in the direction toward which they looked, I soon heard a faint noise, like the barking of a dog; and as this became more distinct the peccaries charged nervously hither and thither, grunting at each other in great alarm. A dog, of course, implied a master. I shouted and fired off my gun; and after a while came an answering human voice—the first I had heard in many months—but I could not distinguish the words.

Soon after the crashing of bushes and branches announced something approaching, and I shouted out a warning of the danger that might be incurred by advancing incautiously. My warning was not heeded, for there suddenly burst into view a man with a dog, on the cliff above me. The man, who saw the peccaries almost simultaneously with his appearance, leveled his gun and fired. At the same time the dog barked vociferously; and after a moment's hesitation my enemies turned tail and scurried away. It must have been a dreadful disappointment to them, after their long vigil, but they didn't wait for a farewell.

As the last one of them disappeared in the forest gloom I realized that my deliverance had come, and tried to descend from my perch. This, however, I found impossible without the assistance of my deliverer, a negro, whose kindly black face was the most welcome thing I had seen in a long time. He made a fire and a cup of coffee for me, while I was striving to regain the use of my limbs; and as soon as I was able to walk, guided me to camp, which we reached without further adventure.

My companion did his best to cheer me, but my reflections on the way home were not at all consolatory, for I felt the humiliation of the affair and that my dignity as a man, hitherto sole monarch of this realm, had been compromised. Still, there was no blinking the fact: I had been treed by "wild hogs." The hunter had been hunted; the doctor treated to a taste of his own medicine. I could not, after all, but acknowledge the justice of it, and would not have minded a small dose of my own medicine; but this had been a bolus, when a mere pill might have sufficed.

It was with a certain sort of grim satisfaction that I recalled how Crusoe had taken to a tree, the very first night he was on shore after his shipwreck. But his was a voluntary treeing, while mine was compulsory; for he says: . . . "All the Remedy that offer'd to my thoughts at that Time was to get up into a thick bushy Tree, like a Firr, but thorny, which grew near me, and where I resolv'd to sit all Night, and consider next Day what death I should dye; for as yet I saw no prospect of Life."

He wouldn't have done it if I could have been there to tell him about the ants, the centipedes, the pestiferous insects generally, that inhabit such a tree in the tropics, and do their best to make miserable any one invading their domain!

Experience was his teacher as well as mine, however, and I can vouch for the truth of his words when he says: "I learnt also this in particular: that being abroad in the rainy Season was the most pernicious Thing for my Health that could be." It certainly was for mine, as the next chapter will show.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JIMCRACK AND THE JUMBIES.

Prostrate with fever—Providence sends a nurse—A mystery explained—My parrot's early life—A case of original sin—A bird of great sagacity—A believer in witchcraft—How the King of the Woods scared Samwell Jones—Who stole the eggs?

I HAD occasion to prove the correctness of Crusoe's observation upon the danger of being abroad in the rainy season during the week that followed my adventure with the peccaries, for a tormenting fever laid hold on me, racking my joints and consuming my strength.

Then I had cause for thankfulness to Providence in sending me such a deliverer as came in the person of my black friend, who not only had rescued me from the wild hogs, but attended me assiduously throughout the progress of the disease. That Tobago fever is one of the worst of the diseases with which the islands of the West Indies are afflicted, being painful and acute, and never leaving its victims altogether without a change of climate.

Reaching my house with difficulty near the close of the day following my encounter, I was assisted by my new friend to my hammock, only to sink into delirium, leaving to him the care of all my possessions, including myself. It was three days later that I recovered full consciousness of my surroundings, and another day had passed before I could summon strength enough to inquire as to events subsequent to my attack.

Then I found myself lying upon a comfortable cot which my man had improvised for the time and occasion, making a rough frame and filling a sack of canvas with husks from the maize.

Noting my look of astonishment as I felt along the mattress and my evident approval, he hastened to explain: "Yo' see, sah, de hamak, him bery crooked, an' you git all double up, an' when you toss about an' trow yo' ahms round, like yo' don't rest, me tink um bed much better fo' yo', sah."

I thanked him with my eyes, feeling grateful, indeed, for this evidence of thoughtfulness, and he proceeded: "Yo' see, sah, me took um liberty of staying heah till yo' recob'ry, sah, becose yo' not able to care for yo'sef; but when yo' well 'nough to dispense wiv ma services, me seek um house at tudder end ob island, sah."

"No, no," I whispered, "don't hasten away, unless you have to go. I have another hut you can occupy, and we can find provisions enough to last us some time yet."

"Yes, massa, me see um tudder hut, down by de sho' of what dey call um 'Man-o'-Wah Bay'; an' it fine place fo' ole man Ned; me hab no 'casion to go, massa, an' wiv yo' permishun me stop wiv yo' little while. But, don' yo' talk too much, massa; drink dis ar'root gruel me mak fo' yo', an' go sleep ag'in."

After that rational refreshment and a nap I was ready to take a short walk about the house, and I noted with delight how neat it was, and the many little touches my "Friday" had given to the rooms, showing a refined nature and good breeding.

He was a man past middle age, with bent and shriveled form, gray kinky hair, and a shrewd and wrinkled face. He was a native of the island, never having been beyond its shores; had been born a slave, but was freed in the English emancipation, and had always lived, until recently, at the "great house" of his former master, on a plantation, where he occupied the post of major-domo, having general charge of all domestic affairs.

His old master had died about ten years before, the plantation went into the hands of some London merchants on account of debts incurred by its managers, and he was set adrift, having accumulated nothing during his long years of servitude, but having a local reputation for honor and faithfulness that served him well for a time among the few planters left on the island.

Of late he had made a scant living by shooting birds for the feather dealers in Trinidad, and for several years had roamed the forests in search of high-colored birds for the feather market. He had taught himself the art of taxidermy, and I found him quite expert at the skinning of birds, but an affliction which caused his hands to tremble violently made the work slow and difficult. Seeing that I noticed this, he explained that it was a judgment on him for pursuing the calling that he did and for killing small birds by compressing their lungs; for when a small bird falls wounded, in order to kill it the collector takes it between his thumb and finger and presses the sides under the wings, where the lungs are situated; thus it is suffocated and dies in the hand, gasping and fluttering.

It was my man's firm belief that the fluttering birds had communicated their convulsions to his own person, and that he would suffer for this sin till his dying day. I would not gainsay this, for I was not in sympathy with the bird hunters; but I found his acquirements very useful to me, and sought to teach him to discriminate between the wanton killing of birds for mere pleasure and ornament and collecting for the purposes of science. He was intelligent enough to note this difference and deferential enough to accept my dictum; but he urged that he had as good a right to shoot the birds for a living as any one had to stock a museum.

And in truth, I could not say that he had not, having my own doubts about the pretensions of so-called scientific men, who shoot hundreds and thousands of innocent birds, merely to determine a point of difference in nomenclature or some specific differentiation. At any rate the birds don't know any difference, whether they be martyrs to science or to fashion!

My new friend and servant was all that one could have wished—quiet, cleanly, deferential, intelligent, intuitively perceptive of my wishes, and desirous of serving me by day and by night.

He was greatly concerned about my health, and, finding him expert in nursing and a master in the art of simples and native remedies for fever, I resigned myself unreservedly into his charge. The quinine the mate had given me as I left the vessel now came into use, but his strong reliance was in a decoction of herbs, administered every few hours, which broke the fever and eventually cured me. Finding some wild limes in the woods, he made me drink freely of an infusion, and rubbed me down every night with rum and lime leaves, finally bringing me out well, and rapidly regaining my strength, at the end of a week.

That was a week of happy surprises, and the first one cleared up a mystery. We were conversing in my doorway one day about dusk, when I heard a flutter of wings and a chatter of parrot voices, which told me that Polly Psittacus had returned from a protracted visit somewhere with his mate. I thought he would, of course, fly directly to me and tell me all about his trip, as usual with him after a long absence; but instead, to my great astonishment, he landed on Friday's shoulder with a loud shriek of "Ned, Ned, hullo Ned!" ignoring me entirely.

Friday was more than astonished, he was terrified. "Goodness, massa, wha' dis a bud come from?" he ejaculated. "'Clar to gracious if it ain't old 'Jimcrack,' who useter lib wiv us at 'Betsy's Hope' fo' mo'n twenty year."

Polly was so delighted that he seemed unable to express his pleasure by means of ordinary demonstrations, but tweaked his friend's ears, crawled all over his arms and shoulders, and bobbed his head affirmatively at all he said. "Ned *sabé* Jimcrack, po' ole Jimcrack; Jimcrack want a drink, ha, ha, ha!"

"Da's de same sho'-nuff ole Jimcrack; dat's what he useter say to me ebery mawnin', puched on de back ob ole massa's cha'r. But wha' he come from? How you ketch dis ole raskil, sah?"

I then told him of the capture of Psittacus, our companionship, and of my surprise at his linguistic acquirements.

"Well, sah, dis prove to me dat de Lawd's han's am in dis all. Who sen' Jimcrack to you, sah, when you is all alone an' need somebuddy to convarse wiv, sah? Why, de Lawd! He know what's what; he know how yo' lose de use er yo' tong ef yo' don' hab nobuddy fo' talk wiv, sah; he take mo' pity on yo' dan yo' tek on yo'self, sah; ef yo' pehmit um say so who ain't no desire to critumcise yo' acks, sah. But de mystry to me am dis: Ef de Lawd want yo' hab company, an' de Lawd know sho' nuff dat yo' need *good* comp'ny, wha' fo' he sen' such ole raskil as dis Jimcrack? Massa, he de raskilist ole bud dat eber fly. He fuller ob 'rignal sin dan a aig is full er meat. Swar! Yo' orter heah um swar!"

"Yo' orter heah um swar," chimed in Psittacus, who had been a delighted listener, and who nodded his head at every accomplishment enumerated.

"Wha' um tell yo', massa, am de truf," said Friday, holding up his hands in horror, and at the same time with a delighted expression on his wrinkled features. "Dis a bud ken swar en fawty langwidges, sah; he ken swar en Spanish, an' French, an', an'——"

"Orter hear um swar," broke in the bird again, "swar in Spanish—ha, ha!—*caramba!* old black son of a gun!"

"Yo' heah dat, massa? Wha' um tole yuh? Da ain' no use tryin' c'reck him, nuther; he done tawk dat a way mor'n twenty yeah; tawk jes so when ole massa buy him, from a sailor on Spanish Main; tawk lek dat when ma missus die; he mos' scandalumize de pahson, sah, to def.

"Lemme discose to yo', sah. Dis a bud he nuffin' less'n de debil, sah. When ma missus come to die, sah, an' de pahson arribe, an' de serbants all aroun' a-snifflin' an' a-cryin', an' de room full'n frien's so yo' couldn' see across it, an' de air all stiflin', an' pore ole missus a-gaspin' fer bref—can see um now, massa, jes lek et was yist'dy—den wha' yo' tink dis a bud done do, sah? It mus' a ben de debil, sah, put et in he head; why, sah, he done puch on de footbo'd, an' nobuddy don't see him dah, an' he keep bery quiet, like he don' wan' nobuddy see um.

"An', sah, when de pahson done put de ques'ion: whereabouts dis good woman go ef she die, who had ben good missus all her life an' no harm nobuddy—when de pahson say dat, up hop ole Jimcrack an' holler out, so all de aujence hear um, de *patois* fer go to de bad place, sah! Dey don' speak it in dis a island, sah, but ober en Grenada, what de French useter own. When ole massa hear dat all, he mek fer dat a bud wiv a stick, an' when he ketch um, sah, he a'mos' brek he bones, an' twis' he neck, an' trow um out en de bushes like he was dead, sah.

"Ef de debil wan' in dat a bud, sah, he never recober no mo'; but de nex' mawnin' he jes' come a-hoppin' inter de house, sah, an' he puch on de back ob de char lek he useter always, an' he pop he head on de one side an' he put um beak on de bald spot on ole massa's head an' he say, ober an' ober ag'in, dat same 'spression, an' yo' couldn' mek him stop ef yo' was to kill um fer it, sah.

"Ole massa he was a-eatin' he brekfas', but he didn' had no appertite, an' he was a-tryin' ter look solum an' onhappy, fer de missus had libed wiv him more' n fawty yeah, sah; an' when he hear da bud he jes a choke an' jump up an' run inter de smokehouse, an' gib way ter um feelings; an' to dis a day, sah, um tinks ole massa was a-laffin more'n he was a-cryin'!

"He try to mek up to Jimcrack, but it wan' no use; de bud, sah, didn' 'pear to hab no hard feelin' 'ginst him, sah, but he treat him in distant, hotty way; but um see 'spression in um eye dat neber dar befo', sah; an' when my ole massa die, befo' de end ob de month, sah, de brack folks tink an' say dat Jimcrack hab done put jumbie spell on him. Yissir, an' when dey done lay ole massa in de groun', wha' yo' tink him do? Dat same bud come an' puch on de grabe an' he hol' he head down to de groun' an' repeat, sah, dem same wuds what mek old massa so mad. Fo' truf, me massa, um tink dis a jumbie bud; he hab ebil sperit in um, sho'.

"Yo' see um look at me now? He onderstan' ebry word um say; ah, ef he ain' do yo' no mischief, it 'cause he hab some reason fer it, an' not 'cause he lub yuh."

Friday sighed, and regarded the parrot with dismay expressed in his face. But the bird did not mind; he only rubbed his beak against Friday's ear, and then flew outside, where his mate was awaiting him.

"So he got new wife, eh? You ole Jimcrack, whar yo' pick up purty parrot like a dat to live wiv yo'? Yo' goin' leave um soon, like yo' leave yo' mate on de ole plantashum. She can't talk, but um un'stan' what he mind ter let her. Jimcrack like humans in dat respec': he hab two langwidge, one for he wife an' one fer de world in gen'rul. When he say to her, 'Ma dear, um got to go ter hunt ma grub, an' it may be late when um come back, so don' set up, ma dear,' she don' know whar about he go to."

I reassured him on this point, and narrated how Psittacus had made his dwelling in the palm tree, raised a small family of children, foraged for the family, and in all respects behaved like the model husband that he then appeared to be.

It may have been noticed that I called my new friend after the companion of Crusoe, his coming to me was so opportune, and he had so many of the good qualities of that excellent Carib. The name inadvertently slipped out, now and then, when I addressed him, and he always corrected me, reminding me that he had been christened Thomas Ned, and was known all over the island as "Old Ned."

He had no objection, he said, to being called "Friday," and if I insisted upon it he would adopt that name for life; but he really hoped I would not, as it was the unlucky day of the week, the only day which he feared; and even after I had explained who the original Friday was, he raised the question whether it was complimentary to call him after an ex-cannibal and ignorant savage!

But I think he was as devoted to me as the Indian was to Crusoe: "He was now gotten over his Fright, and he was very cheerful, and told me, as before, he would dye when I bid dye," etc. So I felt with regard to Ned: I knew I could trust him, even to the length of dying for me.

He could not write his name, but when I asked him how he spelled it, he said he didn't know, but there was "um letter M in it somewhar." I adopted Polly Psittacus's fashion of addressing him as "Mister Ned," which pleased him mightily; but he never ventured on such familiarity as to call me anything less formal than Massa, because, as he said, I was his master now, the only one he had, and the only person in the world he could look to in his old age.

I can not say that I relished the idea of sharing my solitude with any other human being; but when I reflected upon the service he had rendered me, and how my life was in a measure due to his fortunate

My Man Friday, Thomas Ned.

arrival in the nick of time, and his assiduous care while I was sick, I became reconciled to the situation.

After all, his was not an intrusive presence ; he made no claim to fellowship, except through a community of interests ; he was grateful for my attention merely, happy in my presence, and delighted to be of service to me. It was but natural that he should look to me for the future, and I resolved that he should not come to want, if it were in my power to prevent it.

After my convalescence he retired to the hut at the bay every night as the trade winds blew, and appeared again at sunrise, sometimes later, at which times it would be with a string of fish which he had caught from the rocks. He was not much given to bathing, so he watched on the beach for sharks, while I enjoyed myself in security, after the old fashion before I had been frightened by the sea monsters. He took care of the other members of my family, knowing better than I what their special preferences were, and they all thrived wonderfully, under his fostering attention.

Although he had passed the greater portion of his latter years in the woods, yet he was full of fears and superstitions. I don't think he had any fear of personal violence from anything that he could see, but it was of the spiritual world that he stood in awe. The forest was peopled with spirits, good and bad, especially bad ; every old tree with hollow trunk held its dryads, its "jumbies," and a score of birds were only the visible embodiments of departed worthies who had lived in Tobago in the past.

"Me was made narvis (nervous) by holdin' de bud en um han' to die," he would remark, looking mournfully at his shaking fingers, "an' all de wood folks an' de jumbies know me am spotted to die mase'f by dat bery sign." No amount of argument could shake his faith in the jumbies, for he was a direct descendant of an African slave, who had brought with him to these islands all the superstitions of the Guinea coast, all the fetishism and witchcraft.

There is no less of witchcraft practiced now than in the early days of slavery, when African "obeahism" was at its height; and Thomas Ned, good man that he was, and local preacher that he had sometimes been, was deeply imbued with its teachings. His particular aversion was the "Ole Boy," a malignant spirit that roamed the woods, and whose origin is given in the local folklore as follows: In slavery time a certain woman had in her charge an orphan boy, whom she one day took out with her to her provision ground, when he strayed away and was drowned in a pond. He was found and buried, but as the distance from town was great, no parson attended and no funeral service was read over his grave. As a consequence of this neglect, his soul was refused admittance into heaven and was forced to return to earth, where it roams about uttering a melancholy cry: "Oh, poor me, lone one, oh!"

"Yes, sah, um hab seen dis bery sperit, massa; it take shape ob big gray bud, wiv great yeyes, roun' an' glassy, an' it fly saft, sah, saft as silk, in de moonlight, an' it cry out at me, sah: 'Oh, poor me, lone one, oh!' an' ma ha'r raise, sah, twell I get out ob de wood. Tell yo', sah, lemme said to yo', sah, ef yo' wants to feel dat dey *is* jumbies in dese wood, yo' mus' to heah dat same 'King ob de Wood' when he hoot in some dark balley.

"Ha! so yo' hab done heah him? Yes, me massa, me can 'member dis a same bud, sah, which to say, him mek um feel like um judgmun' day was come, sah, de fus' time me heah um. It was in de t'ick wood, an' me come to a balley 'tween two high mountain which make up; ribbah flow 'tween um, swif' an' dark; all trees oberhead make um black like night.

"Lemme discose to yo', sah: dat sight make um feel like little chile; me don' hab not'ing only ma gun; no dog, not one 'vidual t'ing; make um feel so bad ma head raise (hair rose up), an' me wish um safe out um dis wood. Well, lemme discose to yo': me feel dat me mus' do sumt'ing, an' so um let um gun off—pam! Dat mek um sperit recobah, sah; but all at once me hear um King ob de Wood, 'Who? who?' An' me t'ink, 'Who, fo' shua, who am me who 'starb dis lonely place? De good God A'mighty he no mek um t'ick wood fo' ole Tom Ned; he mek um fo' King ob de Wood an' sich like!'

"P'r'aps yo' neber heah ob de brack boy what got scare at de King ob de Wood? No? Lemme discose to yo'. He was a bad brack boy, sah, an' he hab been done steal some chicken an' aig, sah; de dark fin' him some way from he house, an' he hurry frou at he bes' lick.

"All sudden like a solum voice hoot in he year: 'Who? who you?' He a'mos' fall down, he so frighten. But he say, 'Me Samwell Jones, sah.'

"De sperit mek no reply to he answer, only say 'gin, 'Who? who you?'

"De boy ha'r stan' up, an' he say, 'Samwell Jones, sah, goin' home, sah, good massa.'

"Nex' time de voice right ober he head, 'Who? who you?' an' sound lak it come from some deep and dismal grabe. De boy drap he aigs an' run tro' de wood a-hoppin'. 'Me ain' done stole no aigs, good massa ghos'; it nudder boy wha' come 'hin' me; he de one stole de aigs, massa ghos'!'"

"Who stole de aigs?" cried a shrill voice over our heads, as Thomas Ned concluded his story. "Ole Ned stole de aigs! Ole nigger Ned stole de aigs!"

It was Psittacus, of course, who had listened to the whole narrative. Thomas Ned rose as if electrified, and his hands quivered as he shook them at the audacious bird, leering at him from the rafters overhead.

"Massa," he said, "me don' want do harm to any libin' t'ing in dis a house; but it do seem dat it mus' be ne'ss'ry to twis' dat bud's neck, if yo' wan' git de debil out er him. He done know altogedder too much; a little knowledge am a dang'rus t'ing, as dat ole raskil done fin' out some time!"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DEVOTION OF THOMAS NED.

"My Island was now peopled, and I thought myself rich in Subjects; and it was a merry Reflection which I frequently made —how like a King I look'd."—CRUSOE.

WHEN Thomas Ned first came before me in the character of deliverer I did not closely scrutinize his appearance or apparel, being a steadfast believer in that old proverb, "Never look a gift horse in the mouth." But, when he proposed to remain with me as a servant and "Man Friday," I felt it my duty to have an eye to his vesture, as one bound to responsibility in his presentable appearance. It was more from poverty than preference that he was ill clad, and despite his rags he did not appear in filthy condition.

He wore a shirt so very ragged that it hung from his shoulders in tatters and strings, and was evidently assumed, not so much for the service it rendered as a shirt, as out of deference to the demands of civilization. A reminder of a coat strove to hide the inner garment, but was, like its owner, a skeletonized apology, mainly consisting of detached pockets, filled with such odds and ends as the semi-savage negro delights to conceal about his person. Trousers, also, in the last stages of senility, through which the legs they made a pretense of incasing, were distinctly visible in numerous places, and which depended from an old leather belt around the waist. He had no shoes, but on his head wore a hat that it were better he had left in the ash heap, whence, doubtless, it had been abstracted.

The gun he carried was a single-barrel, body and soul—that is, stock and barrel—being held together by strings. The cur that trotted after and looked upon this tatterdemalion as master was a good specimen of the genus that is always found attached to the black man ; he had many good points, according to Thomas Ned, but it was beyond my power to discover them.

As soon as I had sufficiently recovered to assume command in the cabin, I sent man and dog to the seashore, where I had some old clothes in a chest, and, after the man had divested himself of his rags and taken a bath in the bay, re-enforced by a scrubbing on the sands, I gave him an entirely new and clean suit of linen and duck. He had previously buried the old ones, but not without evident regrets, almost tearfully expressed, and had subjected the dog to a cleansing process ; so that the pair appeared, in the end, completely transformed.

Neither seemed at first very grateful for my attentions, but Thomas soon saw the wisdom of my work, and, like Friday, "Mighty well was he pleas'd to see himself almost as well cloth'd as his Master.

He went awkwardly in these Things at first; wearing the Drawers was very awkward to him, and the Sleaves of the Jerkin gall'd his Shoulders and the inside of his Arms; but he soon got used to them."

The cur was the most indignant, and resented the change in his master's apparel by growling and barking at him, refusing to recognize in that well-dressed man in white the quondam Thomas Ned. "Da dawg done know dat me hab no right to dress like buckra man," said the transmogrified Friday; "da dawg got heap ob sense; he know me can't shoot de bud when me go 'roun' all slick up in da white close."

I saw the sense of his remarks, and gave him another suit, half worn, of English tweed, which he declared more in keeping with his character as servant and huntsman, and carefully stored away the white ones for Sunday wear.

While we were at the beach, Friday gave me an exhibition of his agility, by walking up a cocoanut tree and gathering nuts enough to last us a week or more. Yes, he *walked* up; he did not climb. He made a loop of a piece of rope, passed it around the tree and himself, and, bracing himself against this rope, he went up with ease. The tree was tall and the bole very straight and slippery, yet he climbed easily until he reached the lower branches. There arrived, he cast off the loop, drew himself up over the great bunches of cocoanuts and spathes, and commenced to hack away at the stems. He had stuck a large cutlass (a machete) in his belt, and as he ascended he presented a comical sight, the machete sticking out like the tail of a monkey. Out of the respect I bear to Thomas Ned I will not pursue this simian simile further; but he wondered long why I fell on the sand and rolled in ecstasy of laughter.

Gathering cocoanuts.

Having thrown down a lot of nuts, he descended quickly, took his cutlass in hand again, and clipped off the outer husk of one of them, trimming it to a point at the smaller end, and then, with a swift, dexterous stroke, cut it across, leaving a small hole. Through this I drew the cool liquid, clear and sweet, which fills the ivory chamber within, in quantity nearly a pint, and was about to throw the empty shell away, when he caught it, with one blow cleft it in twain, and, chipping a spoon from the rind, handed it to me again, that I might scoop out the translucent jelly, which is considered a delicacy.

Like all old negroes who have passed their lives in the shade of the cocoa palms, Thomas Ned was an adept at extracting from the best of the cocoanuts their hidden virtues, and well merited the praise I bestowed upon him for his skillful performance. Having passed the better part of his life in the service of wealthy planters, he knew how to make those insidious beverages which serve the great men to pass away dull time in the tropics; and, so far as our limited sideboard afforded the ingredients, he gave me the proof of his skill as a concocter of drinks to which, in my solitude, I had been a stranger.

Thomas Ned was, like the majority of the blacks, very abstemious, and would not even partake of the beverages he prepared, except on unusual occasions; his chief delight seemed to be in their concocting, as evidence of his honorable position in ancient times, when he was the plantation butler. He took the old retainer's delight in seeing his master enjoy the good things of life, even if he himself abstained; and I could not deny him such vicarious pleasure, although I felt constrained to check his desire to hasten me on a bibulous career, which might have landed me in a drunkard's grave, long ere this chronicle was concluded. Assuming, as he did, that I was a gentleman, and therefore incapable of a vulgar lapsing into inebriety, he could not understand the meaning of my persistent refusal, except on the score of economy.

In one of our long rambles we discovered a hidden valley which showed evidences of former cultivation, and held a grove of wild fruit trees, or which, as Thomas said, had "done turn Injun"—relapsed into a state of savagery. "I saw here abundance of Cocoa Trees, Orange and Lemon and Citron Trees; but all wild, and very few bearing any Fruit; at least, not then." Among them, also, we found some cashew trees, bearing a strange fruit, called here the *acajou*, which I think is the Indian name. The fruit is of the shape of a pear, fragrant and full of juice, with the seed or stone hanging on the outside, in the shape of a kidney bean. We secured a large quantity of this fruit, and when we got home Thomas roasted the nuts, which were delicious, and at night he brewed another beverage, which he called "cashew drink," and insisted upon my tasting.

The drink I found most refreshing was limeade, from the fruit of the lime, the juice mixed with water and sweetened with sugar, particularly during the period of my convalescence, which was protracted during many weeks. One morning my Friday came up the hill in great glee, bearing an armful of sticks with pronged ends, and stripped of their bark. "Look a da, ma massa, see de swizzle-stick me fin' down by da pon'." These sticks were slender and straight, each one with four or five prongs at the end, at right angles to the stem, and from their peculiar shape they are used as egg-beaters and mixers of beverages. They create, even in plain drinks, a peculiar froth, owing to the mucilaginous or saponaceous quality of the cambium layer covering the wood.

From what I have said, it will be seen that Thomas Ned had installed himself as butler in my establishment; and if it has not already transpired that he was in reality the chief in charge and the major-domo, I will set at rest all doubt and declare that he had usurped every function pertaining to the domestic economy of the household.

It was as *chef*, however, that he shone resplendent; from the very first he regarded my array of shining culinary utensils as his particular property, nor would he ever allow me to go near the kitchen under any pretext.

"Da kitchum ain' no place fo' genlemun like yo', sah; it am de mos' mysteriumest t'ing dat yo' ain' done kill yo'se'f, a-cookin' all by yo'se'f; ef yo' ain' got 'spepsy it am a dispenshun ob Prov'dence. But me know how to cook ef um don' know an'ting else." And he did. Thomas Ned never boasted, but he had a fair knowledge of his abilities; which, after all, is better than knowing too much, or knowing a great deal and at the same time not being aware of it. It was his delight, it was his glorious privilege, to solve the daily-recurring problem of not only what we should have to eat, but what we should have different from the day before!

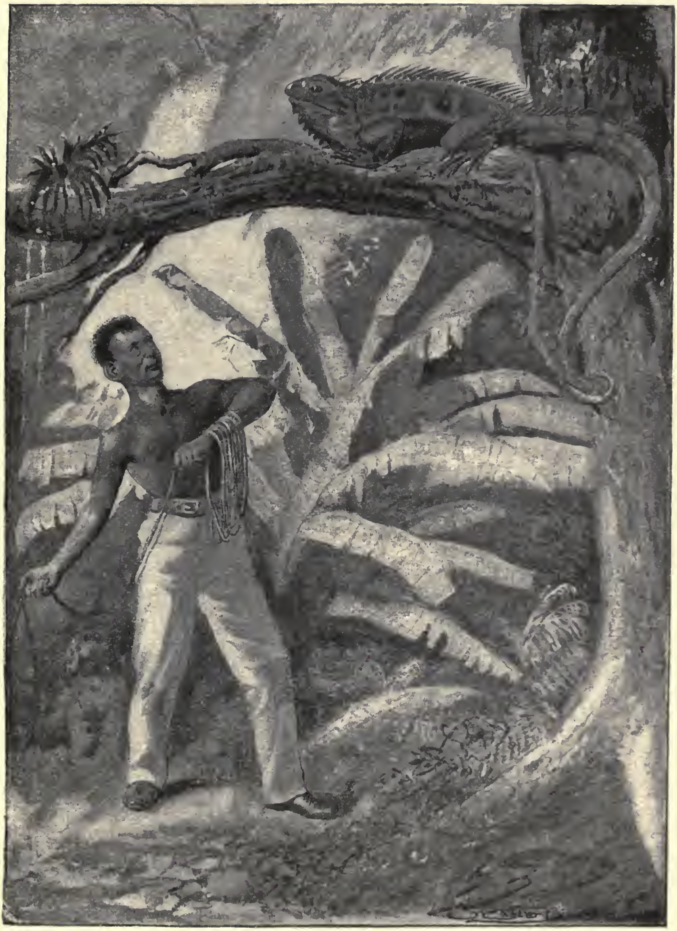
My stores were scanty, as I have already mentioned, before he invaded my premises; but there was no diminution in them after his arrival; on the contrary, they positively increased. The flour was low in the barrel, but he augmented it by *farine* from the cassava root; he hunted out the wild yam and the yeddo, and knew to a day the ripening of the tubers under ground, no matter how they were concealed from human perception; he grated the cocoanut, and made from its meat delicious pies and puddings; he walked the beach for turtles, and we feasted on eggs and turtle steaks until that variety of food palled upon us; he knew the best spots on the rocks from which to cast his line for fish; the holes in the stream where lurked the fattest crayfish, and the holes in the earth in which lived the finest land crabs; in short, he taught me that the earth could be made to yield a fatness of which I had never dreamed.

And Thomas Ned knew many things also which I did not. For instance, he knew how to lull the fierce-looking iguana to sleep and capture him. When he told me this I was at first incredulous, but he proved his statement by doing it.

We found a big iguana, one day, feeding on the leaves of a mangrove tree. When the animal saw us coming it swelled out its gular sack, raised the spines along its back, and looked fiercer than ever. But Thomas Ned began whistling a tune, at the same time cutting down a "lialine" vine, with which he made a slip noose. Louder and louder he whistled, and finally the iguana's head drooped and it lay supinely along the branch. Then, still whistling, my "Friday" softly approached and slipped the noose over the reptile's head. It then awoke, of course, and lashed out wildly with its terrible tail; but too late, for that night we had some of that same tail cooked for our supper.

I was in danger of lapsing into a condition prejudicial to the success of my projects; of becoming soft and sybaritical, Thomas Ned so adequately supplied my wants and anticipated my every need. To offset this luxurious living I hunted all the harder, taking longer walks, and ransacking the farthest limit of my domain. When I returned, weary and sore, Thomas Ned awaited me with a cooling drink, and later set before me a dish that he had been, perhaps, all the day conceiving and contriving. He insisted, also, upon doing all the taxidermical work while I was away, or while I wrote out my descriptions of our captures; thus I was allowed more time in which to perform the higher duties of my life, and devote myself to my books and the chronicling of these, my daily doings.

It was a delightful division of labor, in which Thomas Ned did all the dirty work, and left me free for something more to my liking! Conscience and I had a wrestle on that subject and several "set-tos" before convinced that it was all the better for all concerned, I urging that it was of his own volition that he undertook this labor, that he was getting fat on it,



Noosing the iguana.

and was happy as a king; in fact, happier than the average of kings, and wouldn't swap situations with the best of them. He had been born to work, and I had not; he liked work, no matter of what kind, as he couldn't discriminate, while I had my decided preferences; and, finally, if ever a man born a stranger to another, without obligations to that other, ever loved that other more than Thomas Ned loved me, then all the signs were at fault!

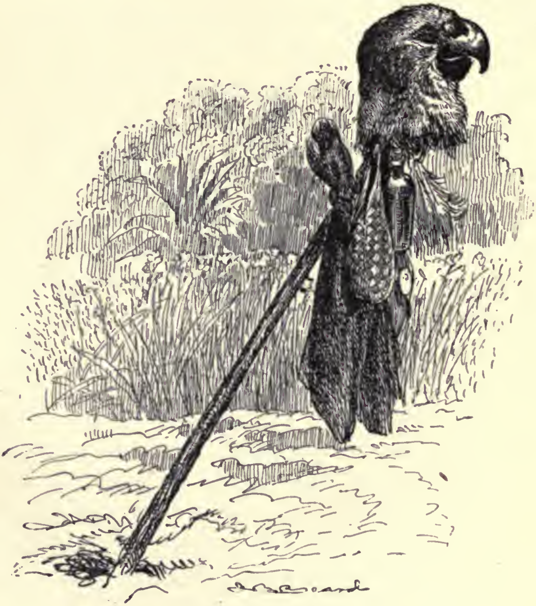
We had never raised the question of compensation; but, as he was a self-avowed pauper, and had not been able to accumulate anything in fifty years or so of work; whereas he was now reveling in comparative luxury, clothed and clean, I did not have any compunctions on that score. And besides, if it should come about that I should leave the island—an unwelcome suggestion which I never entertained without a shudder—of course Thomas Ned would then fall into my possessions as residuary legatee, so to speak. But not the shadow of such suggestion ever entered his honest old brain; he was serving me loyally and happily, wholly from choice, and had at last, after years of rude buffeting, fallen into the very place his soul had craved all his life.

It was a pleasure to watch his enjoyment, his perfect trust in the rectitude of things, the ease and naturalness with which he went about his self-imposed labors. His chief delight was in smoking, and, as I had a small stock of tobacco, and cared little for the weed except in ruminative moments, I abandoned it all to him; added to this, he made a find of the tobacco plant growing wild somewhere, and no miser ever watched his gold as Thomas Ned did his hoarded supply and the prospective "smokes" on the stalk. The rains fell, and the sun came out after the showers; the nights succeeded the days, and it was all the same to us, for we were busy and happy, each with his own employ.

It followed as a matter of course, after the advent of Thomas Ned, that he took charge of my plantation and assisted materially in the agricultural operations, and latterly I had left the management of the garden chiefly to him, because of his special knowledge of the native plants and their culture. He had, indeed, manifested a desire to have me keep away from the garden, which I thought strange, but attributed to nothing more than a natural desire to take sole charge of a work in which he particularly delighted. But one evening, as we were strolling through the garden, and noting with pleasure what great advancement the various plants had made, I came across something that made me turn upon my man Friday with a demand for an explanation. It was nothing more than a stick stuck up slantwise in the center of the garden, and dangling from the top a strange assortment of "trash," such as a parrot's head, a red rag, a halfpenny, and a small bag of rice.

I knew at first glance what this stuff signified: it was an *Obeah charm*, such as the African wizards use, to put a spell upon their enemies. This witchcraft of Obeah, a survival of the African serpent worship, is strong throughout the West Indies, and in fact wherever the negro lives isolated from the influence of the white race.

I turned upon Thomas with a severe countenance, and he, abashed, hung down his head. "Don' tek dat a-cha'm to mean nuffin', massa, fo' it am necuss'ry to pertect de gyarden. Lemme discose to yo', sah, dat um hab seen de footfalls ob a man on de sand, sah; um don' tell yo', fo' don' want alarm yo', massa; but dat is de truf. Yis, sah, it am de truf; an' um


An Obeah charm.

know dat a man done steal all de provision, ef um don' put up Obeah cha'm. Fo' truf, massa, ef um don' let dat a man know dat um hab cha'm 'ginst him, he done run way wiv ebrytings we hab; now he know it ain' no use, an' he done run way hisse'f. Massa, um hab ben locus (local) preacher mahse'f, an' um good Wes'lyun; but lemme discose to yo', sah, dat dey is t'ings dat de buckra gospel can' mek head aginst, noway, an' de chiefest t'ing am dis same Obeah; an' de splanashun am jes dis: de buckra 'ligion am God's 'ligion, but de Obeah am de debil's 'ligion, so holp me truf!"

CHAPTER XX.

A VISIT TO THE WORLD OUTSIDE.

A state of blissful content—We visit the old plantation—Scarborough, the capital of Tobago—Entertained by the "Queen's Own" and the Governor—A glimpse of Trinidad—At Golden Grove—The schooner on a coral reef—Corroboration of Crusoe's story—The cave where Crusoe found the "old He-Goat"—Where the cannibals landed, and where Man Friday was discovered.

It may be supposed that Man Friday and myself had frequent conversations regarding the resources and the people of the island on which I was camped, and canvassed thoroughly the advisability of inspecting the portion which was then unknown to me. Like myself, Thomas Ned shrank from any movement that would make known to the residents of the southern end of the island our whereabouts; not from any feeling of unsociability, but from a natural desire to remain undiscovered. We had attained to that state of blissful contentment, of perfect satisfaction with our surroundings, that permitted of no intrusion without a threatened disruption of the conditions creating them.

We had both been so often buffeted by ill fortune, had received so many kicks and cuffs from society, and so many rude receptions in our endeavors to maintain ourselves as corporate members of the body politic, that no amount of persuasion could induce us to enter it again. Waifs from the outer edge of the world, we had been cast into an eddy of calm by the very currents that threatened our destruction, and we saw in this the hand of an overruling Providence.

My companion was truly alarmed when he found that I even gave heed to the thought of an experimental visit to the confines of the outer world. "Wha' fo' yo' done wan' fool wiv dose people, massa? Ain' yo' see da fingah ob de good Goramighty in all dis yar? Ain' he done gib yo' all yo' want, mo' dan yo' need, an' powerful sight mo' dan yo' desarve?" His lip quivered, his whole frame shook with emotion, and I could understand and sympathize with him. For more than fifty years he had been the sport of adverse circumstances; he had been every man's slave and no man's care. Accepting his lot, as he had, with all the dumb forbearance belonging to his race, yet he had felt the cruelty, the unfairness of it all!

After those weary years of slavery, after the last hope had been drowned in despair, unexpectedly there had come to him this deliverance from servitude. His soul was glad with the assurance that his declining years might be passed in a haven of rest, and his one desire was that nothing should occur to interrupt this serenity. But he was deeply grateful to me for having given him even these few months' surcease from care, and his loyalty to me and belief in my infallibility kept him from more than raising a shadow of objection. He was certain that an absence from our home would work disaster to our schemes, by directing upon us an irruption of the inhabitants of the other section, who would annoy us in many ways and finally compel us to abandon the place.

I entertained every reason for delay and carefully weighed all objections; but finally, about midsummer, after the rains had spent their force, I concluded to set out on the journey of exploration. It was not as if we were going into an unknown region, for Thomas Ned knew every foot of the way, and our perturbation over the possible consequences of such a small undertaking may cause a smile on the face of the reader.

But it is ever thus: when a man narrows his horizon and secludes himself from his fellow-men, he is thrown in upon himself, his thoughts dwell upon the little things of life, rather than upon the greater works of human hands. It was in the correction of this tendency, which I had latterly noted in myself with alarm, that I felt the journey would be beneficial.

Well, after everything had been arranged, the captive agoutis and other animals set free, and Polly Psitticus had been informed that he was to keep a general oversight of the premises, we set out, one fine morning in July. It was agreed that we would not go direct to the coast, but avoid the negro villages and make for the plantation upon which Thomas Ned had passed his early years. As it was now in possession of a very worthy man, one whom Friday felt he could trust, and who would not betray our plans nor inform any one of our residence, we were safe in venturing that far, and if anything occurred to excite suspicion we could retreat upon our base of operations again, without it becoming known that we were abroad.

The scheme, which was Friday's own, worked beautifully. The second morning we were snugly domiciled beneath the roof of the "great house," and the manager, a big-hearted and stalwart Scotchman, was listening to my story and laughing heartily at our adventures. I should like to narrate my sensations at again meeting one of my own race after so many months of seclusion; but events now crowd upon me so, hastening to a conclusion, that this will be impossible.

Our friend and host promised to keep my secret, and, being a man of intelligence, with generous impulses, did not more than laugh at my scheme; but he would not allow me to depart at once on my way to the southern end of the island, and we passed three days with him, all the time entertained like visiting princes from abroad. He insisted, of course, upon an unabridged narration of my adventure, and at its close congratulated me upon securing such a treasure as I possessed in the person of Thomas Ned, who had assumed his old position as butler and attendant *pro tem.*, and waited on us assiduously.

The "great house" was situated in the center of a broad, spacious valley, with the sea in front, the hill on which the house was perched being some two hundred feet in height, and with low ridges radiating in all directions from it to circumferential hills. Straight down to the sea, a mile away, ran a road, lined on both sides with the huts of the laborers, with a stray palm here and there and a long row near the beach, which evidenced the former existence of that overarching avenue, of which its former owner so proudly wrote, over one hundred years ago, when this estate was called the "Louis d'Or," and the slaves were counted by hundreds. Great fields of cane were on every side, with varying tints of gold, and through them ran a river from the mountains, the hills above being cultivated to their very tops. Thousands of cocoa trees lined the beach, and a small drogher was lading with nuts, to be taken to Barbados.

The distance to my destination was not great, but the time consumed in getting there was usually two days, and to cover it the manager loaned me a mule, while Thomas Ned awaited my return at the plantation. My object was to view the southern end of the island, where the outlook was over toward Trinidad, as that was an important piece of evidence in favor of this being the one-time residence of Robinson Crusoe. The manager assured me that it was just as related in the book, and that I might as well save myself the journey, for he himself had been interested in the subject, and had made his own observations, which confirmed the statement of Crusoe in every particular.

To look through the spectacles of others was never my way; and, thanking him for his advice, and for the mule, I accepted the latter, and cantered away, leaving Thomas Ned waving me an adieu from the front veranda. Along the curves of beautiful beaches and through the sweets of a sugar-cane wilderness I rode all that day, and finally arrived at the only town on the island, called Scarborough. Of itself this town has nothing to interest, but Nature has done the best it could to cover the wounds inflicted by man, and the miserable houses of which it is composed are for the most part hidden in groves of tropic trees.*

Having a note of introduction to an officer of the Queen's regiment, quartered on the hill above the town, I was there received with hospitality—for which all English officers are noted throughout the world—and allowed to rest for the night. From the fort above the town the view is superb, for the hills march down from the interior mountains in serried ranks, dipping here and there into dells and hollows, rounded into knolls and mounds, the only sharp outlines being those of the highest against the sky.

In the landscape spread out before one here copsewood and cane land hold about equal sway; windmills and cocoa palms (most of the former decapitated, and the leaves of the latter wildly beating the air in the breeze of afternoon, or hanging motionless in the calm of morning) are the most striking features in this wilderness of sugar cane. A windmill, the tower a truncate cone of stone, spread its four great arms, like a Greek cross, above a smooth, green, and luxuriant field. Wide-spreading tamarinds of finest green, broad, round-headed mangos of deeper green, grow out of the fields, and suggest coolness and shade, despite the tropic heat.

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* See frontispiece.

But the most conspicuous tree, as it is the most graceful, is the cocoa palm, which lines the roads and lanes, springing up singly and in groups all over this fair landscape. Its columns sweep along the beach below, the grandest curve imaginable, stretching from the base of the hill on which the town is built to the extreme point of coral rock many miles away. Above the beach the palms lean in every direction, crossing and recrossing the coast road, and hang above the yellow sand in such profusion that only now and then can be obtained glimpses of the humble huts that cluster beneath their shade.

The outlines of Trinidad can here be seen, stretching along the southwestern horizon; some days it is green, with the colors of the cane fields distinctly visible; at which time, when it shows so clearly, there is reason to fear the coming of rain, for when it is clear to leeward, it is generally misty to windward, and as a consequence rainy.

This island is visible from the heights above Scarborough, as Crusoe himself describes: "And the Land which I perceived to the West and West Southwest, was the great Island of Trinidad, on the North Point of the Mouth of the River Oroonoque."

The curve of the bay is at the right of the town, looking toward the sea, where a small stream crawls lazily over the sands, and the beach crooks like a scimitar around to Crown Point, some five miles away, smooth and hard, at low water, lined with cocoa palms and sea grapes. At its southern extremity, where the island ends in a coral reef, at the time of my observation, sat, bolt upright, the hull of a stranded schooner.

Accepting an invitation of the surveyor-general of Tobago, who sent me a horse, I galloped out to the Point one morning over the smooth, hard beach. The singing of the birds in the sea-grape thickets and the fragrance of the flowers there intertangled and carpeting the fields, made this canter one of the memorable outings of my life. Suddenly darting away from the smooth racecourse on the beach, my steed bore me through a hedge-lined lane, where his muffled hoofbeats caused the birds to scatter in every direction, leaving in the air fragmentary gushes of song as delightful as the melody of our own song sparrow in the North in the opening hours of an April morning. The lane lost itself, finally, becoming merged in a number of other tracks, and then the estate of "Golden Grove" lay before me, a level tract of several hundred acres, smooth as a floor and treeless, save for a few gigantic tamarinds and mangos and a littoral fringe of cocoa palms where it bordered on the beach.

In the center of this verdant plain stood a fine large mansion, in the best style of old West-Indian architecture, with broad verandas spread out invitingly on every side. Here I was met by the proprietor, who had his horse ready saddled, and together we went over to the Point, after a short stay and a luncheon, three miles farther, where lay, or rather sat, a stranded schooner, called the "Jane Milloy." A large crowd of Tobagans had gathered there to purchase the spars and rigging of the abandoned vessel, which some fortunate individual bought for fifty pounds—far less than the copper on her bottom was worth.

At the wreckage sale I met many interesting people, among them a local botanist and naturalist, who called my attention to the fact that the interstices of the coral rock were filled with pure asphaltum, similar to that found in the celebrated Pitch Lake of Trinidad. As the two islands are here but twenty miles apart, and as this is on the extreme southern point nearest to Trinidad, it is more than possible that there may be some intimate connection beneath the sea.

The coral reef is here visible a long distance from the shore, and yet the "Jane Milloy" was firmly cradled on the broad reef, less than two hundred yards from the beach of sand, in water so shallow that boys were wading out to her all the afternoon. It was a matter of wonder how she got there at all, so close to the shore. Her master said that he mistook for the harbor light the torch flame of some men out fire-fishing, that stormy night in which his vessel went ashore.

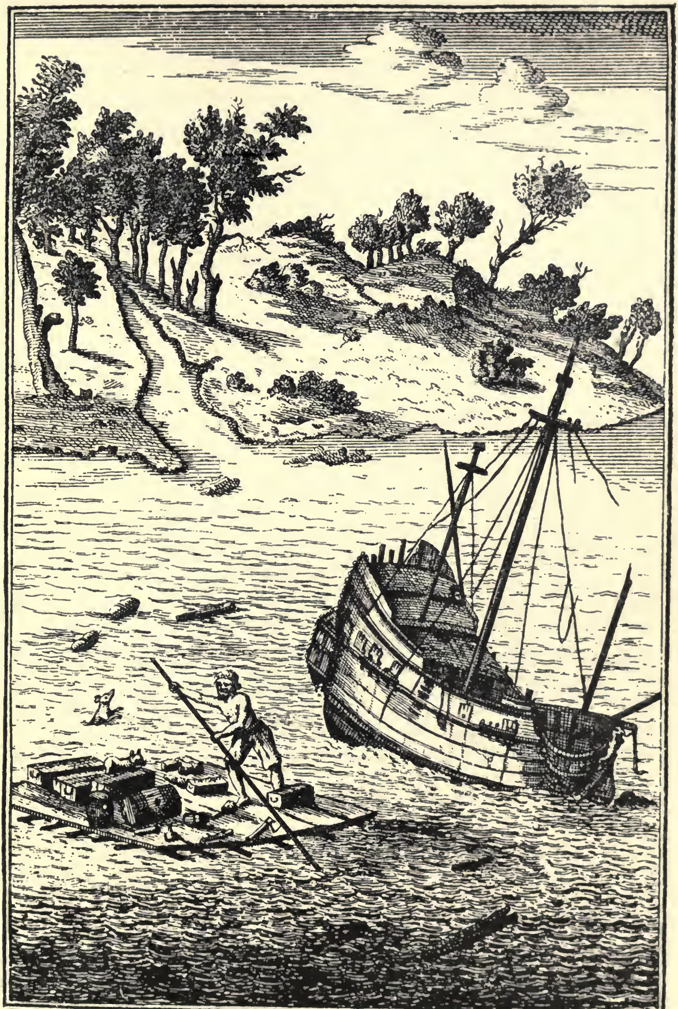
A striking peculiarity of the southern shore of Tobago is the extreme shallowness of the water, where in some places one may wade two or three miles from the beach. My readers will recall Crusoe's vivid description of this shallow sea; and more forcibly than ever came to me the truthfulness of his narrative and the accuracy of Defoe's description and fullness of his knowledge when I saw sitting before me this vessel upright on the reef! It was, you will remember, after Crusoe's crew had given the ship up for lost, and were driving before the tempest upon an unknown coast, as quoted in my opening chapter:

"The Wave that came upon me again buried me at once thirty or forty Foot deep in its own Body, and I could feel myself carri'd with a mighty Force and Swiftness towards the Shore, a very great Way; but I held my Breath, and assisted myself to swim forward with all my Might. I was ready to burst with holding my Breath, when, as I felt myself rising up, so, to my immediate Relief, I found my Head and Hands shooting above the Water. . . . I strook forward against the return of the Waves, and felt Ground again with my Feet. I stood still a few Moments to recover Breath, and till the Water went from me, and then took to my Heels, and run, with what Strength I had, farther towards the Shore. But neither would this deliver me from the Fury of the Sea, which came pouring after me again, and twice more I was lifted up by the Waves, and carri'd forward as before, the Shore being very flat."

Once safe on shore he fell down and gave thanks for his miraculous deliverance, but wondered that there should be no one saved but himself: "For, as for my

Companions, I never saw them afterwards, nor any Sign of them, except three of their Hats, one Cap, and two Shoes that were not Fellows." And the next morning: "I cast my Eyes to the stranded Vessel, where the Beach and the Froth of the Sea being so big that I could hardly see it, it lay so far off, and considered: 'Lord, how was it possible I could get on Shore?' . . . But that which surpris'd me most was, that the Ship was lifted up in the Night, from the Place where She lay, by the swelling of the Tyde, and was driven far up! . . . This being within a Mile of the Shore where I was, and the Ship seeming to stand upright still, I wish'd myself on Board, that I might have some necessary Things for use; and a little after Noon I found the Sea so calm and the Tyde ebb'd so far out, that I could come within a quarter of a Mile of the Ship . . . so I pull'd off my Cloathes, for the Weather was hot to extremity, and took to the Water."

Then followed his plundering of the ship and his subsequent adventures; but I cite this much only in confirmation of the correctness of the narrative, as shown in the local features of the locality in which the wreck is assumed to have occurred. The stranding of the "Jane Milloy" was wholly fortuitous in its corroboration of the correctness of the story; but it was an event that actually occurred, in April, 1878, and I am constrained to cite it to prove the verity of my own narration. It happened also while I was in the island of Tobago, as may be verified by reference to the records of the local government.



R.Cruſoe ſaving his Goods out of the Wreck of the Ship. *Vol. I. p. 55.*

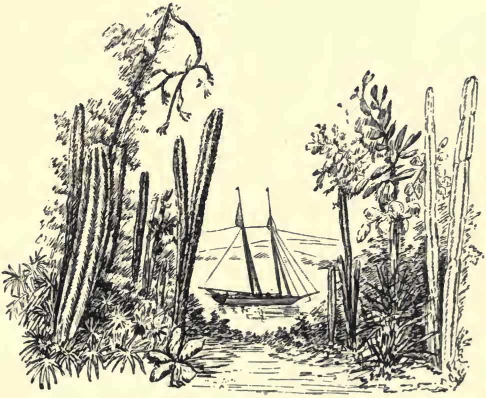
(From the third edition of Crusoe.)

"The ship seeming to stand upright."

Another confirmatory fact is, that at the head of Crown Point is a cave, known as "Crusoe's Cave" to this day, because of the tradition that Crusoe resided there. What he himself says about it may be here recalled: "The Place I was in was as delightful a Cavity or Grotto of its kind as could be expected, although perfectly dark." It was here that he found that old "He-Goat," whose eyes glared at him so through the darkness, and made him shiver with fright.

It was on one side of and near Crown Point that Crusoe's ship was stranded; not many miles distant that he built his castle, with its cave attachment; and in the hills beyond that he had his "Bower." But the place where he first saw the cannibals, where he discovered Friday, and where the Indians used to land, coming over from Trinidad, is a few miles distant, to the north. It is called Courland Bay, and here the Indians dwelt—as evidenced by the many stone axes and arrowheads discovered here—where the rounded hills slope gently to the shore, where the coral ledges inclose delightful bathing places, and the waves lap quietly the yellow sands.

Having secured the confirmation I sought—that the landing place of our hero was at or near this point, at the southern end of the island—my mission was accomplished; I mounted my mule again and departed for the plantation. Previous to my departure, however, the Governor of Tobago, at that time, Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Gore (now deceased), invited me to dinner, where toasts were proposed, not only to the Queen, but to the President of the United States. I was then permitted to depart, no one knowing whence I came or whither I went—only that my ostensible destination was eastward.



Man-o'-war Bay.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FATNESS OF THE EARTH.

An old library—Crown land for Thomas Ned—A home for my man in his old age—A suspicious intruder—A new delicacy—Frog's legs on toast—Crapaud hunting—Manacous and armadillos—A fetich-protected American—The hurricane.

THE manager at the "great house" insisted upon my stopping with him a month, but we compromised on a week, although the temptations to stay were strong and numerous. In the first place, he had a fine old library, or the remains of one, such as the planters of the West Indies, in the rich and careless days of slavery times, used to order from London, giving their agents *carte blanche* as to contents, but insisting on rich bindings and classical authors. Among the superabundant poets and novelists, however, I found some books on the history of the islands, and was particularly attracted by a manuscript volume referring to the natural history of the West Indies. It need not detract from the merit of this work, I trust, if I acknowledge my indebtedness to this manuscript, which I have drawn upon for many names and descriptions of the birds, as given in the previous pages.

Buried to the eyes in dusty papers and musty tomes, a week passed me by very pleasantly; but at last, yielding to the force of Thomas Ned's suggestions, that our interests at the Hilltop demanded our return, I reluctantly started.

The manager would have loaded us down with gifts, but we accepted no more than a few necessities, and one morning at dawn were at the edge of the forest belt again, headed for Hilltop. The resident negroes on the estate were very curious, and some of them may have followed us to ascertain our retreat; but if they did we were not cognizant of it at the time, and the manager prevented them from actual intrusion.

He kindly settled my fears as to the tenure I might have acquired to the land, by assuring me that it was all crown land, in that section, and that, so long as I committed no actual depredations, no one could dispossess me. The wild lands of all the islands belonged to the Government, and are known as crown property, being open to acquisition and settlement on easy terms. As an American, and an alien, of course I could not acquire a title without long residence or purchase; but, if I chose to assign whatever rights I might have acquired to Thomas Ned, that individual could retain the property under the squatter privileges.

The manager, who respected the old man and was glad to find that he had a friend interested in his welfare, offered to procure the proper papers if I would assume the small expense incurred, by which the land about Hilltop and Seaside would be secured to him. This I gladly promised, and it was in a very happy frame of mind that we parted from our friend and took to the woods again. We slept that night at the cave where the peccaries had treed me, and the next day reached our hut on the hill.

Everything was apparently as we had left it; but Polly Psittacus, after wild demonstrations of delight at our return, waddled up in front of me and said, bobbing his head with great solemnity: "Man here; bad man here!" This set Thomas Ned to looking about, and he soon confirmed Polly's statement by ocular evidence.

"It am fac', sho 'nuff; somebuddy been hyar while we gone; um see um track 'bout de house."

"What um tell you?" screamed Polly Psittacus. "Bad man; black man, same Thomas Ned."

Friday ignored this aspersion, but he made a point in favor of his cherished superstition: "Massa, ef yo' only let um put jumbie cha'm on de do', den no brack nigger come nigh dat do', dat um tell you!"

There was nothing missing, so far as we could ascertain; but it was evident that some one had been prowling about, probably with sinister motive, and so I told Thomas Ned that if he thought he could adequately protect us and our property by the use of jumbie charms, he was welcome to hang up as many as he pleased. And thus it came about, before sunset that day, that I, an American and a Christian, had invoked the fetich of an African pagan to protect my property!

It was with such a thrill of satisfaction, that evening, that I settled into my old familiar seat on the veranda and gazed off over the beautiful landscape! This was now the one spot on earth to me; there was none other like it, either for rest or happiness. As for Thomas Ned, his face shone with delight, his eyes dilated with wonder, that the good Lord had permitted two mortals like ourselves to "slice off so much ob happiness and tote it off yer inter de wil'erness all toe ourselfs."

You see, it didn't take much to satisfy us; or, in other words, we knew what we wanted, and were content when we had secured it. Or, to quote once more the philosophical Crusoe: "In a Word, the nature and experience of Things dictated to me, upon just Reflection, that all the good Things of this World are no farther good to us than that they are for our use; and that whatever we may heap up to give others, we enjoy just as much as we can use, and no more!"

Thomas Ned surpassed himself, at the second day's dinner. He confessed to me that he had been all the night before engaged in scouring the forest after a certain delicacy which he thought it contained and that I would like. What it was he would not say, but his wan appearance in the morning indicated that he had passed a night in the woods. After he had served the soup that afternoon at dinner, he brought in a covered dish from the kitchen which evidently contained the closely-guarded treasure, for his mouth worked nervously and his eyes sparkled with anticipatory triumph.

Removing the cover, he stood back to enjoy my surprise, which was real, and my praise, which was heartily bestowed; for, temptingly disposed on slices of crisp brown toast, were those delicacies so sought by the *gourmet* and assiduously hunted by the French *chef* when he wishes to crown some *menu* with glory —frog's legs!

"Um tink yo' like de *crapaud*, ma massa, an' me hunt all de night fo' um. Him berry hard to fin', lemme tell yo'; but when um fin' um he fat, fat, fat, like yo' see um."

The *crapaud*, or great frog, lives in the woods in holes out of sight, coming out only at night, and to be successfully hunted must be looked for by torchlight. He is attracted by the light and hops toward it, uttering a faint squeak at the same time. The hunter picks him up and puts him in a bag, and then goes on for another.

"Da' same crapaud, sah, him bery wise," said Thomas Ned. "Yo' neber heah 'bout de men what went roun' crapaud huntin', an' done pick up de same old crapaud de whole night t'rough? No? Well, den, dey was two men went out one night, t'inkin' fo' to fill um bag wiv fine fat crapaud. Dey go to local'ty where dey plenty crapaud, an' bimeby one see big fellow, he grab um, put um in bag, an' go on; bimeby hear nudder one *squak*, grab um, put he in bag, go on; no sooner done turn roun' befo' nudder one squak, he go back, grab um, an' put um in bag; so it was all de night t'rough, twell come daylight dey stop to count up what dey fin'. An', massa, wha' yo' t'ink? Well, sah, dat a bag done contain nuttin' 'tall! Dey been jes a *pickin' up de same ole crapaud* all de night long! How it happen? Lemme discose to yo'—dat bag *done hab hole in it!*"

In his search for dainties with which to supply my table, Thomas Ned became quite a nocturnal prowler, and, though I frequently let him know that his actions did not meet my approval, sometimes I went with him in order to gain a new experience. The native opossum, the "manacou," was his especial delight, as he shared with all his fellow-blacks their liking for its flesh. Not having that fondness for the animal myself, either as a living organism or a prospective cadaver, I always abandoned the manacou to Thomas's particular table.

He grew fat on manacou and sweet potatoes, but he did not relax his endeavors to keep our larder well supplied and my notebook filled with items of interest. It was not long before the "youp" of the manacou ceased to be heard around the Hilltop, and we might have kept a coop of fowls without fear of its deadly depredations.

And this occurred also to Thomas Ned, for one week after being absent during the space of three days he returned with a fine large cock and two hens, which he placed in a coop behind the house. They were the gift of our good friend at the great house, who sent a kind message of greeting and the preliminary papers for the acquisition of the property.

I never knew before what a companionable bird the domestic fowl could be, nor how necessary to one's comfort in a situation similar to mine. Chanticleer woke us early every morning, to be sure; but our mornings were made for enjoyment in those days, and we held it to his credit rather than his blame. His clear crow of defiance provoked replies from the wild and wary cockerricos in the treetops of the forest below, and the morning air would ring with their challenge and counter challenge. Eggs and chickens followed in due succession, and thus a lively element was introduced into the domestic life at Hilltop.

By refraining from discharging our guns on or near the hill, and by encouraging all the birds about to come to us for food, we soon had quite a flock of dependents, in the trees and under the eaves. A wood pigeon established herself, with her mate, in one of the palms, and there built a nest and reared her young; and each family that once came here, like hers, became the nucleus for a little settlement of its kind. Under my eaves also, which was now become a haven of refuge for weak and persecuted birds of all kinds, a northern swallow made its winter home, bringing with it home memories and the associations of my boyhood.

Tender thoughts these birds evoked, each one appealing to me in a different way. They became my companions, trusted me, even appealed to me to arbitrate their disputed cases; as when one took a fine long thread for its nest which another wanted, and in which the wings of both became entangled. By mutual consent, apparently, they fell at my feet and waited patiently for me to disentangle them, each one receiving and flying thankfully away with the half that I gave it!

One of the nocturnal animals frequently disturbed by my Man Friday, and to which I have not yet alluded, was the armadillo (the *Tatusia hybrida*), an inoffensive creature that lived in holes of its own digging. We used to hunt it on moonlit nights, and at these times Thomas Ned's cur dog came into action. The armadillo is a night prowler, but the first one I ever saw was early one morning at the top of the hill, sniffing about the sill of my house.

The hill sloped steeply to the woods at that point, and when the animal saw me it just rolled itself up in its shell, like a scaly ball, and bounced down the hill at a rapid rate. When I arrived at the place where it had stopped rolling, expecting to be able to get hold of it (as it is a slow runner), I found nothing but a mound of fresh dirt, beneath which the armadillo was digging into the bowels of the earth much faster than I could hope to dig it out.

As you know, of course, the armadillo is completely incased in a suit of armor which renders it unassailable to ordinary animals; it has a long, pointed snout, strong sharp claws, and a general make-up that particularly fits it for digging. It must be a smart dog that can catch up with one, once it has got those strong fore-feet at work; and even with shovels and spades it is next to impossible to unearth one. It is wary too, as well as strong, and frequently, while the pursuer is hard upon its heels, the armadillo will suddenly counter upon him and dig back again and burrow beneath the loose earth thrown out in digging, thus completely outflanking the expectant digger!

The armadillo. Rolled up.

Notwithstanding its skill in eluding the hunter, Thomas Ned soon had a pen full of armadillos and agoutis, over which he used to linger much of his spare time—not so much, I fear, from love of the animals themselves, as of their flesh in prospective banquet. The armadillo was not an obtrusive or troublesome animal, as its food was mainly insectivorous—beetles, grubs, worms—which it hunted by night and retired to digest in its hole by day.

I told Thomas Ned about the great armadillo that used to roam the forests of South America in the quaternary period, and perhaps once inhabited this very island: the gigantic glyptodon, with its shell as big as a hogshead and body the size of an ox. He would believe anything I told him, generally, but this rather staggered his credulity. "Dis a hawg-in-amah yo' done spoke of mus' a live long time 'fore slavery time, sah, fo' um don' heah nuffin' 'bout um from ole massa, nor nobuddy. Ki! what a t'ing dat a be toe meet in de wood ob a da'k night!"

He could hardly accept the glyptodon, but he cherished chimeras as gigantic as the fossil armadillo—a legacy from his African ancestors. We had many an argument over the existence of jumbies and werewolves, *loup-garous*, blood-sucking vampires, and anthropophagous wild men. Thomas Ned was a good Methodist, but he could not, from the very nature of him, but believe in the African fetichism.

As he had a good comfortable belief of his own, being perfectly sure that everybody not believing as he did was in danger of "de buhnin' fiah," and a certain conviction that the doing of wrong always entailed retribution in kind, I did not seek to combat him in religious controversy. He never lied, I never heard him swear, he was scrupulously honest, and he was cleanly; I don't think he will find the balance greatly against him, when he comes to square his last account. If the great essential be to become as a little child, then Thomas Ned had almost attained it, for his faith was simple and certain.

Our lives glided along without many ripples, but there came a day, or a night, when the stream was changed almost in an instant to a turbulent flood. The summer months drew near their ending, and the hurricane season approached, about the last of August.

I remember how strangely oppressive the air was in the morning, and—

"As the hot day swooned into afternoon,
Hotter and hotter grew the air, and soon
All the northwestern space of sky became
Heavy, metallic, where the heat did flame
In quivering bronze, and the sea grew changed.
Though moveless still, as though dark rivers ranged
Purple and green and black throughout its deeps;
At times, as shudders come o'er one who sleeps
And dreams of something evil, swiftly flew
Across its face a chill that changed the blue
To a sheet of beaten silver; then again
It slept on as before, but as in pain."

Even as Crusoe describes the coming of the hurricane, so came that storm upon us—with a warning calm that, but for its oppressiveness, would have been no warning. But my Friday knew all the premonitory symptoms of the hurricane's advent, and hastened to make everything snug and close before it struck us. A night only, it lasted, and barely that; but what havoc it wrought, what hopes of mine it blasted with a breath! Our hilltop house was unroofed early in the gale, and for six or eight hours we were exposed to a pelting rain; two of my palms were beheaded, and all the rest denuded of their leaves—those graceful leaves, with which they used to fan the still air at noon, and extend a protecting canopy above my head.

The hut at the beach was entirely swept away, but fortunately all our provisions had been brought to the Hilltop, and that night my Friday stayed there also. In the morning we looked around disconsolate upon the havoc the hurricane had created; its ravages were everywhere visible: great trees prostrate, acres of forest torn in shreds, immense chasms washed out of the hillsides, and large rocks torn from their positions and hurled into the beds of the streams.

CHAPTER XXII.

AFTER THE HURRICANE.

We lose many of our birds—How Polly cheated Thomas Ned—Man Friday digs out a dugout—Catching sharks with a fish for a fishhook—Barracoutas, angel, Jew, and parrot fish.

The morning after the hurricane opened bright and shining, sunlight glancing from the newly washed leaves, and there was a freshness in the air that braced us to renewed endeavor. The restoration of our roof was no great task, and before night it was securely thatched ; but the damage to crops and provisions could not be repaired. As we made excursions into the woods, after the storm, we noted with grief that the disasters to animal life had been great, especially to the birds. The parrots and cockerricos seemed to have been nearly all destroyed. We found a few bedraggled specimens on the ground, with scarce strength enough to escape capture ; and as for the small birds, it was many days before any number appeared again about my door.

But Nature is strongly recuperative. Even the humming birds, frail and delicate creatures, somehow resisted the gale, and came straggling back again.

They probably were driven before the winds for many hundred miles, and many were lost in the raging ocean; but in the end the woods were again peopled with these gems of air. For three days after the storm we missed our Polly Psittacus, and I thought I detected Thomas Ned one day muttering under his breath that there was no wind so ill that it did not bring relief to somebody. He knew, however, that I highly prized Polly Psittacus and that his loss would be deeply regretted, and so made no audible comment.

But on the fourth morning we heard a chattering on the roof pole, and running out I was delighted and Thomas Ned disgusted at the sight of dear old Polly. He was as pert and chirrupy as ever, and saluted us with a nonchalance that was delightful. "*Bon jour*, *messieurs*," he said, while preening his feathers carefully, as though the matutinal greeting had suffered no material interruption. "*Beaucoup pluie!* Plenty rain. Polly hungry." He hopped down and took his customary place at table, silent, but evidently big with important news, which his restricted mental equipment did not permit him to communicate.

"De same ole Jimcrack," muttered Thomas Ned; "da bery same ole raskil; de win's done blow, an' de stawm done rage, but de debil he know he own; nuttin' done touch ole Jimcrack! But, whar yo' wife, eh?" Polly looked up from devouring a banana, as though that was something that had occurred to him, also. He scratched his head, turned it aside, as if to drop a silent tear, and coughed. Then he winked one eye at Thomas Ned; at least, he drew down the nictitating membrane slowly, deliberately, and having thus "wiped his eye," as it were, went on with his breakfast.

He was discreetly uncommunicative on that point, and Thomas Ned turned to me triumphantly: "Wha' um done tell yo', massa? Um say dese bery wo'ds: dat Jimcrack git red ob he wife de fust oppertunumty; an' now he done jesso." Polly said nothing, but I really believe he understood it all, for he winked again, this time at me, but went on eating his banana. After the meal was finished he begged to be excused, by bowing low and retreating backward, and flew up to the denuded palm tree, where he uttered a loud call-cry. It was answered instantly, and out of the woods came no less a personage than Mrs. Polly Psittacus, who had evidently been in hiding for the *dénouement* of this very scene, in which her sagacious husband so neatly turned the tables on Thomas Ned. They flew down to the table, bobbing and bowing most ludicrously, Mrs. Polly wild with delight at seeing me again, and Mr. Polly just on the point of bursting with pride and importance.

As for the discomfited Thomas Ned, I fear he did not participate in the joy of reunion. It is easy to forgive one for turning out worse than we have predicted; but it is altogether different when one turns out better!

One by one, the most of our scattered family came straggling back, until all were re-established in their respective quarters; all but the most important of our choristers, the mocking bird. His dainty wife came to visit us, peering anxiously into the house and under the eaves, but without finding the object of her search, and after sitting about dejectedly a few days she left us altogether. No, not altogether; I mean she left us as a widow, but less than a week later she returned as a bride. The husband she brought was equally as fine in appearance as Mimus number one, and they shamelessly took possession of the same old quarters; but the songs he sang did not seem to me so sweet as those with which our first friend used to greet the morn and dismiss the setting sun.

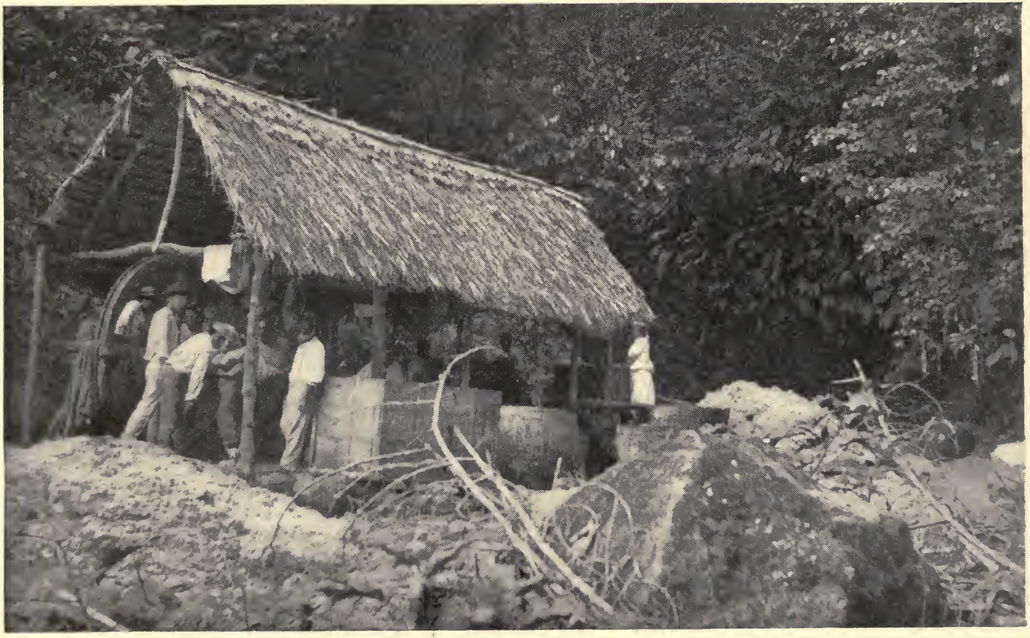
The crops I had so providently planted, months before, were now coming to maturity—the arrowroot, tannia, cassava, etc.—and down by the pond we erected a primitive arrowroot mill, and made a big oven for the drying of the "farine."

In the preparation of the farine we observed great care, for upon it we depended mainly for our farinaceous food in the future. The roots were first scraped carefully and washed, then grated on a wheel which Thomas Ned had rigged to revolve by water power, against the rough surface of which the roots were pressed. The cassava contains a very poisonous juice, and to extract this we used the Indian baskets, which are simply long cases of woven strips in the shape of a cone. Filling these cases or cones with the coarse meal, they are then short and corpulent; hanging them to the limb of a tree, with a weight attached to the lower end, the juice is gradually expressed, and the cone becomes elongated. This cone is an Indian invention, in use in South America and the West Indies.

The pulp or meal is then sifted, to remove the woody fiber, and heated over a wood fire, in order to carry away the slightest trace of the poisonous juice, which is dissipated by the heat. This was the farine, or cassava meal, and of this we stored away several barrels; also from some of the grated cassava we made starch, and from the juice itself a delicious tapioca, but only a limited quantity.

Even then we had not obtained all that was possible from this useful product, for Thomas Ned had yet another surprise in store for me, when he boiled down the juice to the consistency of molasses and produced thereby the celebrated *cassareep.* This is the basis of the famous pepper-pot of the West Indies, for the inspissated juice has such antiseptic properties that it will keep meat and vegetables fresh for months, and into the pot in which the cassareep is kept pieces of chicken and other meats are thrown, from time to time, forming a savory mess greatly relished by the natives.

Thus we utilized all the virtues of our vegetable production, extracting honey, as it were, from every substance. The work on the cassava and arrowroot mill kept us busy till near the end of the year. With December was ushered in the last of the twelve months to elapse since my arrival here. I had experienced every vicissitude of season and had under-



A Carib arrowroot mill, St. Vincent.

gone some hardships; but my ardor was still unabated, and I continued to enjoy the simple pleasures of my isolated life.

My study of the birds had been extensive, but by no means exhaustive, and, notwithstanding I had catalogued nearly all the resident feathered inhabitants of the island, I had not learned all there was to be known about them. My desire for information was insatiable; even if I could exhaust the birds, there were other studies open to me in the realm of Nature, such as botany, conchology, archæology. A lifetime would be too short in which to exhaust all the resources of my island home.

It was about a week after the hurricane that Thomas Ned came to me with an expansive grin on his face, which I knew from previous experience betokened some new surprise. "Massa," he said, "you no wan' go a-fishin', dis a fine day?"

I admitted that it might be an agreeable diversion, and he led the way to the beach where my hut had stood. As we reached the stream, across which we had to leap to gain the beach, I noted Thomas Ned's grin become, if possible, yet more vast, and following the direction of his glance, saw floating in the land-sheltered bay a fine "dugout." Then it was apparent to me what my man had done with all his spare time, the past few weeks. He had spent it in cutting down and hewing out this canoe. It was really a fine one, and I praised it until I had exhausted my vocabulary, and set Thomas Ned upon a pinnacle of delight.

"Ah, me massa, me t'ink um lak canoe, an' so me mek um fo' yo'. S'pose yo' try um, while me ketch de fish fo' fish wiv!"

He drew out a pair of paddles from beneath the bamboos and then set me afloat in the canoe, which behaved beautifully and skimmed like a bird over the water of my placid bay. When I turned toward shore again I found Thomas Ned with a bucket full of small fish, the largest of which was about the size of a big mackerel. He had turned them out from the rocks at the bottom of the pond, where they had attached themselves by peculiar sucking-disks on the tops of their heads; for these fish were those strange *remoras*, which have the faculty of affixing themselves to any object they please.

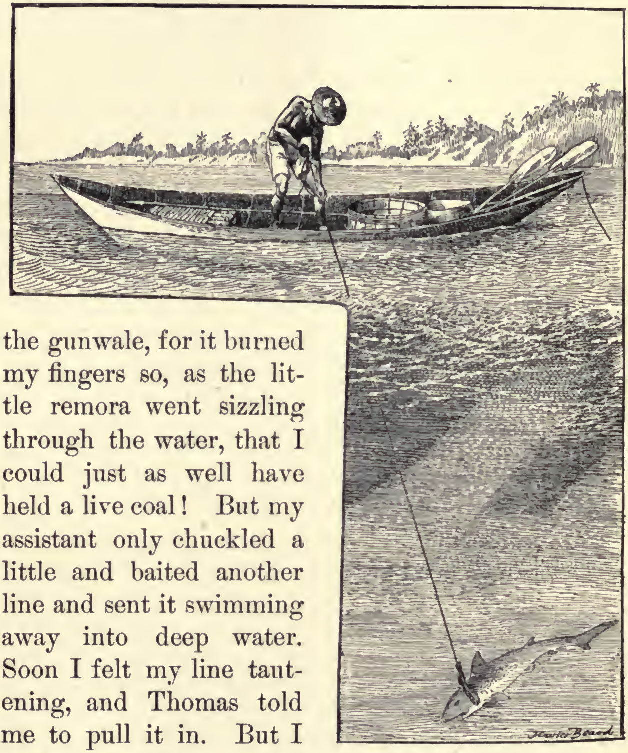
"But what are you going to do with those worthless fish?" I asked. "They aren't fit to eat; didn't you know that?"

"Yis, me massa; but dey's fit fer somet'in' else. Dey's what um ketch de big fish wiv, sah."

I didn't like to expose further ignorance to my servant, so asked no more questions. We were soon at the inner edge of the coral reef, on which I had been nearly wrecked the year before, and there I saw what a rich fish preserve I had in this inclosed bay.

There were swift-swimming barracoutas, rainbow-hued Jew and angel fish, immense sharks, and lazy sea turtles without number, hundreds and thousands of them, and all visible in the clear water above the white and glistening coral bottom.

Reaching into the bucket Thomas Ned drew out one of the fish therein and looped a line around its tail; then he dropped over both fish and line, and handed one end of the latter to me. It was well that the other end of that line was made fast to the gunwale, for it burned my fingers so, as the little remora went sizzling through the water, that I could just as well have held a live coal! But my assistant only chuckled a little and baited another line and sent it swimming away into deep water. Soon I felt my line tautening, and Thomas told me to pull it in. But I might as well have tried to pull in the side of a ship.



A fish for a fish-hook.

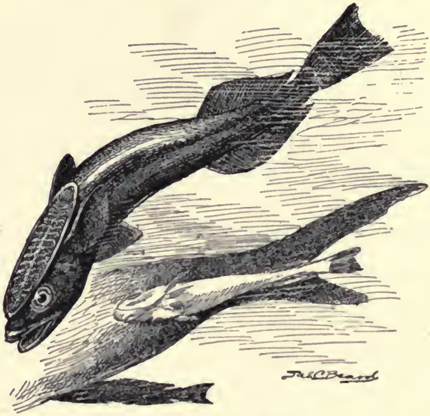
"Gracious me!" I said to the old man, "it must be a whale or a big shark, for I can't move it a foot."

But between the two of us we finally got the fish at the other end up in sight, and I found that my finny friend had affixed himself to a shark about eight feet long. He was too big to try to coax into the boat, and I made up my mind that if he did try it I would get out. He had a mouth as broad as the biggest watermelon I ever saw, set with teeth as sharp as needles, around a cavern that looked like the top of a well. But, big as he was, my little fish held him until we got them near the surface, when Thomas Ned whacked him over the head with a club and took him into the boat without any trouble. I noticed that as soon as they reached the surface my live bait let go his hold and swam away.

Well, in less than three hours we had all the fish we could carry back in the canoe, and then I proposed that we should set these tireless fishers free; which we finally did, and I had the satisfaction of seeing them swim off without any lines attached to their tails, and presumably go a-fishing on their own account.

This fish, which is put to so strange a use, is called the remora, and is supposed to be the same that stopped the vessels of the ancients by attaching itself to their bottoms, like a barnacle. This it does, at any rate, by means of the powerful sucking-disk on the top of its head; and not only to vessels, but to other fish, as we have seen. It will not let go its hold, unless exposed to the air, no matter how hard one may pull at its tail, and this adhesive quality has been utilized by the fishermen in these islands, ever since the time Columbus came here. That navigator makes mention of it, and his son wrote that he saw the Indians of Cuba catch large turtles with the remora. Sir Walter Raleigh also describes this manner of fishing most quaintly, as he saw it practiced in these very waters:

"Now shall you heare," he says, "a newe kind of fishing. Like as we with grayhounds do hunt the hares, so do they, the Indians, as it were, with a hunting fish take other fishes. This fish was of a shape like unto a great eel, and had hanging on the hinder part of its head a very tough skin, like unto a great bag or purse. This fish is tied at the side of a boat by a cord, let down so far into the water that it may reach the keel of the same, close to which it lieth until it espieth any great fish or tortoise, when it maketh for it as swiftly as an arrow, and so graspeth its pray with that purse of skin that no man's strength



Remoras and shark.

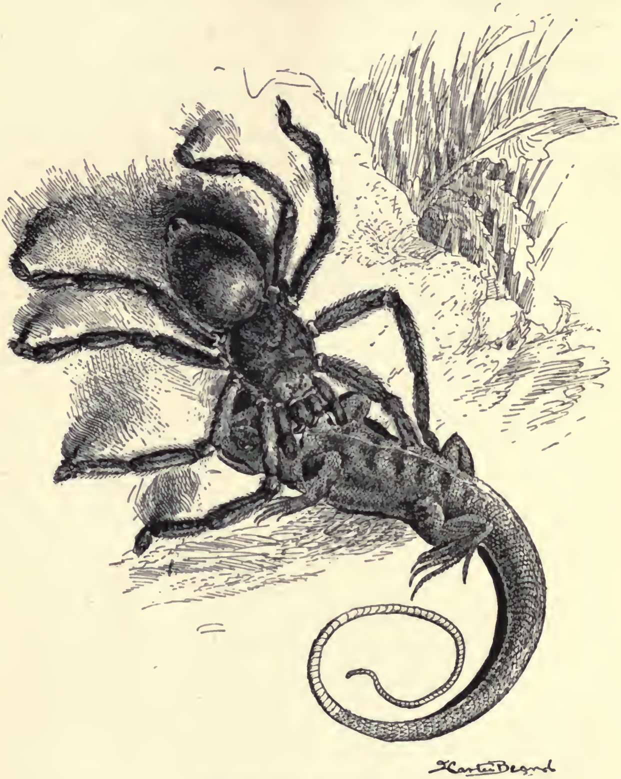
is sufficient to unloose the same, except by little and little, he drawing the line, it be lifted above the brim of the water, where it immediately letteth go its hold."

I don't know how many fish we might have caught, but as it was I had the pleasure of gloating over two sharks, three barracoutas, four Jew and angel fishes, and several brilliantly-colored parrot fish, after we reached the shore, besides a turtle of goodly size.

While Thomas Ned was cleaning the fish, after we had gone ashore, I wandered down the beach with my gun and butterfly net through the thicket of sea grapes, where, among the racemes of creamy flowers, I often found many birds, attracted by their honey and the hovering insects. The first bird I shot there was a black and yellow "sugar-eater," which fell into a dense cluster of sea grapes. As another bird attracted me just then, I departed in pursuit of it, merely pausing long enough to note where the first had fallen.

When I returned, a few minutes later, I could not find it; but as I was peering through the leaves, which cast a flickering shade on the snowy sands, I saw a large lizard, with one foot raised, intently watching me. Looking closely I saw that he had appropriated the bird I had shot, had stripped it of its feathers, and was hastily devouring it when I had appeared.

A tuft of feathers stuck to his nose, which he vainly endeavored to scratch off with the claws of one foot, at the same time eying me suspiciously, as if asking what I was going to do about it. He presented such a comical sight and was so supremely



Bird-Spider and Lizard.

audacious that I was about to move away and let him enjoy his feast unmolested, when another object drew my attention.

Descending upon the lizard by long leaps, out of the grape branches appeared a large bird-spider, with hairy legs and formidable beak. Before I could interfere, it had seized the reptile behind the neck, and then ensued a struggle for life. It was short, however, and soon the lizard was lying lifeless across the body of the bird, and both victims were the spider's prey.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THOMAS NED FINDS A PEARL OF PRICE.

A search for novelties—How the world has changed—The great jabiru—Pearls at Man-o'-war Bay—Exploring the coral caves—In the grasp of a devilfish—A grave beneath the palms—Friends come for me, and I leave paradise.

One can not be a-field anywhere, in forest or by shore, without seeing something worthy of observation and making note of it. The difficulty with those who are best at observing is, that they see too much—more than they can readily communicate.

Now, it must not be thought that, because I only describe a few of the birds, beasts, and fishes that fell in my way, there were not many more well worthy of notice. This age, as you know, is very different from that in which Crusoe lived, when every inhabitant of a far-distant land was novel to English readers, when the present school of naturalists was unknown, and before even the great Linnæus and Buffon had stirred the world with the knowledge of their discoveries.

Facts then unpublished, unknown, are now common property of the veriest tyros of science; and as for adventure, every boy has been sated with it in all its protean forms, by fire, flood, field and sea. Nothing now remains for the writer of that class of fiction that human ingenuity can suggest or desperate wits invent.

This being so, how can I expect to excite interest in my homely narrative of everyday doings, unless I pick out all the plums in my pudding and set them before the literary Lucullus all in a row? How, indeed? And, dear me! the "plums" of adventure in real life are so very few, and the days when one has no adventure at all worth the telling so very many, that the task seems discouraging!

Now, of the one hundred and fifty birds in my island, every one was to me extremely interesting; but to one who has not seen them there, sporting in the trees and singing in the shrubs, they can not, of course, seem so attractive. A whole host of feathered claimants appears before me, when I try to summon from the chambers of memory those I have seen in their haunts and place them before my readers in order of attractiveness.

The family most fully represented, perhaps, was that containing the "waders," such as the herons and bitterns, and those most attractive of water birds, the gallinules. These last are about a foot in length, with eyes bright crimson, a beak painted vermilion tipped with yellow, and a frontal plate, like a shield, between the eyes, pale blue in color. The largest specimen of the wader family ever seen here is the jabiru, or great South American stork, which probably wandered hither from the savannas of the Orinoco. It is common in the French colony of Cayenne, where it is known as the "tou-you-you," and in Paraguay, far to the south, it is called "ai-ai-ai," both names being derived from its cries.

For both birds and information, I searched long and hunted hard, while the weather was good; but after the days of rain came on and prevented me from unrestricted roving in the woods, I sat contentedly before the fire of fragrant cedar wood in my Hill-top house, and, while the wind howled and the rain fell in torrents, pored over my books and manuscripts.

During the rainy days Thomas Ned sat modestly apart, at the end of the house to which the kitchen was attached, and wove baskets and nets, skinned birds, and made opossum traps. He rarely spoke unless I addressed him; but he was always alert for information, and one evening begged me to read him something from my books. So it came to pass that I frequently read to him, chiefly from the voyages of Columbus and other navigators of these seas.

He was particularly interested in the account by Columbus of the Indian pearl fisheries of Margarita, not far away to the southwest of us. It was in the year 1499 that the first pearls were taken by white men, from the Indians of Margarita and Cubagua, who were found wearing strings and ropes of these precious sea products.

For more than two hundred years the Spaniards worked these pearl fisheries, and in one year, that of 1587, sent home to Spain more than one hundred and sixty pounds of pearls, of great size and extraordinary beauty.

All this information Thomas Ned received with open mouth and bulging eyes. "An' do yo' mean, me massa, dat ole man C'lumbus done foun' all dose puhls right down heah, in de island wha' we can a'mos' see from de mountain yander?"

"Well, not Columbus exactly, but his countrymen and companions. But they were found there, millions of dollars' worth, and probably many millions more were spoiled by the ignorant natives, who bored holes through them by means of fire and wore them as necklaces."

"Now, me massa, 'scuse me, but wha' dis a puhl look a like? He look somet'ing lak ister, don' it?"

"Yes, the pearl itself is found inside an oyster, or rather of a mollusk belonging to the oyster family. But why do you ask?"

"Why me axes yuh, massa? Come wiv me, an' me done show yuh why me axes dat a ques'ion. Um t'inks um know whar' 'bout dat a puhl libe, right heah in Man-o'-wah Bay."

It was a beautiful morning; there was nothing in particular to do, so I followed Thomas Ned to the shore and into his dugout, which he paddled swiftly out to the inner edge of the coral reefs.

Arrived there, he threw overboard the killock, thus anchoring the canoe, and then stripped himself for a plunge into the sea.

"Now, me massa, yuh set right dar, an' don' do nuffin' but watch. Even ef a shahk 'pear on de scene, don' yo' min' um, 'cause him no 'starb ole niggah lak Thomas Ned. But, me massa, ef you see any sign ob debilfish yo' pull me up quick, quick, 'cause dat a debilfish him mo' pow'ful dan fawty shahks."

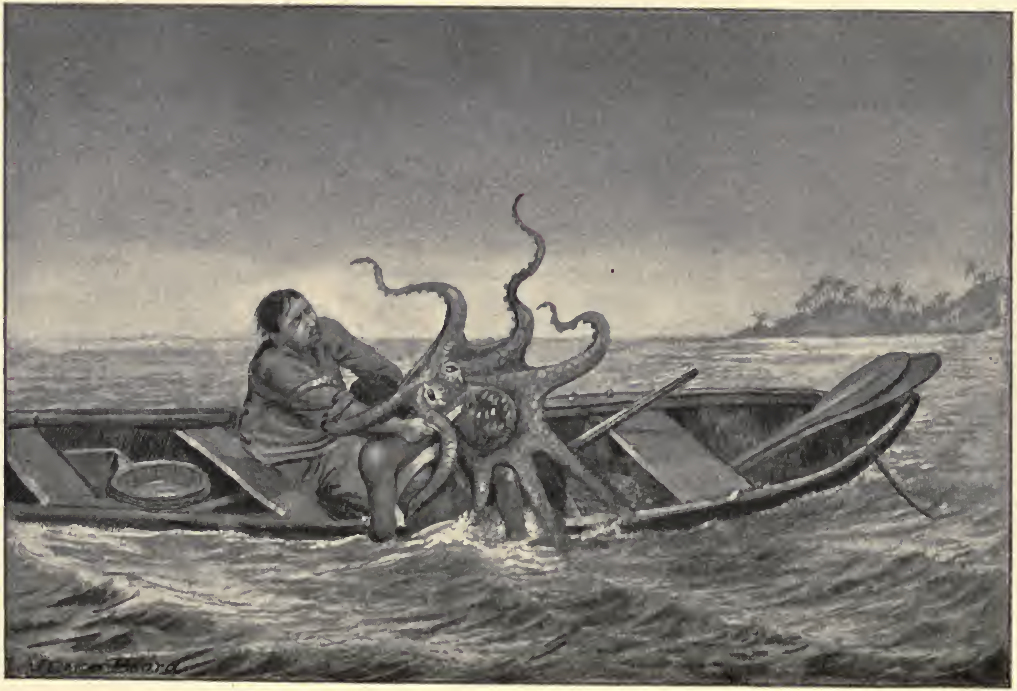
I promised him I would keep a sharp watch, and giving into my hands the end of a line which was fastened around his waist, my black friend dropped quietly into the water. The water of the coral-bottomed bay was clear as crystal, and I followed Thomas Ned in his descent until he arrived at a sea garden under the ledges, where the waving leaves of marine plants hid the shell-strewn sands. He had a long, sharp knife in one hand, and I saw him suddenly stoop and slide the knife beneath a mass of shells and kelp, and then he signaled me to draw him up. I pulled him up, and when he arrived at the surface he tossed in the mass with one hand, while with the other he clung to the gunwale. His breath was nearly gone, but after a minute or so he had recovered it and then climbed into the boat. Seizing hold of the shell mass he, with his long, keen knife, dexterously detached the oysters separately. Selecting the largest oyster, he carefully opened it, revealing its inner surface, shining and nacreous, like a large mother-of-pearl. This he handed to me, and with a smaller knife I removed the fleshy mantle, and there before our wondering eyes lay a pearl of goodly size!

Thomas Ned's eyes shone like diamonds, and he nearly fell into the water while executing a caper in honor of our discovery. "Me massa, wha' me done tell yuh? Dat a puhl, shuah 'nuff, ain't um?"

I assured him that it was, and bestowed upon him the praise that was his due, at the same time trying to prevent him from going into the water again. But he was not to be restrained. "Why, me massa, ef dey's one big puhl down dar, dey mus' toe be 'nudder, ob co'se. Um don' wan' um mase'f, but dey's fine t'ings fo' buckra lak you is, so me git um." So over he went, and the next moment was groping again among the coral gardens for their most precious productions.

I lost sight of him for a second as he plunged into a deep grove of sea plants, and as I was peering over the rail I suddenly felt a tug at the line. It was a quick jerk, and undoubtedly meant something, so I began to pull in with all my might. But after a few fathoms had been drawn in I found it impossible to haul another foot, for it seemed as though a ton weight was attached to the lower end. And still Thomas Ned was not half clear of the seaweed garden; his head only was in sight, his hands and limbs evidently held down by some invisible weight or attachment.

I felt then that something terrible had happened, and that the life of my faithful servant depended upon my instant action. There was but one thing I could do, and that was to pull him out of the water before he should be suffocated and drowned. And so bracing a foot against the gunwale I took a bight around both hands and pulled with all my strength. Then the strain relaxed a bit, and gradually I lifted him toward the surface; but it was a dead weight I



In the devilfish's coils.

was hauling and not a living body. I felt my heart sink at the thought of what might have happened to him, but that only put new strength into my hands. At last his head appeared, then a hand, above the surface. I made fast the line and stooped over the rail to haul him in with my hands, when I was suddenly seized by a clammy tentacle, and knew then that we were in the grasp of a devilfish!

Thomas was unconscious and could render me no assistance; his body and limbs were inclosed within the tightening grip of the devilfish. His long knife was still clutched in one nerveless hand, and, despite the danger of being inclosed by another hideous arm, I reached over and seized it. Then, quick as I could turn, I severed the tentacle that had clutched me, and one by one the slimy arms that surrounded my friend's lifeless form.

The devilfish made a terrible fight, grasping the gunwales of the canoe, and reaching over after me, rearing its horrible death's-head, with its demoniacal eyes, close to my face. But, evading somehow its every movement, I severed, one after another, the ligatures, that squirmed and crawled like living serpents, until at last Thomas Ned was free. The mutilated devilfish sank back into the coral cave, its horrid eyes fixed on me to the last, bestowing on me a mute assurance that when its limbs should be grown again it would exact revenge and take a full requital for its wounds.

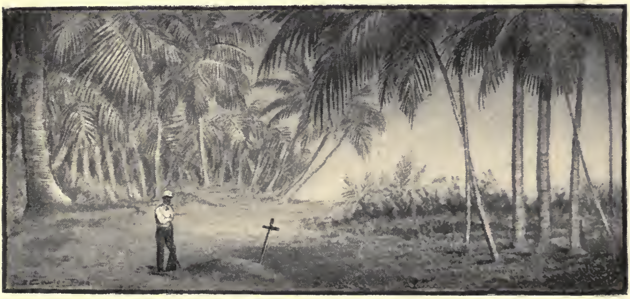
But I gave it no more thought now, for my friend needed my attention. I drew him into the boat, limp, apparently lifeless, and for half an hour worked over him, trying to win back the breath of life. Then, having made no progress, I cut the anchor rope and hastened for the shore, where I stretched him beneath the palms and renewed my efforts. At last a feeble flutter of an eyelid rewarded me; but the grayish pallor of the honest face caused my hopes to sink, even as a faint whisper issued from the ashen lips:

"Me massa, dis—am—de—las' call fer—Thomas—Ned. God—bless—bless—massa! Bury me—near—de seaside house,—massa. T'ank de good God—um—go—fus'! Me 'fraid dat—dat—um leab—'lone."

He groped aimlessly for something, his eyes fast glazing, finally found and seized my hand, drew it to his lips, and so passed away—devoted, faithful, to the very last.

Next day at sunset I placed him in the grave I dug beneath the palm trees where the hut had stood. My heart was sore and heavy, for I felt that one tie had been severed that had bound me to this spot. Until death comes into our experience we have no conception of the true range and scope of life—its depth and breadth. Until this happens to us we are like to take but superficial views of our responsibilities and surroundings; after this happens our horizon widens and our sympathies expand.

Thus it was, perhaps, that, deprived of his companionship, humble though it had been, I was now less content to dwell here apart from the world. Everything about me took on a somber tinge, despite the golden atmosphere of this land so near the sun. Even the living things—the parrots, the mocking birds, the vivacious wrens—seemed to be aware that some great calamity had happened. There seemed to be a mournful cadence in the song birds' notes, and even Polly Psittacus was hushed and subdued.



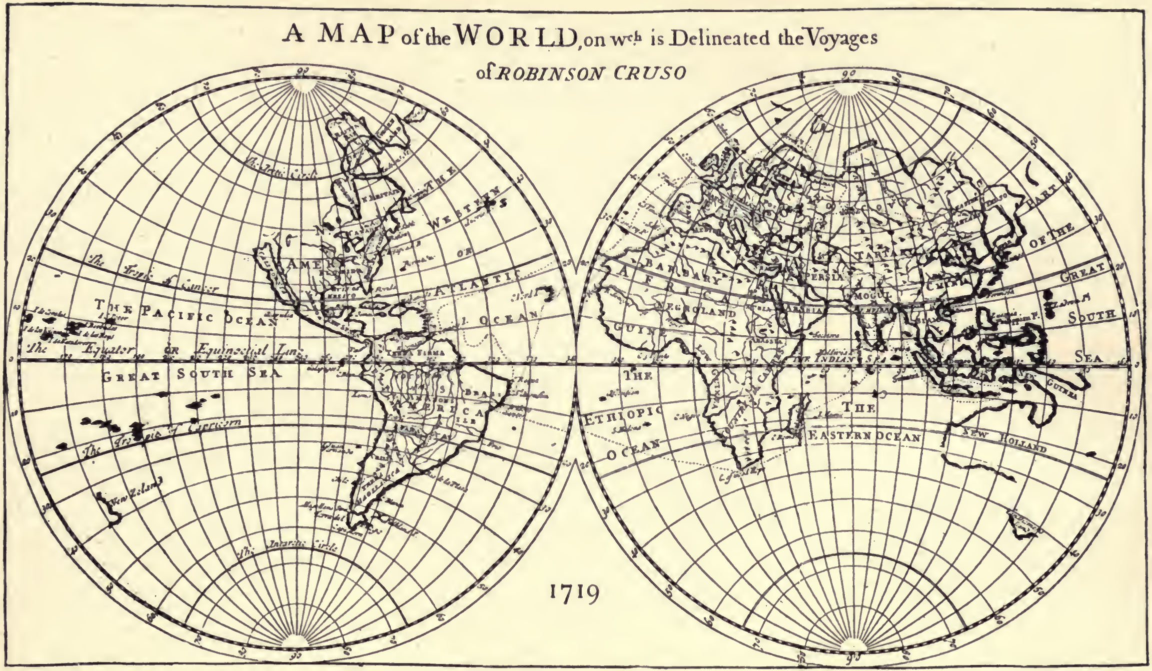
The grave beneath the palms.

He noticed our friend's absence, for he went from house to kitchen, head hanging down, and with a solemn air; but he was now a bird of tact and discretion, and if he felt either grief or joy at Ned's departure, he had the good sense not to speak of it.

So I became restless, and anxious to leave this paradise which at the first had held so much of promise, so much of pleasure. The substance of things had not changed; but everything was now tinged with the melancholy of a terrible happen-ing. And I had begun so bravely! I had resolved here to live out my life, to spend it in the search for truth. This island was to have been my microcosm.

But at last there came a day—I remember well its brightness and the sweetness of the air—when the choice was offered me to leave or stay. A vessel sailed around the promontory and dropped anchor behind the coral reefs. I knew then that the end of my dreaming was at hand, that my friends had come for me.

It matters not why, but I went; and that was years ago. But even now I often find myself sighing for the home on the Hilltop, for the trusted friends I found there, and living in retrospect the time when, in the words of Crusoe, "I wanted nothing but what I had, and had nothing but what I wanted."



A MAP of the WORLD, on wch is Delineated the Voyages of ROBINSON CRUSO

1719

THE PACIFIC OCEAN
The Equator or Equinoctial Line
GREAT SOUTH SEA
The Tropic of Cancer
The Tropic of Capricorn
The Artic Circle
The Antartic Circle
New Zeland
AMERICA
THE WESTERN OR ATLANTIC OCEAN
AFRICA
BARBARY
NEGROLAND
GUINEA
THE ETHIOPIC OCEAN
PERSIA
MOGUL
TARTARY
CHINA
THE INDIAN SEA
THE EASTERN OCEAN
NEW HOLLAND
PART OF THE GREAT SOUTH SEA
90
30
60

APPENDIX.

EVIDENCE IN SUPPORT OF TOBAGO AS THE TRUE CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

As Tobago's history is intimately connected with the growth of colonial possessions in the West Indies, and as its condition at the time in which Defoe wrote may have had much to do with his choosing it for the residence of his hero, I trust the following chronological notes will not be unacceptable to the general reader and to the student of history. They are taken (those that refer to Tobago) from the History of Tobago, by H. Iles Woodcock, Esq., formerly a judge in that island.

In parallel columns, will be given contemporary data that have to do with persons and things mentioned in our narrative.

It may be difficult for one to transport himself in imagination to such an obscure island as this little speck in the Caribbean Sea, but it will soon be shown that it has exercised a great influence, not only in the history of the world of fact, but in the world of fiction.

CHRONOLOGY.

TOBAGO.	SELKIRK AND CRUSOE.
1498.—Tobago probably discovered, as Trinidad and Grenada were, by Columbus, on his third voyage.	*1520–'23.*—Shipwreck and subsequent adventures of Alonzo Cuaco, three years on a desert island.

TOBAGO.

1625.—Attempted settlement of English, from Barbados; repulsed by Indians.

1632.—Two hundred persons arrived from Holland. They found no inhabitants, and they planted a colony and named it New Walcheren. "The Spaniards of Trinidad, fearing the new settlers would penetrate their secrets in exploring the banks of the Oroonoko, which was thought at that time to contain beds of gold, determined to extirpate these unwelcome neighbors, and, enlisting in their cause the savages of Trinidad and the cannibals of the continent, killed most of them. The remainder fled, and Tobago was left to solitude."

1642.—The next attempt was in 1642, by James Duke, of the small but independent state of Courland, on the Baltic, but since merged into the empire of Russia. His people landed on the northern shore of the is-

SELKIRK AND CRUSOE.

1563.—Juan Fernandez [Spanish navigator] discovered the island which now bears his name.

About the Middle of the Sixteenth Century.—Romantic adventures of Pedro Serrano, who was wrecked on an island in the Caribbean Sea. Lived there alone seven years, subsisting upon turtle and shellfish, and allaying thirst with water caught in shells of the turtles he slaughtered. By rubbing together two sticks, Indian fashion, he made a fire, which he tended with assiduous care lest it should leave him. At the end of a few months he was entirely naked, and remained in a nude state seven years. When finally rescued he was covered with long hair, and in this state was exhibited before the court of Spain. He was pensioned and sent to Peru, but died on the voyage at Panama. The narrative of his adventures was published in Garcilasso's land, which they called Courland Bay, a name it still retains. In 1658 this colony was taken by the Dutch, and afterward by the French.

1666.—Island taken by English adventurers, but their garrison of fifty men was captured by stratagem by twenty-five French from Grenada, who remained here a year, when they withdrew, set fire to everything combustible, and the island was again abandoned and left *without an inhabitant, for the second time since European occupation!*

1673.—English take Tobago from the Dutch, who had again settled there, after French abandonment.

1677.—The fair island seemed fated to be the scene of war and desolation, for the Dutch, having once more returned, were set upon by the English, under command of Sir Tobias Bridges, who drove them out and brought away four hundred prisoners and many

History of Peru, an English translation of which appeared in London about 1700, and Defoe most probably saw it.

The island is still called Serrano, or Pearl Island, and lies in latitude 14° N.

1632.—Crusoe born.

1643.—Juan Fernandez visited by Captain Tasman, a Dutch navigator.

1659.—Crusoe voyages from Brazil to Africa, in quest of slaves.

1659.—Wrecked on a desolate island, the last previous observation having placed him 12° and some minutes north of the equator.

1661.—Defoe born.

1676.—Selkirk born.

1681.—English buccaneer, Captain Watlin, chased from Juan Fernandez by three Spanish ships; leaves on the island a Mosquito Indian, who was out hunting for goats.

1684.—This Indian found here by Captain Dampier.

1686.—Crusoe rescued.

1687.—Arrives in England.

TOBAGO.

negroes. The Dutch again settled there, but in 1677, the French then being at war with Holland, the Count d'Estrées, then in command of a large fleet in West Indian waters, was ordered to proceed against Tobago. The fleet came to anchor in Palmit Bay, and then stood in to engage the Dutch ships, while a large force stormed the castle. Both were repulsed, with a loss of a hundred and fifty killed and two hundred wounded, and D'Estrées's flagship of seventy guns was blown up and two others stranded. The Dutch were left victorious, though at great loss.

The fleet returned to France, but came back in October with twenty sail of war and a great number of smaller craft, on board which were fifteen hundred land forces. On the 10th D'Estrées summoned Herr Binker to surrender, and on the 12th commenced throwing fire balls into the castle. The

SELKIRK AND CRUSOE.

1695.—Revisits his island.

1702.—Selkirk leaves England on a buccaneering cruise.

1705.—Crusoe's narrative ends; Crusoe then seventy-two years old.

1709.—Captain Woods Rogers discovers Selkirk on Juan Fernandez, where he had lived four years and four months.

1710.—Selkirk's journal published: "Providence displayed, or a very surprizing Account of one Mr. Alexander Selkirk, Master of a Merchant Man called the Cinque Ports; who, dreaming that the Ship would soon after be lost, he desired to be left on a Desolate Island in the South Seas, where he lived 4 Years and 4 Months, without seeing the Face of Man; the Ship being afterwards cast away, as he dreamed.

"As also, how he came afterward to be miraculously preserved and redeemed from that fatal Place, by two Bristol Privateers, called the Duke and

TOBAGO.

third ball blew up the magazine, killing all the officers, and the works were immediately stormed, taken, and destroyed.

Finding nothing more which seemed capable of destruction, the victors abandoned the prize for which they had been so eagerly contending, and Tobago was once more consigned to that solitude in which it was first discovered.

1679.—Island restored to the Dutch.

SELKIRK AND CRUSOE.

Duchess, that took the rich Acapulco Ship, with 100 Ton of Gold, and brought it to England.

"To which is added an Account of his Life and Conversation, his Birth and Education; his description of the Island where he was cast away: how he subsisted; the several strange Things he saw; and how he used to spend his Time; with also some pious Ejaculations that he used, composed during his melancholy Residence there. Written by his own Hand, and attested by most of the eminent Merchants upon the Royal Exchange."

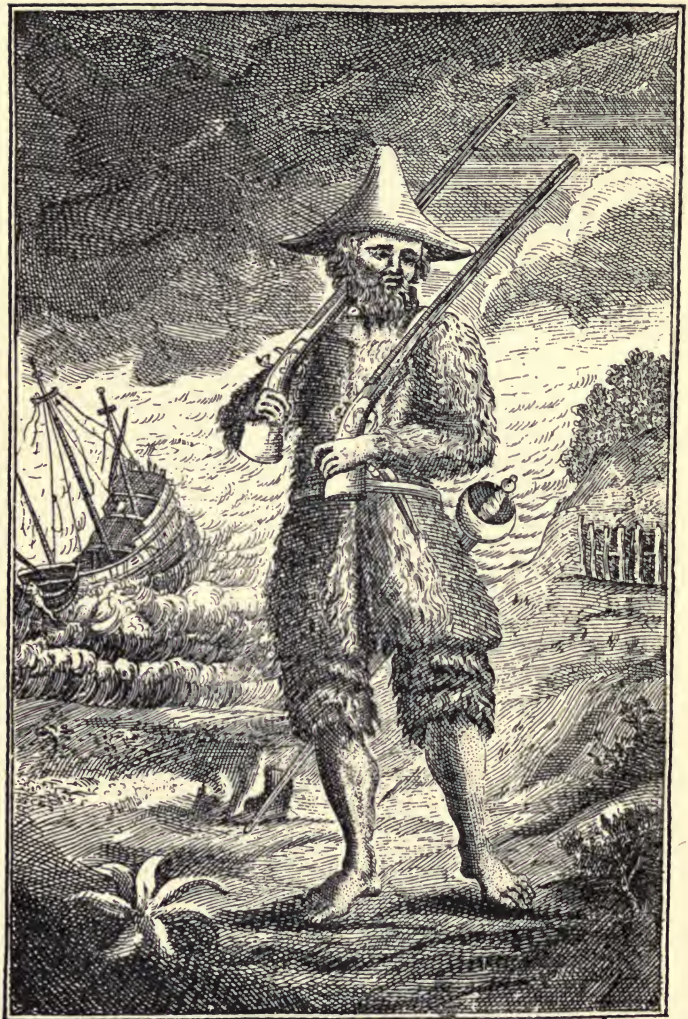
1719.—Robinson Crusoe published.

1723.—Selkirk died.

1731.—Defoe died.

1741.—Lord Anson visited Juan Fernandez.

1684.—Tobago was added to the list of neutral islands, comprising Dominica, St. Vincent, and St. Lucia, which were only to be visited for wood and water. In 1748 the French attempted a settlement, which was taken by the English in 1762, and confirmed in their possession by treaty in 1763. "Thus the foun-



Robinſon Cruſoe as deſcrib'd Page 176 Vol. I. *Put this before ye Title.*

Crusoe, according to "Crusoe," 1719.

dation was laid of the first permanent colony that, through a train of disastrous circumstances, had ever been permitted to flourish within its shores." Of the several towns built at different times nothing remains but a stone here and there.

1748.—French undertake a colony, but abandon it.

1757.—Solitary exile found there. A tale is current, according to historian Southey, that smacks somewhat of Robinson Crusoe, only the event transpired after Crusoe was written. One day in 1757 a midshipman landed here, from the ship Sterling Castle of the royal navy, where the Europeans had no settlement. Having wandered into the woods in search of wild oranges, he was surprised at the discovery of a hut, the occupant of which, a venerable man, addressed him in French. He declared he had resided twenty-one years in that solitary situation, having scarcely any communication with human beings. The Indians, he said, would sometimes call at his hermitage when hunting, give him part of their game, and shave his beard off with their knives. He had been a priest at Martinique, but advancing some tenet which gave offense, he was seized in the night and transported to Tobago. Offers were made to convey him to Europe, which he declined, saying that he was perfectly reconciled to his situation, and happier than he could be in any other.

We are told by the author from whom the above is quoted (Southey) that in 1768 a human skeleton was dug up on a plantation called Somerville, with gold bracelets on the arms, supposed to have been deposited there before the island was known to Europeans.

1762.—Tobago taken by the English, who were confirmed in their possession.

1763.—The year in which Josephine was born, in the near island of Martinique.

1781.—The French again took the island, effecting a landing at Plymouth, Great Courland Bay. Being driven out of this place, they retreated to the woods in the center of the island. There are traces of a military road there yet, and old cannon lying in the woods at Bloody Bay.

1793.—Tobago once more English.

1802.—Ceded to the French. Tobago had a voice in the *election of Bonaparte.*

1802.—As the one-time residence of our great privateer, John Paul Jones, Tobago may interest historians.

1803.—Taken by the English.

1814.—Finally ceded to the English, in whose possession this unfortunate island, the bruised and shattered shuttlecock of many wars, has since remained.

For nearly ninety years, now, Tobago has been English, and, although nearly all its inhabitants are blacks or colored people, they are loyal to the crown that emancipated them, in 1838.

The journal of Sir William Young, in 1792, gives us a good account of the island and clear conception of the powerful currents that set in about Tobago, caused by the water of the Orinoco: "Tuesday, 4 P. M., Tobago in sight, our course close to the wind, making for the body of the island. Wednesday, close in with the land, and most of the day beating to windward with a strong lee current. In the afternoon off Man-o'-war Bay. Thursday, found our ship at daybreak nearly where she was the preceding sunset. Friday, at sunrise, off Queen's Bay, on the leeward coast, whence we ran down with both wind and current in our favor, and anchored in Rocky Bay about noon."

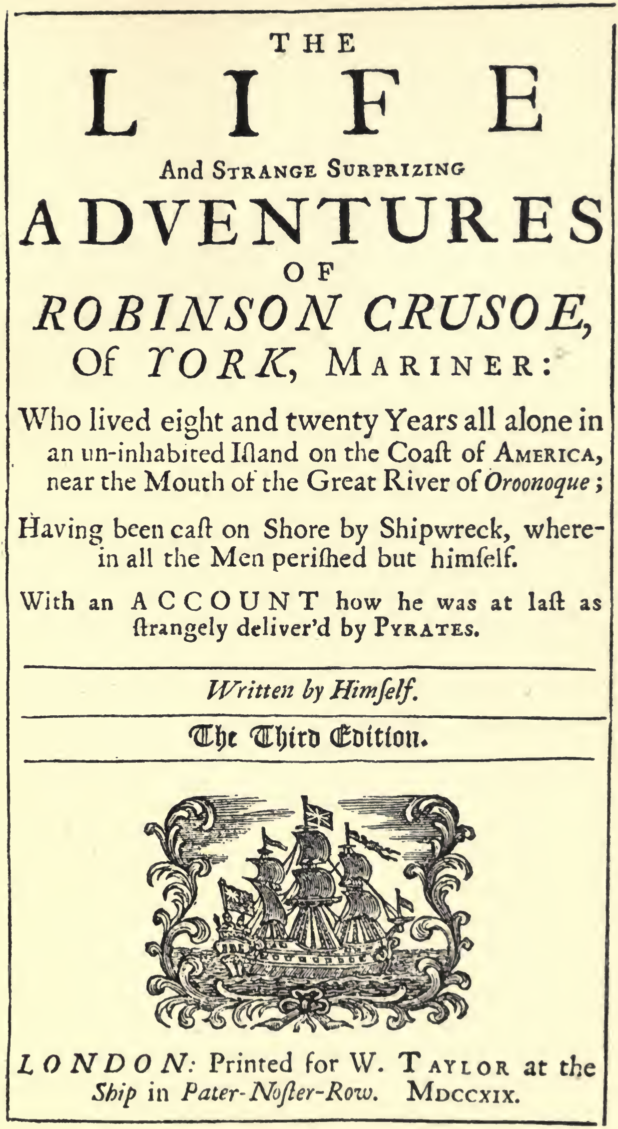
Says an ancient historian, writing in 1666: "The first and most southerly of all the Caribbees is Tobago, or Tobac (where tobacco was found, and from which it received its name), distant from the equinoctial northward 11° 16′. It is about eight leagues in length and four in breadth. There are in it several pleasant mountains, out of which arise eighteen springs or small rivers, which, having drenched the plain, fall into the sea. The extraordinary height of the trees growing in this island argues the fruitfulness of the soil. There are here five kinds of four-footed creatures, whereof there are but one or two in any other island—viz., a kind of swine (peccary) not much furnished with bristles, which have a certain hole or navel in their backs; 2, the tatoui (armadillo); 3, the agouti (small mammal, like a hare); 4, opossum; and 5, muskrat; not to mention the woodquits, turtles, partridges, parrots, and other birds not known in Europe."

In fact, Tobago is well known to the native hunters as the abode of numerous specimens of rare and beautiful birds, and from this island thousands of their skins have been sent to the markets of Europe.

It has now been in English possession for nearly ninety years. It is mountainous and forest-covered, and has a fertile soil but partially cultivated. Climate and vegetation are purely tropical; and, if any good man wishes to go there and take up any of the crown land, he can obtain the same, suitable for the raising of cacao, nutmegs, arrowroot, etc., at from two and a half to five dollars per acre. It has an area of about one hundred and fourteen square miles, with a population (mostly black and colored) of some eighteen thousand. There are only two towns on the island, the larger and the capital, Scarborough, having a population of about a thousand souls.

The description of Sir William Young, written a hundred years ago, will apply well, even yet: "In traversing the country I was much struck with its beauty, from the flat at Sandy Point [the southern end] quietly breaking into hills, till ultimately, at the northeast, it became a scene of mountains and woods. From the very point of the town of Port Louis [now Scarborough] the country became hilly, and as you farther advance the hills rise into mountains, not broken and rugged as the convulsed [volcanic] country of St. Vincent, but regular although steep, and on an enlarged scale of ascent and descent. The scene of Nature is on an extensive scale, and gives the idea of a continent rather than an island. It is not alone the vicinity to the Spanish Main that suggests this idea; the appearance of the island fully warrants the assumption, and the contiguity of South America only more fully marks its being torn from there, and of its being, in old times, the southern point or promontory of the vast Bay of Mexico."

Here we find the substance of Humboldt's and Kingsley's statements, before either of them ever looked upon the West Indies. Tobago lies in N. latitude 11° 0′, longitude W. 60° 46′. It expands nearly northeast and southwest; taking a line drawn through its center longitudinally, as an index of its bearing, it is thirty-two miles long and from six to nine broad. "With the exception of seven miles of level land, now covered with wood, Tobago shows generally a surface broken and rumpled by alternate stretches of steep hills and deep and narrow ravines, shooting direct or winding from the main or dorsal ridge of the mountain, and from these branches, as though torn off, stand occasionally aloof beautiful mounds of isolated hills. Utmost height of the mountain range computed at eighteen hundred feet. The island is well watered by rivulets and streams. A belt of cultivation extends halfway round its southern, eastern, and western sides."



THE

LIFE

And STRANGE SURPRIZING

ADVENTURES

OF

ROBINSON CRUSOE,

Of *YORK*, MARINER:

Who lived eight and twenty Years all alone in
an un-inhabited Iſland on the Coaſt of AMERICA,
near the Mouth of the Great River of *Oroonoque*;

Having been caſt on Shore by Shipwreck, wherein all the Men periſhed but himſelf.

With an ACCOUNT how he was at laſt as
ſtrangely deliver'd by PYRATES.

Written by Himſelf.

The Third Edition.

LONDON: Printed for W. TAYLOR at the
Ship in *Pater-Noſter-Row*. MDCCXIX.

Title-page of "Crusoe."

THE NAME OF CRUSOE.

". . . It was stated some time since, in a magazine, that Defoe first met with the name 'Robinson Crusoe' on a tombstone in a graveyard, at Lynn Regis. . . . During the war between France and Great Britain, in the early part of the present century, John Crusoe, of Lynn Regis, was in the navy, and participated in the glorious action of Trafalgar. In 1815 he emigrated to Fayetteville, N. C., where he resided many years. A diary of his voyages in his own handwriting is in existence, and gives evidence of scholarship and a mind of more than ordinary caliber. In 1835 he visited Europe, and his diary is filled with interesting evidences of his journey. His grandchildren are now, and have been for some years, highly esteemed residents of Versailles (?), United States, and one of them bears the name of Robinson Du Bretz Crusoe. From this gentleman we learn that Robinson has always been a family name with his people, and this is confirmed by the diary of Captain Crusoe, who speaks of a nephew named Robinson, whom he saw on a visit to Lynn Regis in 1835."—From Bow Bells, London, October, 1877. Evidently copied.

IN DEFENSE OF SELKIRK.

PERHAPS APOCRYPHAL.

"What I am to tell you about Robinson Crusoe I had from my father, who had it from his father, who saw it himself; and what is more, you will find it confirmed in the official logbook of the voyage; for, after I heard the yarn told in the family circle, I took the trouble to see if it conformed with the account given by the voyagers to the Government.

"My grandfather shipped for a privateering voyage to the South Seas, in 1703. The vessel was the Cinque Ports, a galley, mounting sixteen guns and carrying sixty-three men, commanded by Captain Pickering. The crew was chiefly Irish and Scotch, and among the latter was a chap named Alexander Selkirk, from Largo, county of Fife.

"While upon the coast of Brazil the Cinque Ports lost her commander, and the first mate, Stradling, was appointed in his place. In January, 1704, they doubled Cape Horn and bore away for the island of Juan Fernandez, which was the place of rendezvous they had agreed upon, and which several of the men on board had visited before. They arrived at Juan Fernandez in March, and the vessel being somewhat leaky they determined to beach and calk her. With this view her guns and stores were hoisted out, and tents erected to accommodate the ship's company. After the vessel was repaired and preparations were being made to resume the cruise, two French men-of-war hove in sight, heading for the port, and as our vessel was no better than a pirate and would assuredly have been captured and the crew condemned to the galleys had they remained, she slipped her cables and ran away, leaving on shore three of the crew, who were employed at some distance from the port in getting wood and water. Of these three men my grandfather was one, and Alexander Selkirk another. The third man was Irish, and belonged to Kinsale.

"They remained on this island for six months, during which time they explored every part of it, and became convinced of its delightful climate and abundant resources. Selkirk, it seems, had made up his mind to remain even before they were left on the island. In view of this resolve he had pilfered many articles from the ship while she was undergoing repairs, and had hidden them in the sand. Some of these he would bring forth when their necessities urged, but as he had many hiding places they never could force him to disclose his whole stock.

"In October the Cinque Ports entered the harbor and took them on board again; when Selkirk, having been caught in pilfering, Captain Stradling suddenly put him ashore and declared he should never enter the vessel again. Accordingly, the vessel sailed without him, nobody regretting his loss, for he had been boatswain of the ship and was of surly humor. Before the vessel sailed he was furnished with abundance of provision.

"In August, 1708, my grandfather enlisted in another expedition to the South Seas, this time under royal authority. The commander's name was Rogers, the first lieutenant Courtney, and the second lieutenant a certain Dr. Thomas Dover, a physician well known as the inventor of Dover's powders. All three had shares in the expedition.

"After making the Brazils and rounding Cape Horn they bore away for Juan Fernandez, where they arrived on February 1, 1709, and after coming to an anchor sent a boat ashore for fresh water. In a short time she returned, not only with the water, but a supply of crawfish and a man clothed in goatskins, whose looks were as wild as his attire was uncouth. This proved to be no other than Alexander Selkirk, whom Captain Stradling had left on the island four years and four months previously, and who might have got away on several occasions when ships touched there, but that he preferred to remain. Having at length resolved to leave it, he availed himself of our arrival, and removed his effects on board the Duke, of which he was appointed mate.

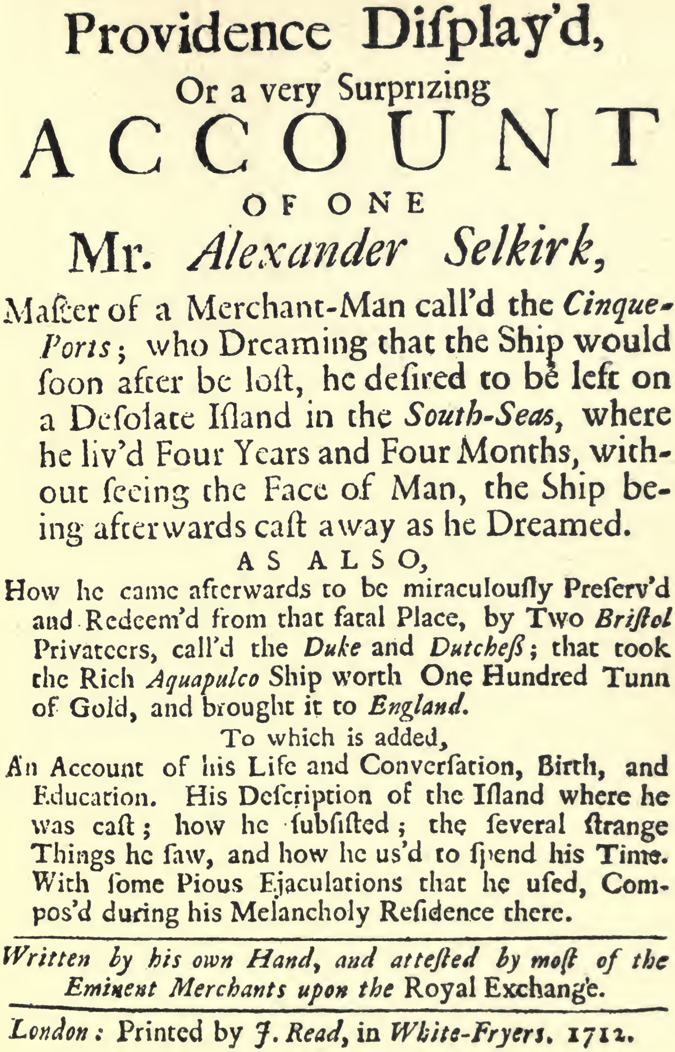
"When abandoned to his fate he had with him his clothes and bedding, firearms, ammunition, tools, cooking utensils, farming implements, mathematical instruments, books, provisions, and an old anchor and cable, which the Cinque Ports had abandoned on the beach. He was well acquainted with the island, having roamed it for six months before he was left upon it, and already had a vegetable garden in a forward state of cultivation. There were plenty of goats on the island, plenty of trees, plenty of shellfish, and plenty of fresh water. The climate is so favorable that the trees and grass preserve a perpetual verdure. The winter ends in June or July. The hottest season is in January. There is but little frost or snow. The rainy season lasts from August to April, the heavy rains from November to March. There is no venomous or savage creature in the place—indeed, no large quadruped except goats. During Selkirk's stay upon the island he killed five hundred goats for food and skins—this was an average of about one to every three days. He also caught five hundred more for diversion and marked them on the ear, then set them at liberty. His method of catching them was by his superior swiftness of foot. To test this he was matched one day against a bulldog from the Duke, when he outstripped both the dog and the wild goats they were pursuing. This was before Captain Rogers's ship left the island. Selkirk built two huts of pimento wood, covered with long grass and lined with goatskins in place of lath and plaster. These were visited by most of us, although the way was so rugged and intricate that we reached them with great difficulty. So far was Selkirk from being anxious to leave the island, that he built his residence where it could scarcely hope to be seen and where no one could have penetrated without his guidance. During his solitude several Spanish ships put into the port, but he never went near them, for fear they might condemn him to the slavery of the gold mines in Chili, which, he said, was worse than hanging, for it was perpetual labor with insufficient food, and no escape but a slow and loathsome death. One of these parties of Spaniards saw and pursued him, but he managed to escape and hide himself in a tree. Presently they came and sat down at the foot of this same tree, but did not discover him and soon went away.

"One day in pursuing a goat he overtook his prey on the verge of a precipice of which he was not aware, and before he could recover himself down he went, holding fast to the goat. He fell a prodigious depth, and then lay stunned and bruised for twenty-four hours. On recovering his mind he saw the goat dead under him, which had thus broken his fall. He was so much hurt that it was with infinite pains he regained his hut, which was a mile off, and it was ten days before he went abroad again.

"He had hundreds of cats about him. These he fed upon goat's flesh, and he kept them in training to seize the rats, of which there were prodigious numbers, bred from some that had escaped the ship when they were beached. He had also domesticated several kids, and used to dance and caper with them to divert his languor. He said he had never realized how much he was indebted to society until he was quite bereft of it, and that this had cured him of his previous surliness.

"Selkirk was about thirty years of age when we took him aboard, and was full of health and vigor. It was a most surprising thing that, although he had kept up his acquaintance with the English language by reading over and over the several books he had by him, he could scarce speak it when we found him. He understood very well what he read, but gathered with difficulty that which we spoke to him. A better sailor than Selkirk never trod a plank, and. before he returned to England he wrote down all his adventures in a logbook, and had great hopes of making a fortune by them when he got safe at home and could sell them to some bookseller. On the 10th of January we left Puerto Seguro and sailed for the Dutch East Indies, and so around the world to England, which we only reached in October, 1711.

"By this time Selkirk was fully recovered of his wound, and going up to London he made the acquaintance of a fellow some ten years his senior, who had once been a hosier, by the name of Daniel Foe, but who was now a penny-a-liner for small newspapers, with the pompous



Providence Diſplay'd,

Or a very Surprizing

ACCOUNT

OF ONE

Mr. *Alexander Selkirk*,

Maſter of a Merchant-Man call'd the *Cinque-Ports*;
who Dreaming that the Ship would
ſoon after be loſt, he deſired to be left on
a Deſolate Iſland in the *South-Seas*, where
he liv'd Four Years and Four Months, without
ſeeing the Face of Man, the Ship being
afterwards caſt away as he Dreamed.

AS ALSO,

How he came afterwards to be miraculouſly Preſerv'd
and Redeem'd from that fatal Place, by Two *Briſtol*
Privateers, call'd the *Duke* and *Dutcheſs*; that took
the Rich *Aquapulco* Ship worth One Hundred Tunn
of Gold, and brought it to *England*.

To which is added,

An Account of his Life and Converſation, Birth, and
Education. His Deſcription of the Iſland where he
was caſt; how he ſubſiſted; the ſeveral ſtrange
Things he ſaw, and how he us'd to ſpend his Time.
With ſome Pious Ejaculations that he uſed, Compos'd
during his Melancholy Reſidence there.

Written by his own Hand, and atteſted by moſt of the
Eminent Merchants upon the Royal Exchange.

London: Printed by *J. Read*, in *White-Fryers*. 1712.

Title-page of Selkirk's Journal, 1712.

title of Defoe. He had formerly sold stockings in Freeman's Court, Cornhill, and becoming bankrupt had gone to writing squibs. This fellow ingratiated himself with Selkirk to such purpose that they made a bargain to publish the latter's adventures in Juan Fernandez, Selkirk to furnish the materials, Foe or Defoe to prepare them for publication, and each to derive an equal benefit from the publication. But Defoe, instead of carrying out this compact in honest, good faith, made Selkirk repeat his story over and over, until he got it by heart, and then wrote it down himself in private.

"So ill did he this, and with such ignorance of the facts, that he first strips Robinson Crusoe of all his clothes, then makes him swim ashore with his pockets full of biscuits. He then weeps over the loss of his clothes, which are washed away by the tide, knowing all the while that he possessed a chest full of other clothes. He sees the goat's eyes in a cave, which, albeit, is pitch dark. The Spaniards give the imaginary Friday's father an agreement in writing, albeit they possess neither ink nor paper. Friday is well acquainted with the habits of bears, albeit bears were never seen in these parts. Indeed. one might write a book full of the inaccuracies of this tale.

"After writing out Selkirk's story, Defoe sold it to a publisher, and it proved to be so diverting as at once to make his fortune. He who had so long been poor and miserable, a low retainer at taverns and a hired spy, now bought him a fine house at Stoke Newington and set up for a gentleman, with horses and stables and a pleasure ground. When Selkirk visited this place to demand a share of what he had been promised he was repulsed."

"From the faithful and minute records kept in the old church at Largo, in county Fife, Scotland," says another writer, "it is known that Alexander Selkirk, or 'Selcraig' —as the name was originally spelled—was born in 1676; and that he was the son of John Selcraig, the village shoemaker. The fact that he was the seventh son born to his parents, without an intervening daughter, is believed to have exerted no little influence upon the famous adventurer's life, for the leniency and partiality which his mother exercised toward him was, no doubt, in part the result of her belief in the old Scottish superstition which held that a seventh son, born in an unbroken succession of male children, was destined to achieve both fame and wealth.

"The constant sight of the ships in Largo Bay, and a familiarity with the sailors who came ashore, naturally turned the thoughts and expectations of the shoemaker's son in the direction of the sea, and, while attending the village school, he took up the study of navigation and made no little progress in its mastery. His ambition in this direction probably received a needless stimulus by reflecting upon the fame which had been won by Sir Andrew Wood, the hero of Largo, who became one of the most noted admirals of his day.

"Much against his desire, Alexander was kept in his father's shop until he was nineteen years of age, when an inability or failure to control his merriment in church turned the whole course of his career. For this undignified misdemeanor he was cited to appear before the 'Kirk Session,' August 25, 1695. Two days later the following entry was made in the kirk record: 'Alexander Selcraig called out; did not appear, having gone to sea. Continued until his return.'

"Six years passed before the session had an opportunity to complete its business with the young truant, and his return would probably have been unnoticed by that body had he not become involved in a quarrel with his brothers, for which he suffered a severe humiliation. His punishment is described in the church records of November 30, 1701, as follows:

"'Alexander Selcraig, according to the session's appointment, compeared before the pulpit, and made acknowledgment of his sin in disagreeing with his brothers, and was rebuked in the face of the congregation for it, and promised amendment in the strength of the Lord, and so was dismissed.'

"With the spring of 1702 began the real career of the famous adventurer, who joined the buccaneering expedition of William Dampier as sailing master of the Cinque Ports."

His subsequent adventures have been narrated in the preceding pages.

"It was not until October, 1711, that Selkirk reached England, as a long and very successful cruise under Captain Rogers had occupied him in the meantime. His share from the booty valued at a hundred and seventy thousand pounds, which the expedition captured from the Spaniards, was eight hundred pounds. This sum was, at that time, regarded as a substantial fortune. The following spring found Selkirk in the guise of a richly dressed stranger sitting in a back seat of the little Largo kirk, in which he had suffered such humiliation at the hands of the session, some nine years before. He had been to the old shoemaker's home, and finding no one within, had rightly concluded that his aged parents had gone to church. All eyes were fastened upon him, and before the service was over his mother startled the congregation with the cry: 'It's Sandie! it's Sandie!' A moment later she was in the arms of the returned prodigal.

"He made a brave attempt to settle down in his native village, but he constantly shunned all human society, dwelt in a cave which he constructed in a cliff back of the old family home, and perpetually sighed for the peace and solitude of his island. He was much given to long sailing excursions to Kingscraig Point and rambles through the lonely valley of Keil's Den.

"In the course of the latter he met Sophia Bruce, a young shepherdess, and suddenly startled his people by an unannounced departure with her for London. He went to sea in 1717, executing a will in her favor before taking his departure. Another surprise came to the Selkirk family in 1724, when a woman appeared in Largo to claim the property of Alexander Selkirk, as his widow. This she did by means of a will drawn by him and dated December 12, 1720, and by a certificate of the death of 'Lieutenant Alexander Selkirk,' who, according to that document, passed away on his Majesty's ship Weymouth, in 1723, at the age of forty-seven years.

"The Museum of the Society of Antiquaries, in Edinburgh, now has the chest and cocoanut shell dipper which he used on the island. The family of S. R. Lumsdaine, Esq., of Lathallan, Scotland, owns his stoneware 'flip-can,' and his 'fire-lock' is in the possession of his own descendants. The old Selkirk place in Largo is still known as the 'Craggy Wall.'"

To conclude: The authentic account of Selkirk's rescue from Juan Fernandez is contained in Captain Woodes Rogers's book, published in 1712, A Cruising Voyage around the World, under date of February 2, 1709, as follows: "Immediately our Pinnace return'd from the Shore and brought abundance of Crawfish, with a Man cloth'd in Goat Skins, *who look'd wilder than the first owners of them*. . . . His name was Alexander Selkirk."

DOCTOR DOVER AND JUAN FERNANDEZ.

"There is a well-known drug called 'Dover's powder,' which doctors use frequently to break up colds, and to 'sweat' patients who have fevers. It is not generally known that the man who invented this powder was not only a physician of some little local reputation, nearly two hundred years ago, but also a notorious pirate.

"Thomas Dover was born in Warwickshire, England, about 1660. He studied in Cambridge, and later medicine in the office of the famous Dr. Sydenham. After awhile he settled down in the city of Bristol, which was an active shipping center, and one of the chief headquarters of all England for adventurers, privateers, and slave traders.

"Dr. Dover found the practice of medicine 'too slow.' He had a love for adventure and life at sea. He stuck to medicine for some years, however, until a large commercial and piratical venture by a number of Bristol merchants came to his notice. Two ships, the Duke and the Duchess, were fitted out for a voyage to the South Seas. Dr. Dover went third in command and was known as Captain Dover.

"On February 1, 1709, the ships arrived at the island of Juan Fernandez, and Captain Dover was sent ashore in a pinnace. He brought back with him, after two days, a man clad in goatskins, who had been left on the island four years before. This was Alexander Selkirk, the original 'Robinson Crusoe.'

"Later, the expedition sailed up the South American coast and found the two cities of Guayaquil, which it attacked and sacked. Dover led the sailors, and when the plague broke out among them after the capture of the cities, he doctored and cured them with as much energy and skill as he had displayed in fighting the South Americans.

"After cruising in the Pacific for another two years for Spanish treasure ships, the expedition returned to England, in 1711, having collected nearly a million dollars' worth of plunder. Dover's share made him rich, and left him free to travel and gratify his philanthropic instincts as a physician.

"He settled down in London as a physician in 1731, and wrote a book on the medical experience he had gathered in his 'professional' career. In one of these, in a chapter on the treatment of gout, he gives a prescription for the well-known powder which has made his name more famous than any of his other achievements. It reads as follows: 'Take opium one ounce, saltpeter and tartar vitriolated each four ounces, ipecac one ounce. Put the saltpeter and tartar in a red-hot mortar, stirring with a spoon until they have done flaming. Then powder them very fine; after that slice in your opium, grind them to a powder, and then mix the other powder with these. Dose, from forty to sixty grains in a glass of white wine posset, going to bed, covering up warm and drinking a quart or three pints of the posset. Drink while sweating.'

"Unfortunately, the exact formula for making the posset has not been handed down, but it was probably a hot punch made of white wine fortified with brandy or rum.

"The publication of the book made a great commotion, and caused the other London doctors to call Dr. Dover a quack and a charlatan, but his powder is still used. Robinson Crusoe, founded on the Juan Fernandez episode, is still read, as every one knows, and the names of the London doctors who objected to Dr. Dover are all forgotten."

SELKIRK'S ISLAND.

"As we neared the island the sight was very fine. I think I have seldom seen a more remarkable and picturesque view than the approach to the anchorage presented, composed as it was of great mountains, torn and broken into every conceivable fantastic shape, with deep ravines by which, during the winter months, the torrents swept down from the precipitous peaks and pinnacles, rising one above the other, and culminating in a great mass three thousand feet high, named the Anvil. This is wooded from the summit to the base, where are indications of its having been at one time cleared for cultivation, probably at the time when the Spaniards had a colony here, for the stone walls which served to divide the inclosure are still to be seen. There are also the remains of a small fort and a few tumble-down shanties, in which at the present time dwell some forty or fifty people, who get a precarious living by rearing cattle, cutting wood, etc., for supplies to vessels that occasionally call here.

"It was late in the evening when we anchored in Cumberland Bay, in twenty-five fathoms—a pleasant, secluded spot, with precipitous cliffs all around us, and a good beach for landing and roads leading up to the settlement. Time would not permit a longer stay than two days here, and that was made the most of. All the places immortalized by Selkirk were visited—the caves, 'His Valley,' 'His Lookout,' etc. This gap is some two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and from it a glorious view was obtained, both north and south. 'Robinson' used to daily visit and wearily watch for the coming sail. Here her Majesty's ship Topaze, in 1863, placed a tablet.

"Hill and dale were tramped over by naturalists and others, and numerous specimens of birds and plants obtained; and what was very acceptable, plenty of fresh food, for the bay proved a very prolific fishing ground, and from the settlement beef of an excellent quality was to be had. At the present time Juan Fernandez is leased to a Chilian, who employs the settlers in woodcutting, attending the cattle, and in the season seal-hunting, of which at times they capture large numbers (some they had on hand they were willing to sell at twelve to sixteen dollars each)."

JUAN FERNANDEZ.

LATEST DESCRIPTION.

'One Swiss, two Germans, one Frenchman, one Portuguese, and about twenty Chilians, men, women, and children, constitute the present population of the island of Juan Fernandez, on which the Scotch sailor, Alexander Selkirk, spent four years and four months. Seen from a distance the island looks almost like a fortress, with its tall, dark, granite cliffs rising without a break hundreds of feet from the turbulent surf of the shore. Yet, when one gets nearer a beautiful little bay about a quarter of a mile wide, offers a welcome to the seafarer, and recalls to mind the 'little cove' of Robinson Crusoe. It forms a kind of cleft and opening in the wall of rock that lines the shore, and slopes gently upward into a valley extending several miles inland to the base of the Yunque, the highest mountain of the island. Cumberland Bay is the name that has been given to this lovely and picturesque anchorage. Right on the shore are situated the houses of the inhabitants of the island, while to the rear of the little settlement, forming a delightful background, are green fields, gardens, orchards, and, in one word, the most charming landscape that can be imagined, rendered all the more striking by the contrast which is offered by the somber basaltic cliffs that rise on either side.

"Indeed, the entire island, set in the blue of the Pacific Ocean, illuminated by the setting rays of a tropical sun, angry and forbidding in parts, adorned with the most luxuriant vegetation in other places and with its highest peak rising to a lofty altitude—an altitude so lofty, in fact, that it is often shrouded in the very clouds—offers a spectacle which once seen is never forgotten.

"Many are the vicissitudes which the island has undergone since it was occupied by Daniel Defoe's hero, 'Robinson Crusoe.' In the early part of the century it was used for a time as a convict settlement, and in the walls of the cliff are to be found hundreds of dungeons hewn by the prisoners themselves in the heart of the rock. But the distance of the island from the mainland, as well as the difficulty experienced in keeping the garrison under proper surveillance and equipped with supplies, led to several outbreaks on the part of the prisoners, culminating in a massacre of both warders and troops. After this had occurred several times, the Chilian Government decided to abandon Juan Fernandez as a convict settlement.

"It was not until 1873 that the island was once more inhabited, when it was leased for a long term of years by a Swiss patrician named Baron von Rodt, who, having served in the Austrian cavalry, had been so badly wounded at the battle of Sadowa as to be unable to continue in active service as an officer of cavalry. He took part in the Franco-German War on the French side—not, however as a combatant, but as a member of the ambulance department—and, being possessed of a considerable fortune, quitted Europe for Valparaiso. Being of a misanthropical turn of mind, he established himself on the island of Juan Fernandez, and, finding that the fisheries were of a character to constitute a source of revenue, he leased the island and engaged the services of a number of fishermen and laborers of one kind and another. For a time all went well, and periodically his tiny steamer might be seen casting anchor off Valparaiso laden with lobsters and fruit of various kinds, as well as other island produce. But at the time of the Chilian war with Peru, which interrupted communication with the mainland, all sorts of difficulties arose, and from a financial point of view the enterprise came to grief, the baron being compelled to surrender his lease of the island to the Chilian Government. He returned to Europe, but found himself so little adapted for civilized life after his island experience, and so homesick for his ocean home, that he set sail for Juan Fernandez again, taking along with him a charming lady, whom he had induced to share his lot.

"And it is there on the pretty green island, far away from everywhere in the most important of the dozen villas that have been erected on the slope leading down to Cumberland Bay, that he has made his home for good and all, residing there no longer as the master of the place, as in former times, but merely as the most highly educated and the wealthiest of its inhabitants.

"He has surrounded himself with a good deal of luxury, especially as regards books, of which he is particularly fond, instruments, etc., and, with a grand piano in the *salon* and a thousand-dollar harp in his wife's boudoir, there is but little to recall the cave of Robinson Crusoe. The two most important inhabitants of the island after Baron von Rodt, or Don Alfredo as he is called there, are a couple of Germans: the one a broken-down professor of botany and chemistry, expelled for some reason or another from the Heidelberg University, but who is a man of great learning; and the other a man who styles himself Don Eduardo Schreiber, and who had the honor of accompanying Emperor Maximilian to Mexico in the capacity of cook. He is a most amusing individual, of jovial temperament, whose Mexican experiences are among the least exciting of his adventurous career, and who now endeavors to make a living by preserving and canning the tails of the lobsters which still abound there. The Frenchman, who alone represents his nation on Juan Fernandez, is a member of the medical profession, a physician of considerable skill and former standing, who, being compelled to fly for his life from France on account of his complicity with the Commune insurrection, drifted about from one place to another until he finally stranded on the island of Juan Fernandez."

Such, then, is the erstwhile domain of Alexander Selkirk.

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